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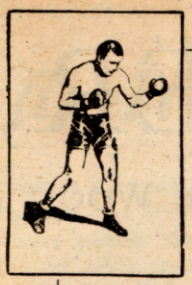

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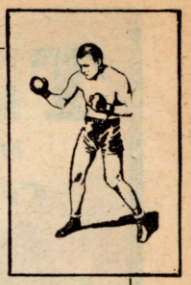

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The most attractive bout in a decade in a division other than the heavyweight ranks, takes place on May 28, with Barney Ross, king of the lightweights, facing Jimmy McLarnin, welterweight champion. Not in years has the interest in a bout been at such high pitch as for this titular affair. You'll find the bout thoroughly covered by Nat Fleischer. In addition, you'll be treated to many ringside action pictures.

Another "Battle of the Century" is carded for the Garden Bowl on June 14, with Max Baer, the American standard bearer and Primo Carnera, the heavyweight champion, the principals. Wilbur Wood, one of America's foremost boxing critics and Daniel M. Daniel, whose colorful stories have interested Ring readers for many years, will handle the advance news and gossip in their inimitable style.

Those are only two of many features that should interest our readers. There are stories by Ed Smith, the famous referee of Grandpa's days, Arthur Lumley, former manager of John L. Sullivan who tells of the "Good Old Days"; A. D. Phillips, another octogenarian whose splendid series, "Milo to Londos to Browning" has been the talk of the wrestling world; Jack Curley, who just celebrated forty years of sports activity and excellent boxing and wrestling fiction.

Twelve pages of wrestling news with "Tex" Austin and photos for the mat fans; eight pages of boxing pictures.

Don't miss this special issue our "Heavyweight Championship Number".

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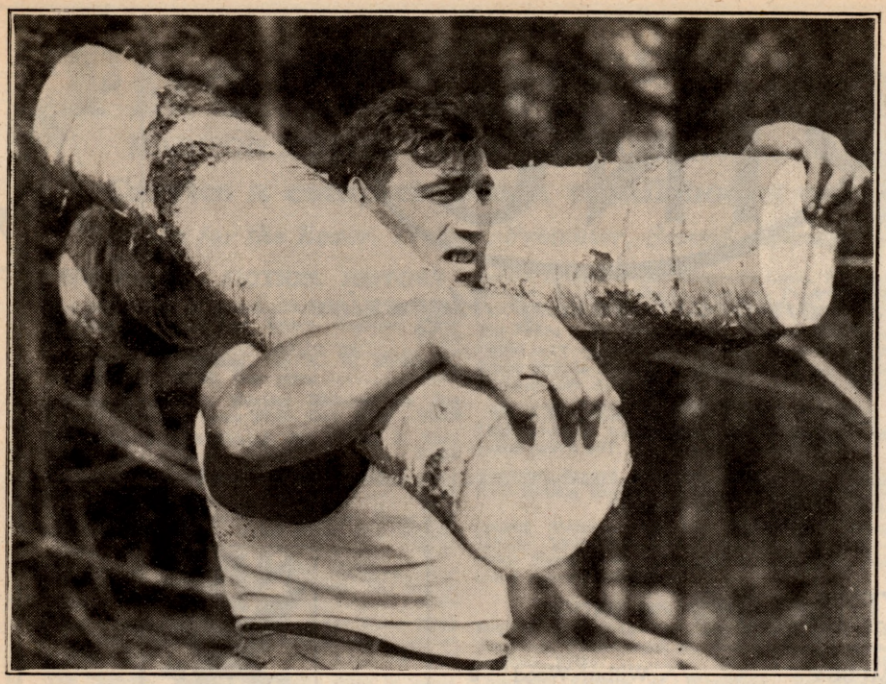


Primo Carnera is leaving no stone unturned in preparation for his bout with Baer. Chopping down trees and sawing logs like the above, formed a big part of his six weeks' training at Charley Miller's Camps on Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Maine.

BAER,

By WILBUR WOOD

IF Max Baer triumphs over Primo Carnera when they clash in Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund championship bout at the Garden Bowl in Long Island City on June 14, the heavyweight division again will be ruled by a swashbuckling Queensberry "desperado" of the same general type as Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Johnson, and Dempsey.

The last four title-holders have belonged to what may be termed the gentleman school. Tunney was a sort of Little Rollo. Gene did not smoke, drink, swear, or hang around gay night spots. He spent his time reading Shakespeare and improving his mind in other ways. Gene never did care for the boxing world and its way, and he finally bade it farewell by resigning as champion and marrying into the upper crust of society.

Schmeling, who followed Tunney on the heavyweight throne, was a model gentleman at all times. Max was a quiet, reserved, scholarly fellow. In his youthful days, it was a question whether he would make fighting or painting his career. Hunger drove him to use boxing gloves instead of the brush of the artist.

Sharkey, next in line, was a queer mixture. Jack was known as the Loud Lithuanian because of his habit of blowing off steam verbally. But he was not really fond of the game. Sharkey had a reputation as a family man. Once a fight was over, he would head straight for the wife and kiddies and disappear from the public eye until it was time for him to box again.

Carnera, the present monarch of the heavyweight realm, is a good-natured big fellow. He is a slumberous giant who likes to keep to himself and has no yearning to paint the town red. That is why he trained for six weeks at Charley Miller's camps on Moosehead Lake, near Greenville, Maine.

* * *

IT certainly is not necessary for a heavyweight champion to behave like a boor and bully to be a great fighter and a worthy champion. Still, in the eyes of the public, the ideal heavyweight champion always has been a man willing to take a chance on anything at any time. Theoretically, the heavyweight champion can bat down any man in the world. The public seems to expect the champion to be a hell-roaring demon, always ready for a fight or a frolic.

John L. Sullivan, most beloved of all the Queensberry kings, was of that type. John was always ready to roar, in the ring or out of it. He spent his money with a lavish hand. If John was in the neighborhood, every one soon knew it. He was, above all others, the public's ideal of a heavyweight champion.

That is why it was such a shock when the dapper, soft-spoken, gentlemanly Corbett dethroned Sullivan. Some of Sullivan's admirers never got over it. Their attitude was much like that of the yokel who, viewing a giraffe for the first time, said, "There ain't no such animal."

Corbett was the first of the so-called "gentleman" champions. He was knocked off the perch by Fitzsimmons, another of the swashbuckling type. Jeffries was a taciturn, big fellow who did not fit into either type. Burns did not cut much of a figure. Johnson was a hell-roarer for fair, so much so that he fell into disrepute. His exploits might have been regarded in a different light had he been a white man.

Willard, who took the title from Johnson, was another taciturn, sulky giant, with no popular appeal. Dempsey, I believe, next to Sullivan, came closest to fulfilling the public's ideal of what a heavyweight champion should be.

The Manassa Mauler was a lovable type, with all the dash and daring the public likes to see in a heavyweight king. He was hail-fellow-well-met, generous with his money, full of fun, a dashing figure inside the ring or out of it, a Queensberry Henry of Navarre.

If Baer ascends the throne, Fistiana once more will be ruled by a swaggering monarch of the type in which the public takes delight. Max is an extremely colorful figure, inside or

While the champion trained in the Maine woods, Baer put in the preliminary licks in the California mountains with Mike Cantwell, his trainer; his brother, Buddy, who is bigger than Max, and his manager, Ancil Hoffman.

a throwback to DEMPSEY

outside the hemp. The Livermore Larruper is always ready for a fight or a frolic. If he becomes champion, he will be a great news source. Max always is doing something worthy of note in the public prints.

Baer's playboy tactics at times are extremely annoying to those who have him in charge. His manager, Ancil Hoffman, has at least one new gray hair every day as a result of trying to clear up the débris Max leaves behind.

Dempsey, Baer's pugilistic godfather, threw up his hands when the subject of Baer's behavior came up for discussion on one of Jack's recent visits to New York.

"You never can tell what Max is going to do next," exclaimed Dempsey. "If you take him out for a walk, the only way to be certain he will not get into some sort of a jam is to put a chain around his neck and lead him around like a performing bear. And even then he will stir up some kind of trouble if you are not careful. What a man!"

* * *

JUST the other day I was chatting with Gus Wilson and Harry Lenny, two well-known sock market characters, when the subject of Baer came up, as it always seems to when the conversation turns to boxing.

"I have known hundreds of fighters, but never one like Baer," said Wilson. "You will remember he trained at my place in Orangeburg the first time he came East to fight. I could tell you a lot of interesting things about him that happened in those days.

"Max may do a lot of crazy things, but he is a conscientious worker in training. He really enjoys training, which is drudgery to most boxers. He thinks he can whip any man in the world, and that means a lot. Some folks may say that Max is a goofy guy, but a fellow has to be like that to be a great fighter.

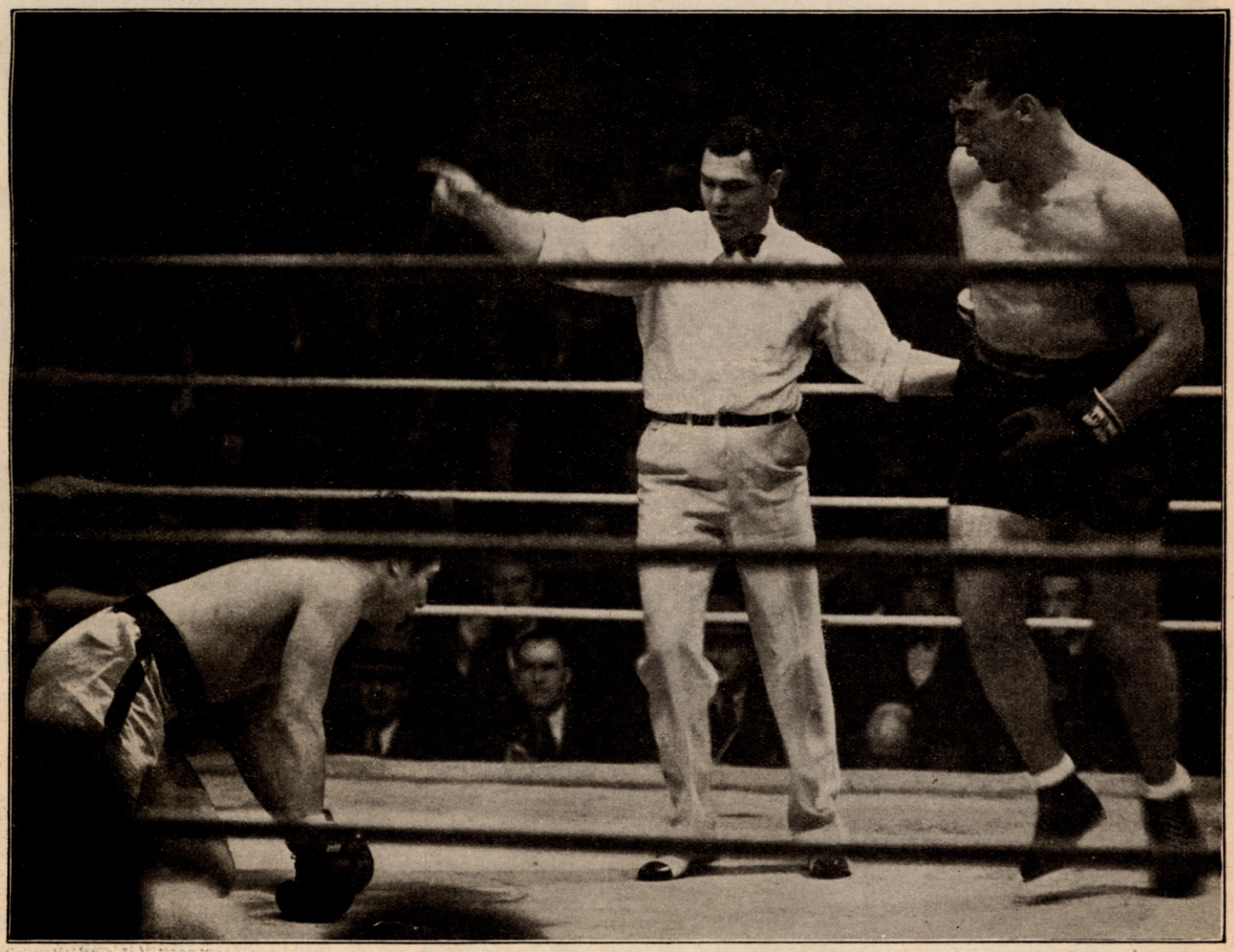
"I seconded Baer in five fights and I'm telling you I never knew what he would do next. The night he was fighting Loughran, he insisted on trying to outbox Tommy. That was a goofy thing to do. You can't get anywhere trying to outbox a master boxer like Loughran.

"Round after round I pleaded with Baer to quit boxing, to get in close and bang away, telling him it was his only chance. Along toward the end of the fight he finally promised to do what I asked. He went out and gave Loughran a good pounding.

"'That's the stuff, Max,' I told him when he came back to his corner. 'You just keep fighting him that way and you'll knock him out the next round.' What do you think he did. He laughed and took a playful poke at me as he sat on his stool.

"'You don't want me to knock him out, do you, Gus?' he said, and laughed. And the next round he went back to boxing. Now what do you think of a fellow like that?"

"He's a queer one, all right," chimed in Lenny. "I remember when he was to fight Levinsky twenty rounds in Reno that Levinsky made a crack to some fellows one day that Baer was a dog. 'I'll make Baer jump over the (*Continued on page* 48)



Will this happen when Baer and Carnera clash on June 14 with the title at stake? A scene from the motion picture, "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" showing Baer floored by the giant Carnera, with Jack Dempsey as the referee.

Carnera Trains in Maine for Title Fight

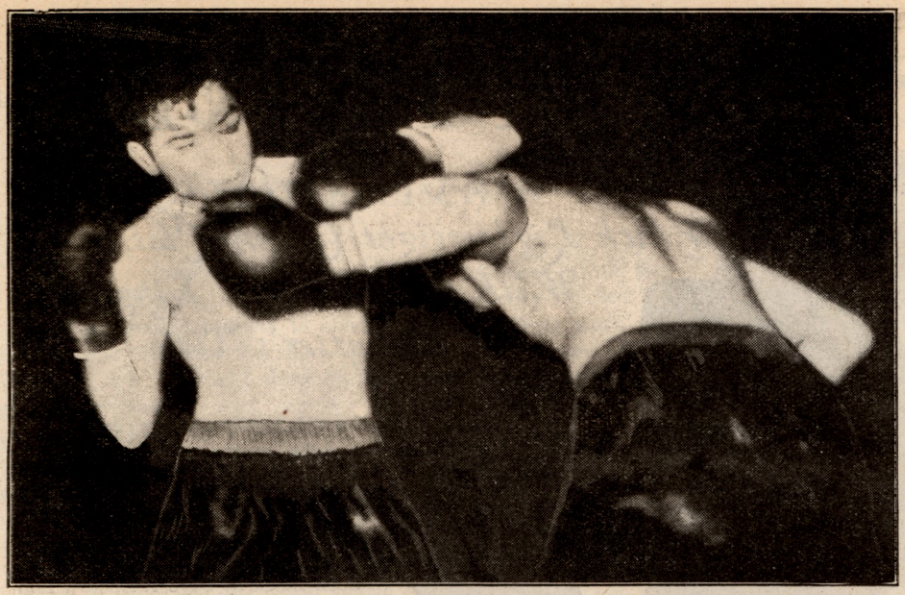
Right—A hard session chopping down trees with the double-bitted axe forms a big part of Carnera's training for his bout with Baer.

Primo, a fine shot, took good advantage of the special hunting permit which Miller obtained for him from Governor Brann, an ardent boxing enthusiast.

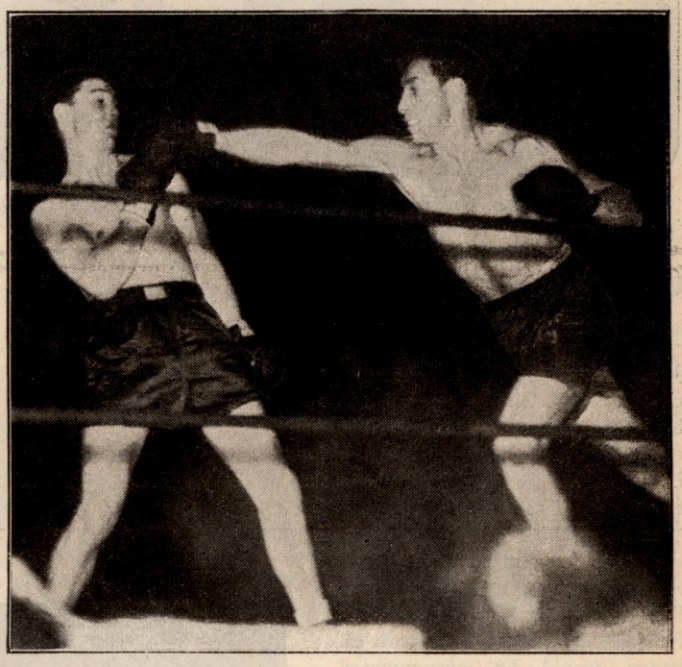
When Carnera first arrived at Charley Miller's training camps at Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Maine, he found the ground covered with three feet of snow and, like the ambitious fellow he is, Primo immediately busied himself shoveling the snow away. Carnera liked it so well at Miller's camps that he stayed six weeks instead of a month. Wood chopping, sawing logs, and taking long hikes over the beautiful Moosehead country formed the hard work which the Italian giant put in for his coming title fight, while fishing with Miller, who is Maine's most famous guide, and scaring up the plentiful game, constituted a pleasant diversion.

Here we see the heavyweight champion on a hike across the solidly frozen, forty-mile-long Moosehead Lake. Accompanying the Ambling Alp are Billy DeFoe, his trainer, and Vittorio Tamagnini, the Italian featherweight champ. It was at Moosehead Lake that Gene Tunney fell through the ice and had a close call while training for his first fight with Jack Dempsey. Of one thing you may be sure—Carnera will be in shape on June 14 when he squares off against Baer.

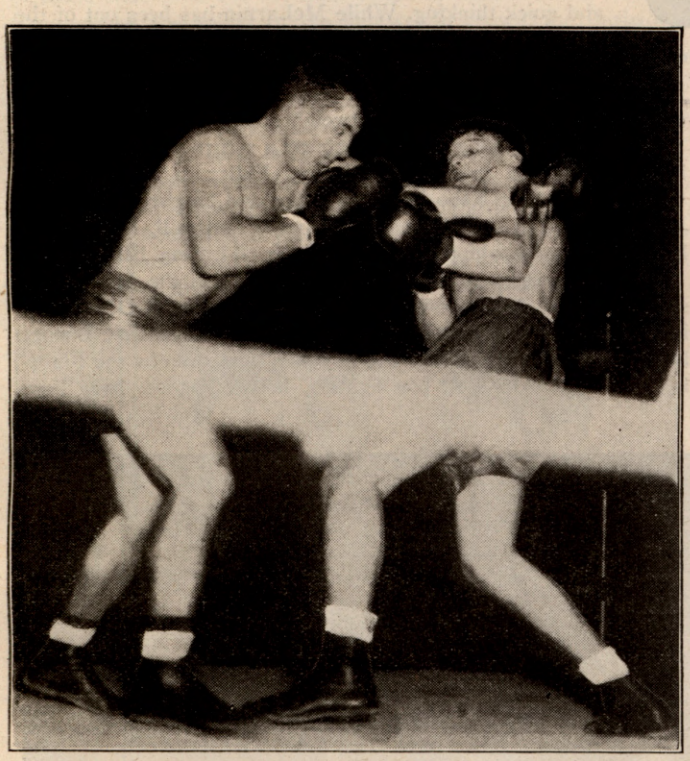
Action Scenes of Recent Bouts



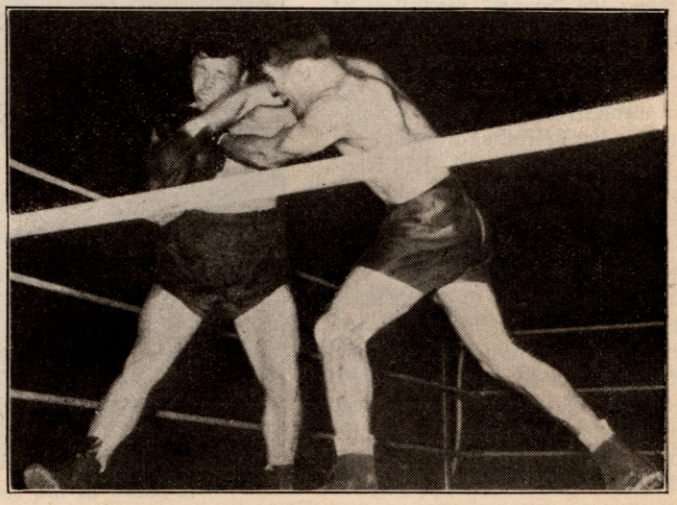
A tough fight for Barney! A scene in the Barney Ross-Bobby Pacho bout in California in which Ross was awarded the decision. It was a close fight, and Ross can attest to Pacho's ability as a hitter. Note the closed left eye on Barney which was the result of one of Pacho's neatly aimed blows. Ross had better watch out for McLarnin, for the Celt carries dynamite in either fist, and takes a keen joy in stopping Jewish warriors.



One that didn't reach the mark. Art Lasky, Minneapolis heavy, has just tossed a long right in the direction of Lee Ramage, clever Coast battler, but Ramage fends it off with his right glove. Lasky has become a big favorite in California where he is a consistent winner, his victory over Ramage being the most notable to date.



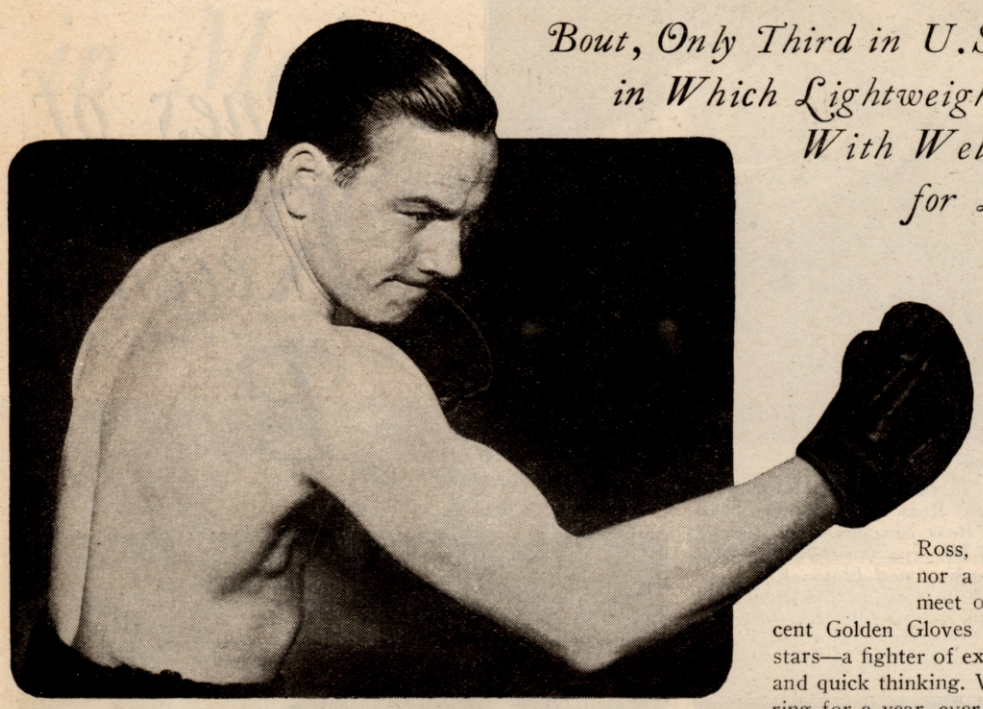
A bit of action in the recent Vittorio Livan-Abe Feldman encounter in Boston. Feldman (right) beat the Hub Italian after both had taken some heavy punishment. In the photo, Livan has just missed a straight left and Abie gets set to shoot across a left hook.



The glove missed, but the elbow didn't. Bob Godwin (right) fought a draw in San Francisco with Mickey Walker, but hit the floor twice during the fray. Walker suffered a cut eye and could hardly see in the eighth. It was a tough fight.

ROSS-McLARNIN

Bout, Only Third in U.S. Pugilistic History in Which Lightweight Champ Clashes With Welterweight King for Latter's Title



McLarnin's famous right—human dynamite to his Jewish opponents.

WHAT should go down as one of the greatest pugilistic treats of recent years—at least since Kid Depression struck boxing between the eyes—will take place shortly after this issue goes to press—the Jimmy McLarnin-Barney Ross fight for the world's welterweight championship. The bout, like many other famous affairs arranged by the promoters of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund of New York—Bill Farnsworth and Ed Frayne—is a natural, if ever there was such a thing in fisticuffs, and should give the sport a good send-off on its way back to prosperity.

In the signing of Ross and McLarnin for May 28, the Milk Fund has brought to the public a bout that has been discussed since Ross's great showing against Billy Petrolle, but which few had expected would be consummated. Ross, undoubtedly the cleverest lightweight since Benny Leonard was in his prime, and McLarnin, the hardest hitter, pound-for-pound, in boxing, are stars whose names will go down in ring history among the "greats" regardless of the outcome of their coming battle.

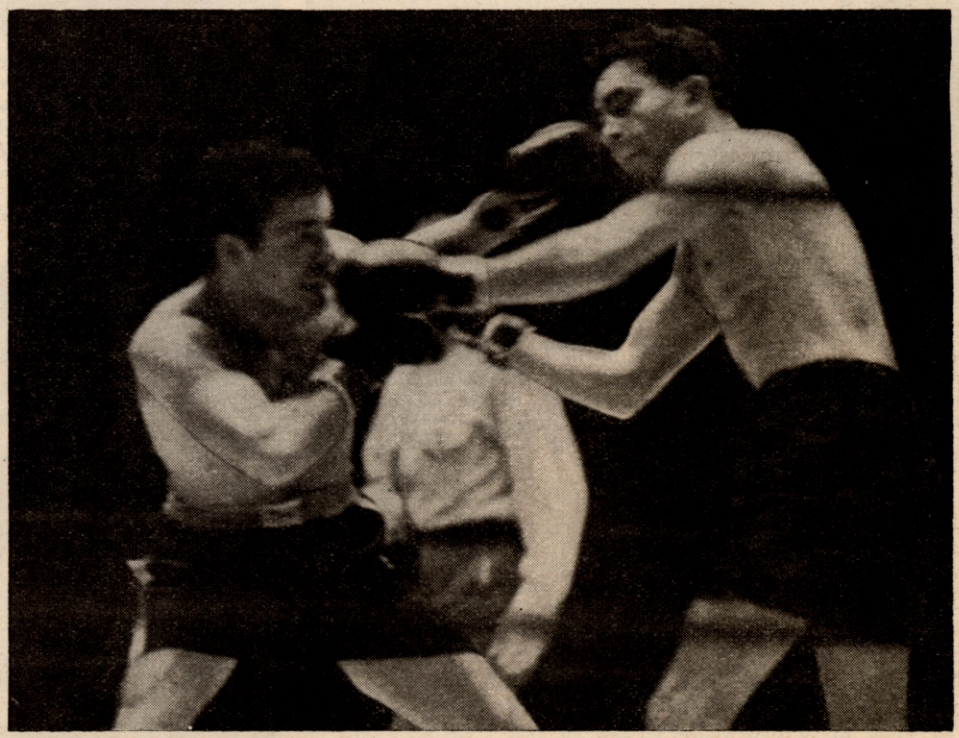
McLarnin, a puncher who carries T.N.T. in either fist, long has been the nemesis of the Hebrew fighters. He has been the scourge of the Fighting Sons of Israel—Kid Kaplan, Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein, Joe Glick, Joey Sangor, and Al Singer, and the aged Benny Leonard, and if he takes Ross into camp, as he expects to do, then his record will stand out as a mark unequaled in modern Fistiana. Each of these excellent Jewish fighters was knocked out by McLarnin, and that is what makes the Ross battle such a natural. It figures to gross $250,000—a gate that will surpass by a huge sum the recent heavyweight championship fight at Miami.

* * *

ALTHOUGH McLarnin, in many of his fights, has been faced by boys far below him in weight and somewhat chicken-hearted because of the Vancouver lad's reputation as a hitter, in Ross, Jimmy won't find a chicken heart nor a fighter with a glass chin. He will meet one of the best scrappers of the recent Golden Gloves school that has produced so many stars—a fighter of exceptional ability in cleverness, speed, and quick thinking. While McLarnin has been out of the ring for a year, ever since he knocked the crown off the head of Young Corbett, III, in one round out on the Coast, Ross has been keeping in trim with hard-fought contests since winning the lightweight diadem.

In addition to giving Tony Canzoneri a return bout and beating him, he took the measure of Sammy Fuller in ten rounds in Chicago, beat Pete Nebo in Kansas City, and fought a draw with Frankie Klick in Los Angeles. Following that mill, he added to his tuning up by whipping Kid Moro, hard-hitting Filipino.

With those fights under his belt, it seems that the Jewish race stands a better chance now than ever to avenge the K.O.'s administered by McLarnin to its boys, although I think that Barney has bitten off too much and will be taken into camp by the Fighting Irishman. Although few fighters, however good, have been



A scene in the second bout between Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri.

Match Stirs Fans

By NAT FLEISCHER

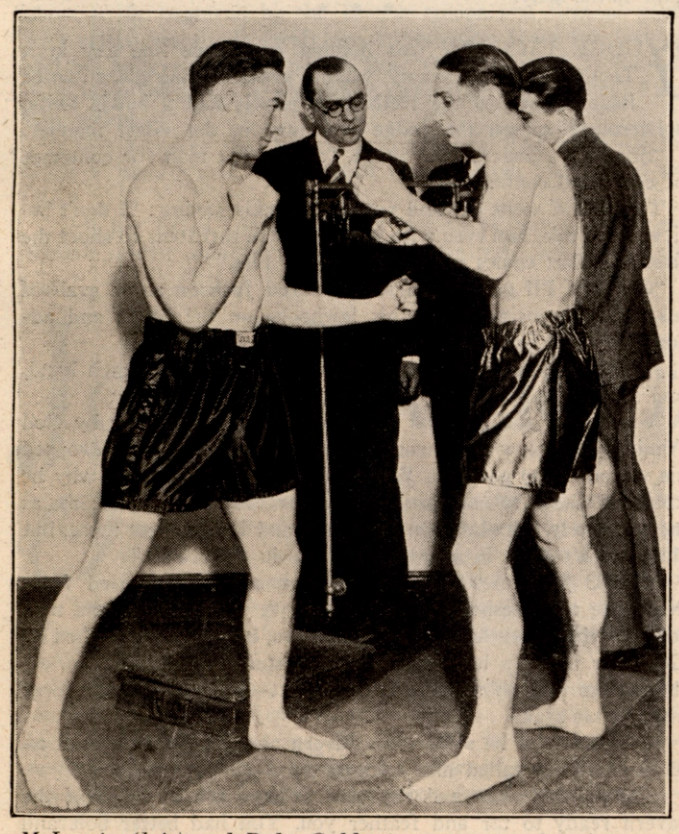
able to stand rusting for a year and then continue where they left off, McLarnin, still young and a veteran, may succeed. He has been keeping himself in condition with outdoor work and, despite the fact that the sharpness of his eyes has been dulled through ring idleness, I think his hitting will overcome Barney's height advantage, speed, superior boxing, and superior fighting instinct. That's why I pick McLarnin to win.

* * *

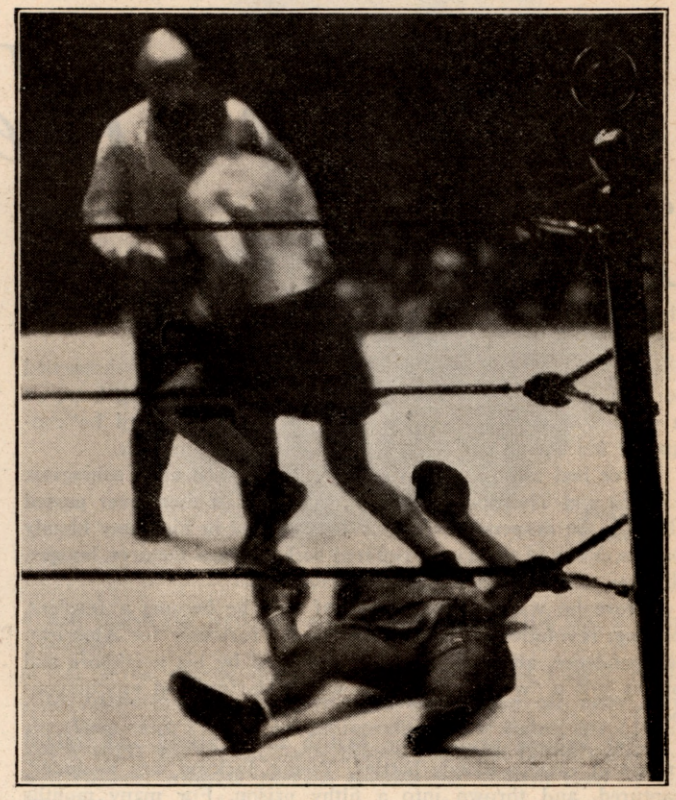
THE statement that the Ross-McLarnin fight is only the second one on record in which a lightweight champion faced a welter king, with the title of the latter at stake, has caused considerable discussion among dyed-in-the-wool fans. Following the broadcast of such a statement by my friend, Bill Corum, I was flooded with inquiries from dissenters, who asked whether it wasn't a fact that Kid Lavigne and Joe Walcott had engaged in the first bout of that kind.

The answer to that is "no." When Kid Lavigne and Walcott clashed on December 2, 1895, at the Empire Athletic Club of Maspeth, and later at San Francisco on October 29, 1897, neither of those bouts was for the title. While in both of those contests Lavigne was the holder of the lightweight crown, the Barbados Negro was not the welter king until he defeated Rube Ferns on December 18, 1901, in five rounds.

The contention of the dissenters, apparently, is based on the wrong information that Walcott was a champion when he faced Lavigne. Even if such were not the case and both were title-holders, no crown would have been at stake, as the match was a handicap affair. I have in my possession the articles of agreement for the first bout, and in them there is a clause which reads that the Negro had to make 133 pounds at six o'clock on the day of the match and that, if Lavigne were not knocked out, he would be declared the winner.



McLarnin (left) and Ruby Goldstein posing on the afternoon of their fight, in which Jimmy scored a two-round K.O.



When Jimmy clouted Al Singer out of the picture in the third round of their New York bout.

Likewise in the second articles of agreement, which I also have, it was stipulated that Walcott would have to weigh in at 135 pounds at six o'clock, hence if he had been the champion welterweight at the time, which he wasn't, again no title would have been at stake, as the lightweight limit then was 131 pounds and Walcott, had he won, could not have won that championship at either 133 or 135 pounds. Nor could Lavigne have won the welterweight title had Walcott been the champion, since a title-holder cannot lose a crown if he is forced to fight under the class limits.

* * *

THERE have been only two cases on record where a lightweight and welterweight champion fought with the welterweight title at stake, the first being between Kid Lavigne and Mysterious Billy Smith, and the second between Benny Leonard and Jack Britton.

It was on March 10, 1899, that Smith beat the Saginaw Kid in San Francisco in fourteen rounds, and at the time, both were title-holders—Smith, the welter king, and Lavigne, lightweight. It was not until July 3, 1899, that Erne won the lightweight crown from the Kid and January 15, 1900, that the Mysterious One dropped the welterweight diadem to Rube Ferns at Buffalo on a foul in twenty-one rounds.

Although the welter division contained in former years some of the greatest fighters of all time, it was not until the advent of Billy Petrolle and Jimmy McLarnin that the division again boasted of punchers who could hold their own with many of the old-time stars. In fact, the welter section of boxing in the old days boasted of the most popular pugilists of modern times. The title was held by such stars as Tommy Ryan, Mysterious Billy Smith, Kid McCoy, Joe Walcott, Matty Matthews, Rube Ferns, Dixie Kid, Honey Mellody, and Mike Twin Sullivan, among others.

The championship was in obscurity until the early 'eighties, when Paddy Duffy of Boston claimed the honors and defended them successfully for some years. (*Continued on page* 42)

ANDREW JACKSON, *the Lion-Hearted President*

"I COULD lick him sometimes," one of his schoolmates used to say, "but he would never stay licked."

Such was the courageous, determined, dynamic, fighting spirit of the lion-hearted Andrew Jackson, who rose from the most abject poverty to become one of our most distinguished Presidents of this great nation.

If by some handicap or half-starved condition he happened to be defeated in a hard fistic fight, a tough wrestling bout, or a conflict with deadly weapons, he never rested until he conquered his foe in the most daring and heroic manner.

We've had some fine fighting Presidents such as Washington, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, but none of them ever passed through the desperate struggles Jackson did in his many bloody battles. None of them ever suffered such infernal tortures, hunger, distress, and such demoralizing privations.

Before he was fourteen years of age, he became a fearless, blazing, revolutionary patriot and fought furiously for American independence, although he was considered by his neighbors and others just a "wild, frolicsome, wilful, daring, and mischievous boy."

After fighting against the British finely armed and trained troops in various bloody battles, Young Jackson was wounded, captured, and thrown into a filthy prison. For many months he suffered here from hunger and small-pox, with no bed to rest on, no medical attention, not even medicine, a victim of the dreadful disease with scurvy and other afflictions. What a terrible hell hole it must have been for poor Young Jackson and the other brave soldiers locked in there for battling for America's independence and their humble homes.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Young Jackson was very sick and emaciated, a physical wreck, when he finally gained his liberty from the horrible hell hole, he had not lost his gallant fighting spirit and great ambition to reach the highest fame possible.

It's too long a story to tell how he became a school-teacher—although poorly educated himself—a lawyer at twenty-one years of age, a judge, a Congressman, U. S. Senator, a great war General, and finally President of his beloved country for two terms.

There's no record of his many fights with Indians in the wild forests of North and South Carolina and Tennessee, where he saved many helpless women and children from being massacred by the treacherous red devils in his youthful manhood. Nor is there any record of his many fist and gun battles with other desperate foes who tried to kill or sidetrack him so often. Surely Jackson must have had a charmed life to escape death in so many tragic encounters.

If any man slandered or insulted him, he sought revenge at once or challenged the offender to a duel as he did in the case of Charles Dickinson, a very prominent lawyer and quite a leader in society, who was considered the most deadly shot in Tennessee.

When a friend cautioned Jackson about the great danger of a duel with such a sharpshooter as Dickinson, he said, "I have no fear of him or any other man who slurs me. I shall wing him surely." Which he did very promptly with a shot through Dickinson's body that quickly caused his death.

One of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"My God! Are you hit?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I believe he has pinked me a little," answered Jackson. Two of his ribs were broken and his breastbone badly ripped with a ragged wound. Although in great pain, he quickly mounted his horse and galloped off to the tavern where he had passed the previous night. Game Andrew Jackson never ducked a duel or any other combat when he thought he was right and just in any affair.

* * *

JACKSON seemed to have had the art of fighting in most every style of his day. He certainly was an all-around battler. While he was President he gave the following advice to a friend who expected to be assailed because of his ardent support of Jackson's administration.

"If any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with your big stick," said the spunky President. "You'll aim for his head. Well, Sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you do hit him, you won't bring him down." Jackson took the stick in his hands and demonstrated how to do the trick. "You hold the stick so, and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. Now I'll tell you how I found that out.

"When I was a young man practicing law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and so he trod on my toes. He did this three times, besides violently pushing me. He was one of the biggest men I ever saw. Quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of a fence, and gave him the 'pint' of it full in his big stomach. It doubled him up and as he fell at my feet, I stamped on him. When he got up he rushed at me like a tiger and the bystanders wanted to interfere.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'stand back and give me room. That's all I ask and I'll manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail 'pinted.' He gave me a hard look and turned away a whipped cur. So I say to you if any villain assaults you, give him the 'pint' in the belly."

* * *

JUDGE JACKSON was holding court one fine day in a Tennessee village shanty, when a great hulking giant named Bean, armed to the teeth with pistols and a bowie knife, boisterously cursed the judge and jury in the vilest manner.

"Sheriff," thundered the judge, "arrest that man for contempt of court and confine him!"

The sheriff went out and returned quickly saying: "I don't believe I can take him even with my posse. He threatens to shoot the first man that comes within ten feet of him."

"Oh hell! I'll get him myself," roared Jackson as he grabbed his pistols reposing beside his lawbooks on the bench and adjourned court for ten minutes.

Judge Jackson rushed out hatless, with a pistol in each hand, and stared Bean straight in the eye.

"Surrender, you infernal villain, this very instant, or by God Almighty I'll blow you through as wide as a gate." Bean dropped his weapons and gave up. When asked by a sheriff later why he knuckled under to one man, Bean answered, "When he came at me so fiercely, I looked him in the eye and I saw shoot there, but there wasn't shoot in nary another eye in the crowd."

In 1803 Jackson was a very sick man as he traveled from Nashville to Jonesboro to hold court. A friend along the trail told him that when he reached Jonesboro, he would be mobbed by Governor Sevier's henchmen. Jackson spurred his horse on, although scarcely able to sit on his mount—because of high fever buzzing his brain.

No sooner did he arrive at a tavern and get into bed than an alarmed friend called and exclaimed:

"Colonel Harrison and regiment of men are in front of the tavern ready to tar and feather you. You had better bolt and bar your door for Harrison means business."

Judge Jackson arose as defiant as ever and with a wicked

He Fought So Gallantly Both With His Fists and With Deadly Weapons

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

scowl, and in spite of his illness, he flung his door wide open.

"Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is wide open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait on me, and that I hope the Colonel's chivalry will induce him to lead his men and not follow them," boldly declared Jackson as he sat on the side of his bed, too ill to stand, facing the door with a pistol in each hand.

The Colonel and his regiment evidently got cold feet for they made no attack on the fearless judge whatsoever.

A few days later Jackson wrote the following to John Hutchings in Nashville:

"I have been much threatened by the Sevierites whilst sick, but I'll attend to them as soon as I get upon my legs. From the fierceness of lions, they softened down to the gentleness of lambs. There is no spirit amongst them.

"If a man is alone without arms, a mob of fifty might make an attack, but they knew I was prepared and they sneaked away to their dens."

When Jackson got well enough, he attacked Governor Sevier in Knoxville and challenged him to fight a duel, but the Governor never showed up at the appointed time, after Jackson had waited two days on the spot for his appearance.

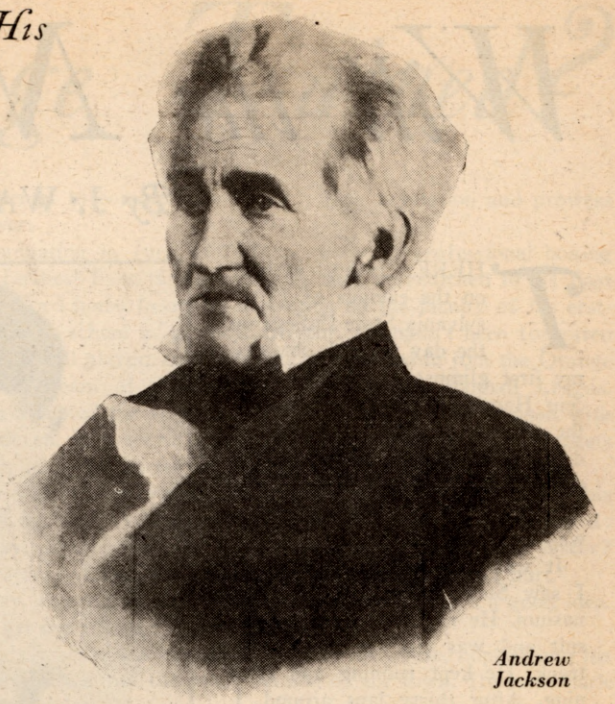
* * *

WHEN Uncle Sam went to war against England in 1812, General Jackson, who had proven his superior military ability by wiping out the powerful hostile Creek Indians in many long, desperate, and savage battles, was given command of the southern army, and he gathered together a host of half-fed, ragged, brave backwoodsmen who were utterly without any knowledge of military tactics or regulations or even guns.

After a long, fearful, distressing march through swamps, wild forests, and other discouraging obstructions, General Jackson and his patriotic army reached New Orleans just as that city was about to be captured by the British troops and fleet of some fifty armed vessels. It surely was an imposing force for Jackson and his hungry army to tackle. But "Old Hickory," as his soldiers nicknamed him, never backed away from any conflict of any description.

It was rumored that a British commander had promised his soldiers "beauty and booty" when they infested and sacked the city.

"Tell the ladies," said Jackson, "not to be uneasy. Not one British soldier shall enter the city unless over my dead body. I will smash the Redcoats and drive them into the sea, so help me God!"



Andrew Jackson

For seven drastic days, the opposing armies fought battle after battle in which the British invariably lost far more than the Americans. Finally, on the morning of the eighth day (January 8, 1815) the British, badly beaten, retreated across the plains and General Andrew Jackson became the idolized hero of the whole country and the conqueror of the large and powerful British Army.

It was this remarkable victory that made Jackson a popular candidate for president. He declared the idea was rather ridiculous and he preferred living a quiet, private life with his devoted wife and his cronies.

However, the national hero was really forced to take the nomination and after two very stormy campaigns served two terms in the White House as the big chief of our nation—from 1829 to 1837. Quite an honor indeed for a rough, poorly educated backwoodsman who practically fought his way up to the highest position in the U. S. with his fists, guns, astonishing courage, and great determination.

No character in American history has ever had such a marvelous and thrilling career and lived to be seventy years of age with his boots on. As one of his old schoolmates said, "He would never stay licked." And he never did.

JOE RIVERS *in* HOLLYWOOD

OUT in Hollywood, where many former fistic stars have made their mark in the movies, there is one who always is in demand when a fight picture is taken. Joe Rivers is his name, and he is more commonly known as Mexican Joe. One of the best lightweights of his day, he still packs a healthy wallop in either hand, as those who are pitted against him in movie roles will testify.

In his prime, in physical make-up, Mexican Joe was almost perfect. In fact, he often was referred to as the most perfectly built lightweight of his era. He possessed, however, more than mere physical excellence. He was the owner of tremendous stamina and one of the hardest hitters that ever donned the gloves in his division.

It will ever remain a moot question whether he didn't win the lightweight title in his memorable championship fight with Ad Wolgast at Vernon, Calif., on July 4, 1912. Certain it is that he had Wolgast going at the time that Ad claimed he had been fouled, an accusation that Rivers, in turn, made against the champion. There were many on that occasion who thought the fight should have gone to Mexican Joe, hence it may be gleaned how close to being called a world champion Joe was.

Although Rivers was called the Mexican, he was born in Los Angeles on March 19, 1892. He was only sixteen when he began his professional career, but almost from the start he made good because of his natural punching powers. He was only a featherweight at the time, but later developed into a lightweight, in which class he made his mark. Rivers is often used in the role of a fighter in the movies, and also serves as a conditioner of Hollywood stars. Quite a number of movieland's leading actresses have received boxing instruction from Mexican Joe.

Will the Next Heavyweight

By J. WARREN MCELIGOT

THERE was much activity on the campus of Pennsylvania State College on the day when I obtained my first glimpse of Stephen Vincent Hamas. It was a day late in the winter of 1929. During the day, Steve played a major part in that activity. If Edgar Wallace was a prolific writer, then Steve Hamas was a prolific athlete.

It was long before noon when I saw Steve in the college gymnasium. He was attired in a track suit and was circling the indoor track. He kept running and running. After thirty laps around, I finally lost count. He might have circled it fifty times so far as I know. When ultimately he became leg weary, he moved to another part of the gym and tossed the medicine ball around. Then he quit, took a shower, and went back to his frat house for lunch.

A few hours later, I saw him in the ring, representing Penn State in the heavyweight division against another college foe. I saw Steve knock his man out in the second round. He was still as fresh as ever.

"Gosh," I thought, "he can go on like this for days and days and grow stronger."

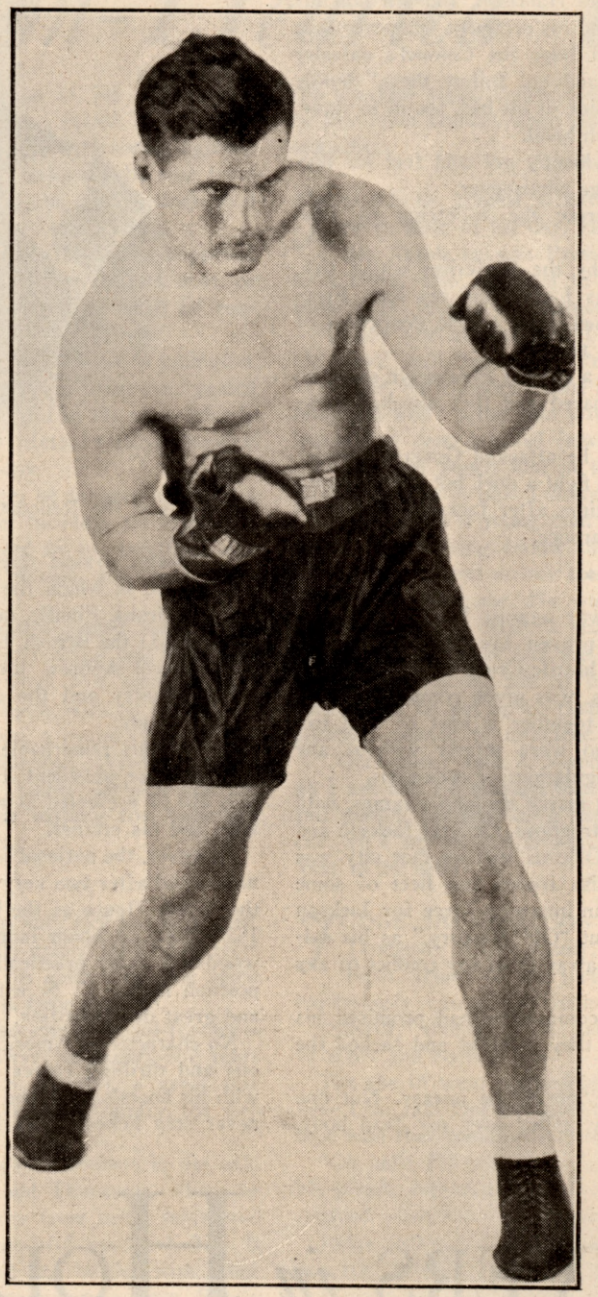
But that isn't all. Penn State had a basketball game that night and Steve played the entire contest at a guard post, aiding his team to a triumph by contributing eight points. I had seen quite a bit of Steve that day and I wasn't through yet. An hour after the game was over, I met him at a fraternity dance. He whirled around with his partners until the chaperons had to remind him that "tomorrow is another day."

"Are you tired?" I asked him as he donned his hat and coat to leave.

"Heck, no," was his reply. "I was just beginning to have a good time. Trouble is, these days are too short. You can't get enough work done."

Steve Hamas may or may not have had another such busy day in his short career, but that is the type of a youth he is. That is why he is so tireless in his fight for the heavyweight boxing crown. A college man has never won the coveted honor, but that doesn't deter Steve. He won't permit that precedent to enter into the picture. He may not land the crown once worn by Jack Dempsey, but he will make it hot for the man who is protecting that honor. Steve is determined to be heavyweight king and, if perseverance counts for anything, he will reach his goal.

Today Steve Hamas is on the threshold of unrestricted fame in the ring. The future holds for him unlimited possibilities. He may get a crack at the heavyweight title before the year is over. He stands a good chance of annexing it. He has gone farther up the professional boxing ladder than any of his college-bred companions.



Steve Hamas

If he fails, he will have a good alibi—precedence. Of course, Steve will be the last man in the world to offer the complaint, but if he were different in character, he would have a good reason to whine.

* * *

EVEN now, while he is fighting his way to the top, Steve's progress is impeded. It may have been an ill-fated day in his life when he took up football at East Rutherford High School in New Jersey. He was a big kid then, and although scarcely fourteen years old, he was powerfully built and was as strong as an ox.

"You're just the man I want for fullback," the coach told him.

Steve played fullback on the school team for three seasons. He was the whole team during that period. He did everything the coach asked him to do and he performed all his tasks with equal excellence. He hit the line like a thunderbolt, he picked out his team's plays, he diagnosed the enemy's moves, he punted, he passed, he kicked his team's extra points, he made touchdowns, he ran wild through enemy lines—in short, he did more than his share.

No wonder, then, when his high school playing career was over, that college men the country over said of him:

"Here's a real football player. I hope we get him."

Steve cast his fortunes with Penn State, situated in the Nittany Mountains in the heart of Pennsylvania. It was there that Steve first won national acclaim.

Football claimed the major portion of his time. He was required to serve the necessary tenure on the freshman eleven to prepare himself for varsity competition. When the fall of 1926 rolled around, Steve was ready to play on the regular college eleven. He made the grade as a sophomore and, for three seasons, he held down the fullback berth.

He never qualified for all-American honors, but Hugo Bezdek, Steve's college coach, regarded him as one of the best all-around backs he ever had under his wing. When the Penn State team was in possession of the ball and they needed a few yards to make a first down, the quarterback would call Steve's signal and Hamas seldom failed. Head down, he usually plowed through opposing lines for substantial gains with apparent ease. And when the enemy team ran the ball, it was Hamas who would back up Penn State's sometimes tottering forward wall like a Trojan.

During his three years of varsity ball-carrying, Hamas opposed some of the greatest grid teams in the country, including Notre

King be College Trained?

Dame, Pennsylvania, Iowa State, Lafayette, Pittsburgh, Bucknell, Colgate, New York University, and Harvard. Against each opponent, he did his chores in a creditable manner. There was seldom a criticism of his work.

But football, as it did to many others, took its toll of Steve. He paid the price. Like others, he had an "Achilles heel." That was his legs. He injured his right knee during his sophomore year. It became worse during his junior season, and when it ceased to give him trouble, his left leg became entangled at the bottom of a football pile and his troubles started again.

Strangely enough, although the injuries were painful, Steve was unmindful of them during his college football and ring career. He always had them wrapped tightly with the strongest of tape. He never gave the injuries a thought.

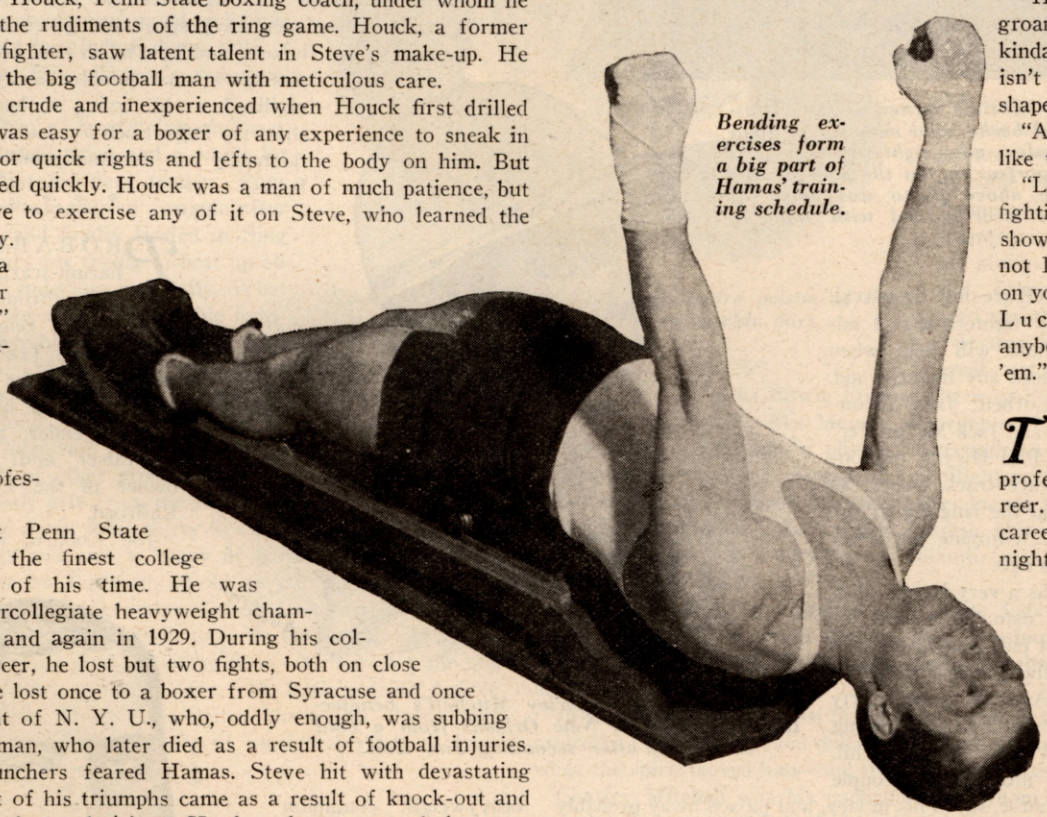
Little did he think that a few years later this part of his physical make-up would be responsible for holding him back in his quest for professional heavyweight glory. At the time, he never entertained any thoughts of a career as a professional fighter following his college days.

* * *

STEVE can consider it a red letter day in his life when he met Leo Houck, Penn State boxing coach, under whom he learned the rudiments of the ring game. Houck, a former professional fighter, saw latent talent in Steve's make-up. He worked with the big football man with meticulous care.

Steve was crude and inexperienced when Houck first drilled him, and it was easy for a boxer of any experience to sneak in an uppercut or quick rights and lefts to the body on him. But Hamas learned quickly. Houck was a man of much patience, but he didn't have to exercise any of it on Steve, who learned the game speedily.

"He'll be a great fighter some day," Houck predicted, "but I don't think he'll care to enter the professional ring."



Bending exercises form a big part of Hamas' training schedule.

The great Penn State athlete was the finest college heavyweight of his time. He was crowned intercollegiate heavyweight champion in 1927 and again in 1929. During his college ring career, he lost but two fights, both on close decisions. He lost once to a boxer from Syracuse and once to Len Grant of N. Y. U., who, oddly enough, was subbing for Al Lassman, who later died as a result of football injuries.

College punchers feared Hamas. Steve hit with devastating results. Most of his triumphs came as a result of knock-out and technical knock-out decisions. He feared no one, and the more fight the enemy puncher carried to him, the better Steve liked it. He could "take it." Seldom was a blow delivered that rocked him. When he was beaten those two times, he was merely outboxed.

While a student at Penn State, his thoughts were not entirely on athletics. He was a studious fellow, very conscientious. On his off nights, when his many frat brothers would attempt to lure him out, Steve declined their invitations, preferring to remain in the house to study.

He had a penchant to become a doctor. He loved the study of medicine and studied many premedical courses. In fact, he hopes to be a doctor some day. It is his ambition to study medicine in Austria, birthplace of his mother and father. Medicine may be a faraway cry to him now, but, like Gene Tunney, he doesn't intend to attempt to commercialize on his ring reputation and prowess forever.

Graduating in June of 1929, a career in professional boxing was farthest from his thoughts. Instead, he returned to his East Rutherford home to obtain a position on the faculty of his erstwhile high school as physical director. He hadn't been forgotten as a football player, either, for he was invited to join the Orange (N. J.) team of the National Professional Football League. Steve accepted the terms and played throughout one season with the eleven. In a torrid game with the Frankford Yellowjackets of Philadelphia, he further aggravated the injury to his knee.

He hadn't been assigned a post on the faculty yet, when his oldest brother, Andy, approached him one morning and asked:

"Say, Steve, why don't you become a professional boxer? There are a lot of hams in the ring. One more won't hurt."

"Say, I'm Mr. Ham to you. But say, Andy, that's a good idea. You get me a bout and I'll fight."

Andy grabbed his hat, dashed out of the house, hopped into his car and drove into the tough section of the town. He came back two hours later.

"It's all arranged," he told Steve. "You fight tomorrow night. Your opponent is Dangerous Dan McGann."

"Hey, Andy," groaned Steve. "That's kinda short notice, isn't it? I won't be in shape."

"Ah, you're a ham like the rest of 'em."

"Look here, them's fightin' words. I'll show you whether or not I'm a ham. Bring on your Dan McGann, Luck McGluck, or anybody else. I'll fight 'em."

* * *

THUS the spark was lit for Steve's professional fistic career. He launched that career the following night and scored a knock-out decision over Dangerous Dan inside of three rounds.

"I knew you'd do it," exclaimed Andy, as he slapped Steve on the back in the dressing room after the fight. "You got the goods, kid, and I know you'll make good."

Steve looked at him disgustedly; then he grinned.

"I was a ham last night, though," he reminded Andy.

"Bah, don't mind me, kid," apologized Andy. "I knew you'd make good from the start. Remember that time about twelve years ago, when you came home sporting a black eye after beating up a bus driver who was molesting one of your school chums? Well, I called the old man aside and told him you'd be a great fighter some day.

"The old man was hot, you know, before I talked with him. But I calmed him and then he smiled. Don't forget, Stevie, your best rooter, right now, is your old man. I'm for you a hundred per cent, but the old man has more (*Continued on page* 45)

SPORTING *Philanthropists*

Many Wealthy Patrons Gave Liberally to Their Favorite Ring Heroes

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

Arthur Lumley, one-time owner of the "Illustrated News" and backer and manager of John L. Sullivan. Lumley, now eighty years old, is still an active sportswriter on the staff of this publication. The above photo was taken of Arthur when he went abroad with John L.

"THERE are only three real, worthy fighters that I admire and will help when they need any financial aid. They are Jim Corbett, Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe," said the famous Phil Dwyer, millionaire horse and race track owner, as we sat together at the ringside of the New York A. C., enjoying the lively bouts many years ago.

Phil Dwyer was a very hard-boiled, shrewd business man, who, with his brother Mike, not only owned big racing tracks, but the greatest stable of fast horses in America some thirty years ago. Mike was a daring, betting plunger and died broke, but not Phil. He never placed more than a couple of hundred on a horse, saved his money, and passed away probably worth more than two million dollars.

While Phil didn't plunge on the turf, he frequently backed or bet on some favorite fighter quite heavily.

When Jim Corbett was hustling around to get together the ten-thousand-dollar side stake that John L. Sullivan demanded before accepting Corbett's challenge, it was the shrewd, quiet, artful Phil Dwyer who put up five thousand dollars and induced Al Smith, the old referee and promoter, Ed Kearney, Dr. A. P. Ordway, and others, to gather together the other five thousand dollars. And when Corbett was victorious, Phil generously handed him the five thousand dollars he had won. Some of Corbett's other backers gave the new, young champion their winnings, also.

It's rather strange what a fascination the ring has for many of the turfites of the past and present era. What hot fight fans they were! Such noted racing men as John Madden, George and Bill Ingerman, Jim Keene, Freddy Gethart, Maxey Blumenthal, and hundreds of others were not only enthusiastic fight fans but lavished their money on their fistic favorites good and plenty.

On the other hand, it's quite strange how so many celebrated ringsters and boxing managers have bet their heads and bank rolls off on the race tracks. It seems to be a case of hoss-and-hoss between turfites and the fistic clan. Some odd fellowship, as it were.

It would be rather difficult indeed to figure out how much cash the big racing men have spent and given away to classy boxers, and how much coin boxers and their managers have gambled away all over the civilized world, trying to beat the will-o'-the-wisp nags. Such a calculation would undoubtedly run into many millions of golden bucks.

* * *

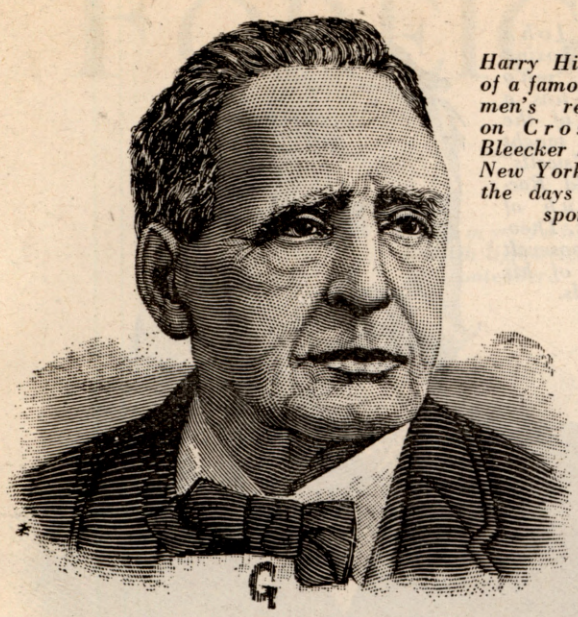
Squire Abington, Charley Mitchell's benefactor, who died in New Orleans from a cold contracted after seconding Jim Hall.

PROBABLY the most harum-scarum, reckless, fistic philanthropist was George Law, who reigned supreme among the Tenderloin sports and boxers in the '80's and '90's, chiefly because he was a most lavish spender, a high-rolling hell-raiser and the principal owner of the Eighth Avenue Railroad.

Joe Coburn, a very clever heavyweight champion of America, many years ago, was Law's particular pal for many, many moons. Law certainly showered money galore on his pugilistic pal. Twice he financed and fitted up gorgeous cafés for Coburn, who was an utter failure as a business man or anything else, outside of his battling ability in and out of the ring.

Coburn often allowed

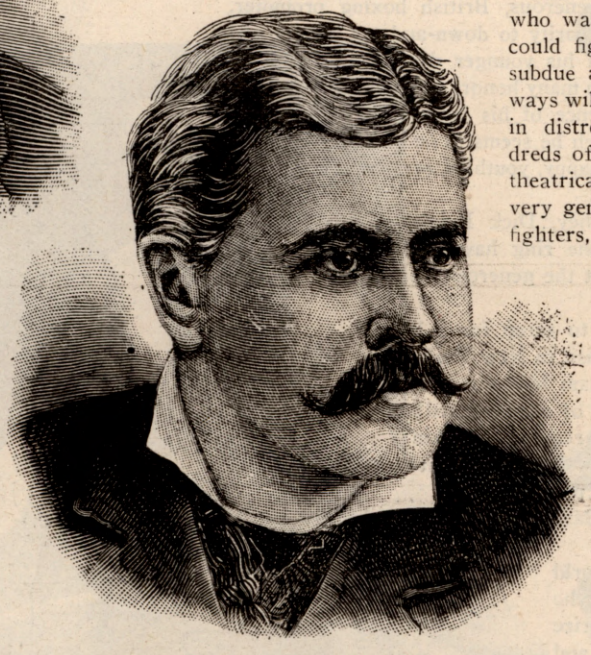
Lord Lonsdale, the British donor of the famous Lonsdale belts.



Harry Hill, owner of a famous sportsmen's rendezvous on Crosby and Bleecker Streets, New York City, in the days of "real sport."

Law to hit him in a pretended brawl as a "show-off" with one of his harmless, burlesque punches. Law invariably staked the cagy champion to one thousand dollars for each goofy display. But one fatal night Joe was in an ugly, cantankerous mood and foolishly knocked his benefactor down with a wicked blow, in Billy Tracey's notorious saloon.

That settled Mr. Coburn's free-and-easy life. He lost his meal ticket and a whole lot more when he lost his fiery temper. Poor Joe had a hard, down-and-out struggle after that fatal punch and finally landed in Sing Sing for four years for trying to beat up all the cops in the Tenderloin especially. What a wicked, desperate, rough-and-tumble fighter Joe was when highly illuminated with gasoline booze.



George Law, the New York millionaire patron of the prize ring during the bare-knuckle days.

But Coburn was not the only pugilist Law befriended. Barney Aaron, John Flood, Steve Taylor, Billy Edwards, Joe Goss, Professor Mike Donovan, Jimmy Elliott, Charley Mitchell, Paddy Ryan, and a raft of other prominent scrappers received many a fat stake and costly gift from the irrepressible, fun-seeking millionaire. He gave away some thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of diamond rings and pins to many of his cronies at Saratoga Springs one afternoon. But that's an old story to repeat here. However, when the genial, fat, generous George Law passed out, about a dozen of his favorite all-night saloons died away also. The glamour and glittering gold ceased to flow—the King of the old Tenderloin was dead. Many a poor, old, broken-down fighter like Dooney Harris, "Soap" McAlpine, Uncle Bill Tovee, and others certainly mourned and suffered considerably by his loss.

* * *

THERE'S a host of theatrical stars who follow the fighters and are always quite willing to help a favorite ringster if the latter happens to be hounded by the big bad wolf.

No one will ever know how much money big-hearted Nat Goodwin gave away to struggling fighters. To say it amounted to two hundred thousand dollars would not be an extravagant exaggeration at all, when you take into consideration that the great comedian was a very liberal philanthropist to boxers for about fifty years. A free-handed giver can deal out quite a ton of golden shekels in half a century, even though each gift may not be over ten, twenty, or fifty bucks.

"Which do you enjoy more—a great play or a rattling, thrilling fight, Nat?" I asked the genial actor one merry evening as we chatted at the ringside.

"That's hardly a fair question," he answered with a smile. "Of course, the stage has always been my life's hobby and I'm always fascinated by a fine theatrical production. But when I want to be electrified, there's nothing that thrills me like a dazzling, exciting fight. But it's not fair to compare the emotion we enjoy witnessing a great play with the excitement produced by a great fight."

Maurice Barrymore, the father and founder of the celebrated theatrical family, was not only a generous friend of fighters he fancied, but quite a boxer himself. Although of a very social and gracious nature, he was "a bad actor" to buck up against in a fistic muss. Several rampant foes realized this after they found themselves suddenly in a horizontal position from the effect of one of Mr. Barrymore's strenuous wallops.

Bob Hillard, another noted actor who was very fond of fighters and could fight himself when forced to subdue a quarrelsome pest, was always willing to help any needy boxer in distress. But there's been hundreds of other leading lights of the theatrical profession who have been very generous pals to many worthy fighters, both here and abroad—actors and managers who handed out plenty without any display whatsoever.

* * *

MANY of the present movie stars are regular ring followers and are more or less clever boxers in private, and close friends of some of the pugilistic champions and near champions, whom they are always willing to help and foster when they need assistance.

It was ever thus with great actors from the days of the illustrious Edwin Forrest, the magnificent American tragedian, who might, like Maurice Barrymore, have been fistic champion with his splendid physique, strength and gallantry, if he had become a fighter instead of a footlight performer.

George Alexander Baid, who was better known the world over as "Squire Abington," the famous English patron of the ring and other sports, was a very liberal philanthropist to many fighters who caught his fancy.

He backed Jem Carney against Dick Burge, Jack Burke against Ted Pritchard, Jim Hall against Bob Fitzsimmons, Charley Mitchell against Jim Corbett, and numerous other ringsters of lesser note in England.

In fact, he not only backed his favorite battlers, but he lavished probably over one million dollars on them from time to time, when the spirit moved him—and that was quite frequently indeed.

Charley Mitchell was his particular pet, whom he must have staked to over two hundred thousand dollars on various occasions. The prodigal Squire passed away rather suddenly at New Orleans, when he was attacked with pneumonia as a result of a severe cold he caught while seconding Jim Hall against Fitzsimmons on March 8, 1893, at New Orleans.

The death of the very wealthy Squire was indeed a sad financial blow to Mitchell, who mournfully said: "The Squire was the best friend I ever had. He did more to promote all kinds of sport, especially boxing, than any other man in England. Of course, he was a high liver and indulged freely in wine, but he was a royal entertainer and a very generous man to the poor. It will be many a long day before the world will have another such liberal and enthusiastic sportsman."

The venerable, magnanimous, boxing benefactor, Lord Lonsdale, the organizer and head of the National Sporting Club, of

London, England, has for many years promoted, financed, and fostered the manly art more successfully than any man either here or abroad. It cost him probably one hundred thousand dollars just to fight the unjust laws against Queensberry boxing and finally legalize the sport after a long and bitter contest in the highest courts of England.

Lord Lonsdale, among other generous acts, spent considerable money having costly championship belts made for contestants to battle for in every recognized class and weight in the boxing game. This caused renewed interest and great competition among the leading boxers all over England.

* * *

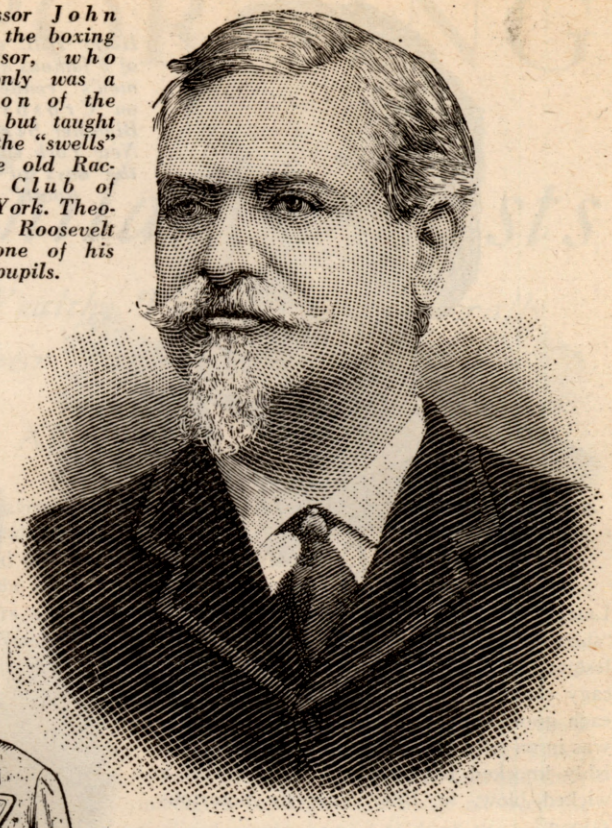
ANOTHER popular, generous, British boxing promoter, who is noted for his charity to down-and-out boxers and others, is Harry Preston. In his younger days he was quite a clever amateur boxer and won many honors in several big tournaments. He still carries evidence of his game battles, in a picturesque cauliflower ear, which he seems to be quite proud of when he recalls his happy, youthful, scrappy bouts within the roped arena.

Old Jem Mace, Jem Carney, Dick Burge, and other English veterans of the ring have told me many benevolent stories about the generosity of the high-class British sportsmen.

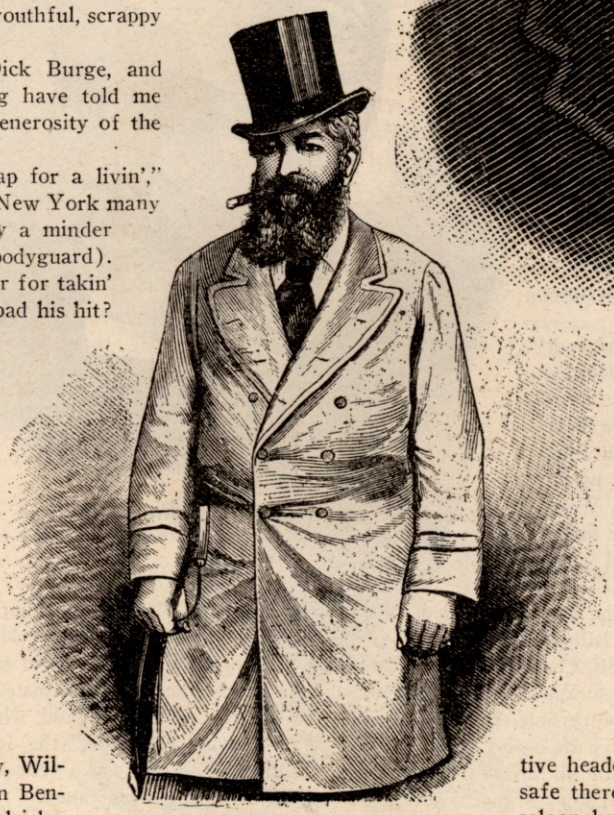
"Yer know Hi don't 'ave to scrap for a livin'," said Dick Burge to me on a visit to New York many years ago. "Yer know Hi ham hay a minder for Sir Charles Bass (a sort of a bodyguard). Hi gits me ten pounds a week regular for takin' care of 'im. That's not so blawsted bad his hit? Hit keeps the old bloomin' pot aboilin' han a few pots of Bass on the side to keep me 'appy."

It seems that all the world loves a heroic fighter, whether he battles in war or in the prize ring. What a big list of high and low big-hearted admirers of boxers one could gather together if they dug down deep enough into the history of Fistiana in this city alone!

Among them I recall Theodore Roosevelt, Big Tim Sullivan, Tom Foley, Roscoe Conkling, Tex Rickard, George Gould, Charles A. Dana, Dr. A. P. Ordway, William Travers Jerome, James Gordon Bennett, Wright Sanford, Herman Oelricks, Charley Stoneham, Tony Biddle, Charles Dillingham, Bernard Gimbel, Bill Dwyer, Dick Croker, Vincent Astor, Reggy Vanderbilt, De Wolf Hopper, Tony Pastor, Joe Jefferson, Denman Thompson, Ed Stokes, Stanford White, Col. Dan Appleton, John J. Scannell, Patrick Keenan, Ed Gilmore, and hundreds of other generous philanthropists to gallant fistic fighters, who are still with us or have gone forever to the happy hunting ground.



Professor John Long, the boxing professor, who not only was a patron of the sport but taught it to the "swells" at the old Racquets Club of New York. Theodore Roosevelt was one of his pupils.



Sir John Ashtley, a noted British sportsman and follower of fisticuffs.

* * *

MANY stories could be told of the philanthropic George Law, but one will suffice to illustrate his sports character. Law's favorite sporting resort was Billy Tracey's notorious saloon on 29th Street, just west of Broadway. There one could meet many wealthy clubmen hopnobbing with noted pugilists, bank burglars and other well-known characters about town, at all hours of the day and night.

Tracey was quite a tough proposition himself and posed as a rough and tumble fighter, although he was a man of small physique and was no match for many of the desperate barroom scrappers of his day.

Such impromptu rough and tumble fighters for example as Jere Dunn, Jim Barker, John (Red) Leary, "Reddy the Blacksmith," Jim Irving, Eddie Conners, Tom Gould, John Flood, Billy O'Brien, George Sterling and a fleet of others.

However, if an antagonist happened to be too formidable for Mr. Tracey, the latter wouldn't hesitate from using a gun, knife or any other deadly weapon he could lay his hands on, for he was a regular shooter, and had killed a noted grafter named Charles Miller on Broadway and shot several others.

Probably the principal reason why Law made Tracey's his festive headquarters was because he was always safe there, under the protection of the tough saloon keeper and his gang.

The sporty multi-millionaire was the king of the saloon. He spent his money lavishly with the mob and constantly staked them good and plenty, when his generous spirit moved him or when highly illuminated by Demon Rum, which was quite frequently indeed.

Yes, Mr. Law could play all sorts of pranks and practical jokes on anybody at Tracey's and receive the hearty approbation of multifarious assemblage. In fact Law was the life and main support of the saloon. It was the flow of his golden shekels into the till that kept the ball a-rolling.

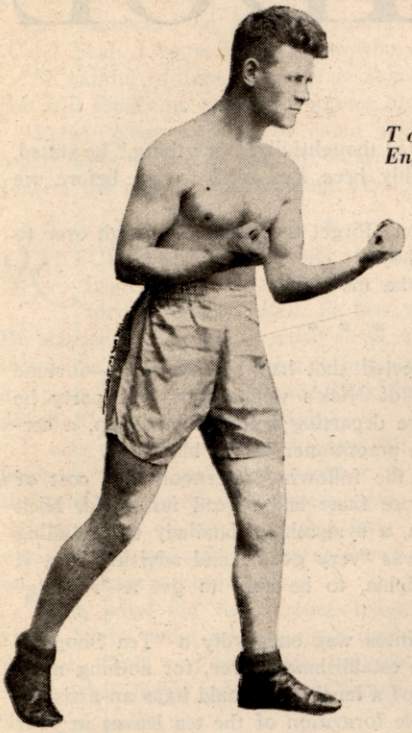
One cold winter's night Richard Toner, better known as "Dick the Rat," entered Tracey's with a bag of rats, he had captured in an old Broadway hotel at so much per head. Tracey was entertaining some friends in his backroom, and if he had known that Dick was at the front bar with his bag of rodents he would have had a fit, for if there was anything that Tracey feared, it was a rat.

"What have you in the bag, Dick?" asked Law, from his favorite seat in the corner of the barroom.

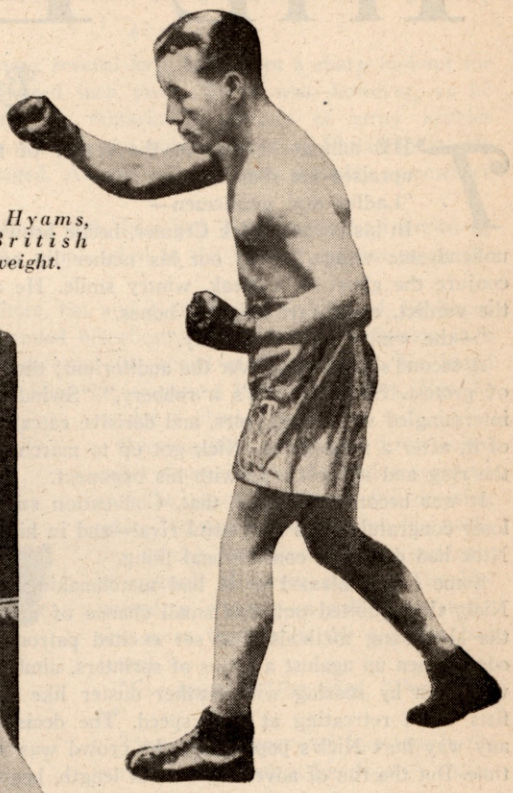
"Twenty-five dollars' worth of big rats," replied the professional rat catcher.

"I'll give you a hundred, Dick, if you'll turn them loose in the backroom," whispered Law pulling *(Continued on page 48)*

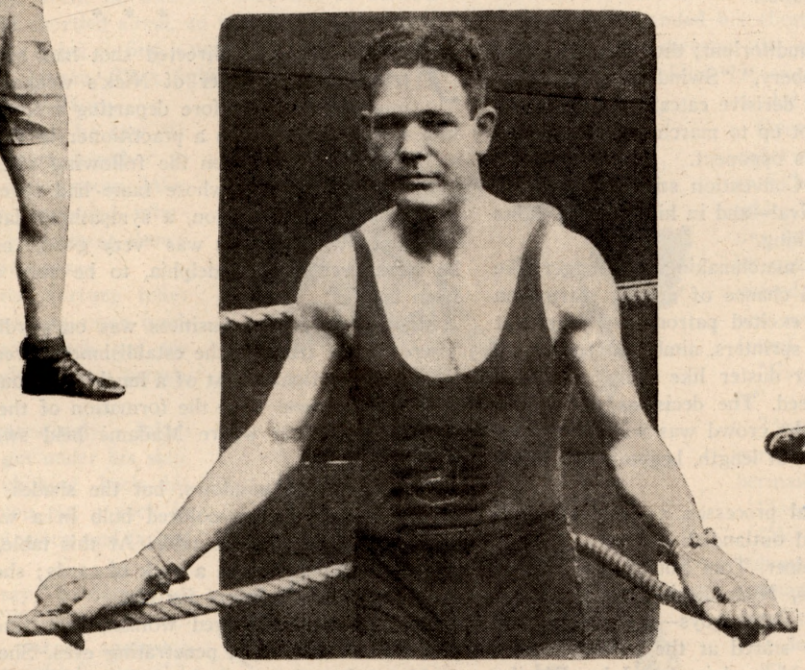
FOREIGN TALENT



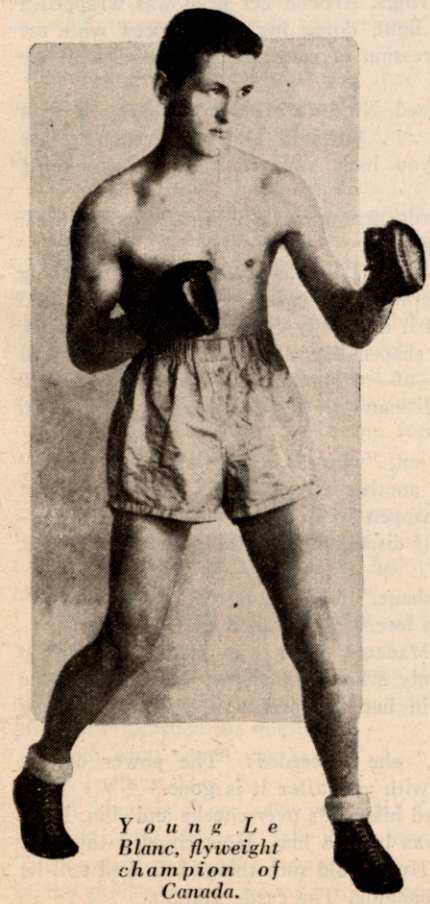
Tommy John, English lightweight contender.



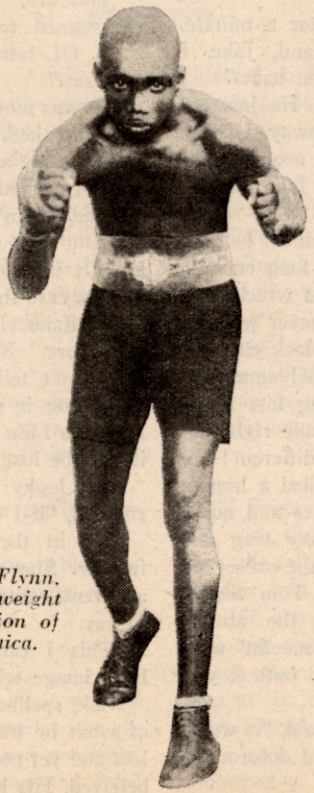
Tommy Hyams, rugged British featherweight.



Eddie Peirce, South African light-heavyweight.



Young Le Blanc, flyweight champion of Canada.



Lefty Flynn, featherweight champion of Jamaica.

Len Harvey, England's heavyweight titleholder.

The Lost Idol

By JOHN MACNEISH

THE announcer was in the center of the ring, hand upraised for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

In his corner, Nick Cramer, beetle brows lowered over unhandsome visage, thrust out his nether lip and managed to conjure the ghost of a bleak, wintry smile. He already sensed the verdict, could feel it in his bones.

"—the winner: Ed Cominsky."

A second's hush hung over the auditorium; then came the roar of protest. Shouts of "It's a robbery," "Swindle," and "Fake" intermingled with boos, jeers, and derisive catcalls. In the midst of it, after a faint shrug, Nick got up to march stoically across the ring and shake hands with his opponent.

It was becoming a habit, that. Convention stipulates that the loser congratulate his successful rival—and in his last five fights Nick had done the conventional thing.

Some critics blamed it on bad matchmaking. A slugger like Nick, they pointed out, had small chance of getting started on the slam-bang methods that set excited patrons on their seat edges when up against a series of sprinters, nimble-footed gentry who won by scoring with feather duster like flicks of gloved fists while retreating at high speed. The decisions did not in any way hurt Nick's popularity; the crowd was with him every time. But the run of adversity was, at length, beginning to affect the slugger's outlook.

This was serious. Nick's mental processes, even at the best of times, coursed along weird and outlandish channels.

In the dressing room, as his trainer, Tom Shultz, was removing the bandages from his hands, Nick dispiritedly shook his tousled head. "You can't blame them guys—the referee an' judges. 'Twasn't their fault." He stared at the puffing, heated figure of his manager. "M' luck's jest plain out, Jake. It's the stars—or somethin'."

"Aw, don't come that line!" Jake Horn stuck a cigar into his fat little mouth and savagely clamped his teeth over it. "We were gypped, an' the stars had nothin' to do with it."

"Well, maybe not the stars," Nick conceded, after a minute. "But it's somethin'—somethin' you don't understand, Jake. I know, I know. I've studied them things more'n you have."

"Aw!" About to speak, Jake changed his mind. He inserted his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and turned away. Useless talking when Nick was in that mood. For a long acquaintance with his fighter's peculiar reasoning had aroused in Jake nothing but a contempt for it.

He could see the advantage of having your opponent be first to enter the ring. A good idea. Keep him waiting long enough, Jake admitted, and you could make him a nervous wreck. But all this stuff about which sock should go on first, never walking under ladders, turning back when you spotted a black cat, and the wearing of so-called magic charms left him singularly unmoved.

But Nick was a believer. In the ring, bothering less about defense than the majority of fighters, he could wade right out and take whatever was coming. Outside—that was different! He took all sorts of precautions. In a way he resembled a human Christmas tree. He carried amulets and birth stones and queer odds and ends of knickknacks attached to his key ring and watchchain. Hardly a week passed but he added to the collection.

"We'll maybe get a better deal in N' York," Tom Shultz commented optimistically as they were leaving the almost deserted arena. "'Sides, this Carl Jensen we're meetin' next Friday is the kind 'at will stand up, an' not try to outbox you while he's on the lam."

Jake nodded agreement. "The whole trouble," he said, "is we've been tryin' to fight too many boxers. And," he added dolorously, "they're nearly all boxers nowadays."

"Huh!" Nick expectorated thoughtfully. "One thing," he stated, "there's somebody in Philly here I'm goin' to see before we leave."

"Sure," from Jake. "Don't forget to hand your dough over to some fortune teller, big boy."

"Oh, shut up! You make me sick."

* * *

JAKE'S shrewdly directed shot had hit the mark—fortune tellers were another of Nick's weaknesses. The party he intended to see before departing from Philadelphia, a certain Madame Lulu, was a practitioner in the black art.

The lady, consulted on the following afternoon at a cost of five dollars, was one whose fame had spread far afield. Nick heard of her in Scranton, a sympathetic landlady there telling him that Madame Lulu was "very good," and advising him, if he were ever in Philadelphia, to be sure to get a "reading" from her.

Madame's place of business was outwardly a "Tea Shoppe." There, in the front of the establishment, free, for nothing more than the extortionate cost of a lunch, you could have an assistant read your fortune from the formation of the tea leaves in your cup. The sanctum where Madame held sway was situated at the rear.

The room had windows, but the shades were drawn. Light came from an orange-colored bulb in a wall bracket directly over an ordinary bridge table. At this table, collecting her fee, Madame Lulu produced a pack of cards; she then proceeded to reveal her client's future for him.

She was a middle-aged woman, dark and swarthy of complexion and with deep, penetrating eyes. She wore earrings and necklaces, bracelets and rings. Around her head was wrapped a red scarf. In the eerie light, doing her hocus-pocus with the cards, she gave the impression of constant association with the unknown, and gin.

"You are," she informed Nick, in sepulchral tones, "a man accustomed to combat . . . . No, no! Don't interrupt, please . . . . Of late, I see, you have suffered many discouraging reverses."

She was moving the cards, arranging them in patterns. Nick sat open-mouthed, concentrated.

"I can see a change for you. It is coming soon. You are going to find something—something that will bring you great good fortune. I can't see what it is exactly . . . . A little doll? Well, no! But it is something shaped like a tiny doll—maybe a small idol. It is made out of—of—of some strange whitish material. In any case this little talisman will be of wonderful influence in your affairs. It will—"

"Where," Nick burst out, "where'll I find it?"

"I can't tell that. In another city, perhaps. And soon. But something is going to happen to it. You won't lose it but"—Madame Lulu was herself disconcerted at the paradox—"but yet it will be lost."

"But looky here, Ma-dame," Nick protested, his brows corrugated, "if I ain't gonna lose it, how can it get lost?"

"It's in the cards." Madame Lulu was unable to explain further. She revealed only what was shown her. As for the apparent contradictions in her interpretation, she had nothing to say.

"This I can tell you," she proceeded: "The power of the little image will remain with you after it is gone."

Nick, spellbound, rubbed his hands over cheeks and chin. Most of what he had heard was beyond him. How could a thing be lost and yet not be lost? How could such things be? And still he beleived. His luck was changing. The cards said so.

"There's a man I must warn you about," Madame Lulu went on, "a tall, fair man. He will seek to do you serious bodily harm. Do you know anyone with the initials C.J.?"

The washboard on Nick's forehead flattened as he grinned. "C.J.? Yeah. I know him. I know who you mean, Ma-dame."

"Be careful of him then. He is a hard man and strong, but you will finally be able to overcome him."

There! What more proof could anybody want that fortune tellers were on the up and up? Warning him against C.J.—Carl Jensen, the man he was fighting next Friday!

* * *

RETURNING to the hotel, Nick wore a grin stretching from ear to ear. Some guys were too wise to believe in fortune tellers. Well, he was too wise not to believe. He slapped his leg and chortled aloud, so that passers-by turned to stare at him. He was going to find a magic idol and knock the daylights out of Carl Jensen. That fight was in the bag. He would have to tell Jake Horn.

It was dinner time when he saw his manager. They sat down together at the same table in the dining room. Jake, unfolding his napkin, regarded interestedly the repressed excitement shown on his fighter's countenance.

"Well, what did the fortune teller say?" Nick's mind was an open book to him. "Tell you to watch out for skirts—that they'd only do you brown, hey?"

Nick blinked protestingly. Jake's acuteness frequently got under his skin. On this occasion, choking back his pained "Why don't you put a sock in it?" he lifted his soup spoon and tapped it on the table.

"What would you say," he demanded, slowly, impressively, "if I was to tell you that I had been warned against a tall, fair guy, whose initials are C.J. an' who's gonna try to do me serious bodily harm?"

"I'd say that whoever told you that had been readin' the newspapers."

"Uh! Oh, shut up. You make me sick."

They were both sluggers. Nothing scientific about the affair. They stood toe-to-toe and slugged away.

That sort of thing made Nick mad. These smart Alecks had an answer for everything. With a growl he dipped the spoon in his plate. Two minutes passed, to the accompaniment of no other sound but the transportation of soup. The course over, Nick's anger had subsided. He could hold it back no longer—he simply had to spread the gladsome tidings given him by Madame Lulu.

"Y' know," he submitted, tentatively, "I've got a feelin' our luck's turned." Then, as Jake looked up: "In fact, I know it. Y' know, Jake, when a guy's lucky he feels lucky. I feel lucky; I feel real good an' lucky. I—I even feel that I'm goin' to find somethin'."

"Find what?"

"A little thing like a doll, made out of some strange material. It's goin' to bring me lots of luck . . . . But I've got a feelin', too, that I'll lose it afterwards. An' yet—an' yet it won't be lost."

"How the heck d' you make that out? You mean you'll know where it is?"

Nick hesitated. That was exactly the point on which he desired his manager's opinion. Jake did know some things. Cunningly, he returned the question:

"Well, what would you say?"

"I'd jest say 'nuts.'"

"Oh, shut up. You make me sick." Glowering. Nick stabbed his fork into a beefsteak. Jake didn't know so very much after all. The mystery remained a mystery. But why, he argued presently, in the privacy of his room, why worry about losing the doll? The important thing was to find it. Once in his possession he could take good care of it. But first he had to find it—and Madame Lulu had not meant find it in a store with a price tag attached.

* * *

IN the next several days Nick kept a sharp lookout for the promised luck piece. There was, however, as he discovered, a remarkable scarcity of stray articles resembling little dolls in the public places of Philadelphia. He was not discouraged. As suggested, it was probably somewhere else.

On Tuesday, along with Jake and Tom Shultz he traveled up to New York. As usual, when in the big city, he put up at the Seville Hotel.

In his room there, hat and coat thrown on the bed, he flexed his muscles, expanded his chest, scowled at his reflection in a mirror and then directed the scowl at his luggage. He hated packing and unpacking. He examined his shirt sleeves. Yes, he needed a clean shirt.

Opening his suitcases, he threw soiled underwear aside for the laundress; clean stuff he carried over to the dressing table. He was about to pitch his neckties in the top drawer when suddenly he paused. His eyes popped. His lips moved, a whisper—a yell! The neckties were thrown in the air. He had found it.

"I've found it," he cried, "I've found it."

There was a hurry of footsteps in the corridor. A knock at his door. A chambermaid.

"Is—is there anything wrong, sir?"

"Wrong?" Nick was laughing like a baboon. He handed the astonished woman a dollar bill and said, "Wrong? No, everything's okay. Everything's jest dandy."

The woman saw that he was holding an object, some three or four inches long, shaped like a little doll.

He had found it in the drawer. Someone must have left it behind when vacating the room—the previous guest, probably—and the chambermaid had neglected to remove it.

Much as Madame Lulu had described, it was like a doll and yet not like a doll. All in one piece, it was meant to represent, seemingly, an Oriental potentate. It was too crystalline and white for ivory and not heavy enough for marble.

Taking it to the window, Nick lifted it to his battered nose. He sniffed. A pungent odor came from it. Its previous owner, he concluded, must have sprayed it with perfume.

Carefully, reverently, he placed it on top of the bureau.

"Gee!" he breathed over and over. "Gee!" He observed the mandarin hat, the drooping mustaches and flowing robe. "It's Chinese, all right. "Gee! Them Chinks know a thing or two!"

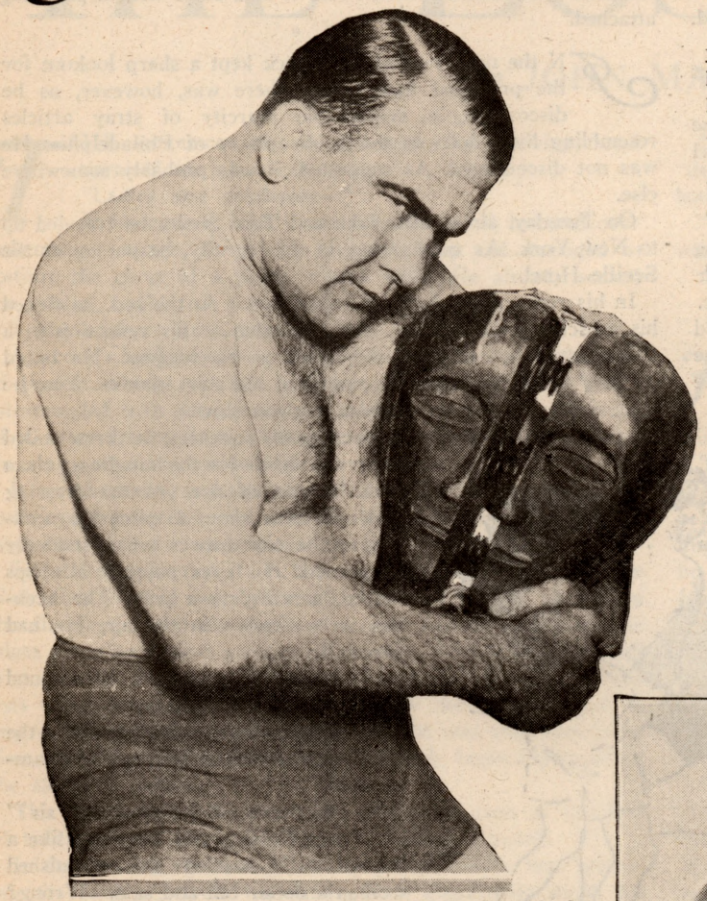
It was the proof that his luck had finally turned. Nothing could stop him now. Nothing could erase the confidence of his grin.

* * *

ON Friday night, Carl Jensen made the attempt. Coming out with the deliberate intention of doing Nick serious bodily harm, the tall, fair man with the initials C.J. got a reception that fired his cold Nordic dander. They were both sluggers. Nothing scientific about the affair, which developed into a regular old-fashioned rough-house. They stood toe-to-toe and banged away at each other. The referee had to get between the men to separate them at the end of each round. The customers were delighted.

By the eighth, Jensen was getting discouraged. His best punch, a left hook smack into the middle of the features, a blow well calculated to knock the head off a (*Continued on page* 47)

From MILO *to* LONDOS



Ed "Strangler" Lewis practicing his crushing head lock on a specially built dummy containing powerful steel springs. At the right we see Lewis as he looked when he entered the professionals.

UNLIKE boxing, and other branches of athletics in which the failure of champions to regain their laurels in comeback attempts is recorded with regularity, such feats in wrestling have been frequent. The cases of Stecher, Lewis, Stanislaus Zbyszko, and Don George are offered as proof that the feat can be accomplished. Lewis has held the world's heavyweight title no less than five times, and if proper recognition is given him for his accomplishment in Jack Curley's Manhattan Opera House tournament of 1914, when he cleared the decks of all opposition in catch-as-catch-can style wrestling, then he should be credited with having held the championship six times.

It is not generally known that Ed "Strangler" Lewis, the subject of this chapter in our series, was an all-around athlete who had won honors in half a dozen varieties of sport. Lewis, who was christened Robert Frederick, has a most interesting record. He was born on a farm near Nukoosa, Wis., and by the time he had graduated from school, he had become quite famous as an athlete. At the age of sixteen, he had won the championship of his county in wrestling and in several other sports, and at seventeen, he had gained considerable recognition as a ball player.

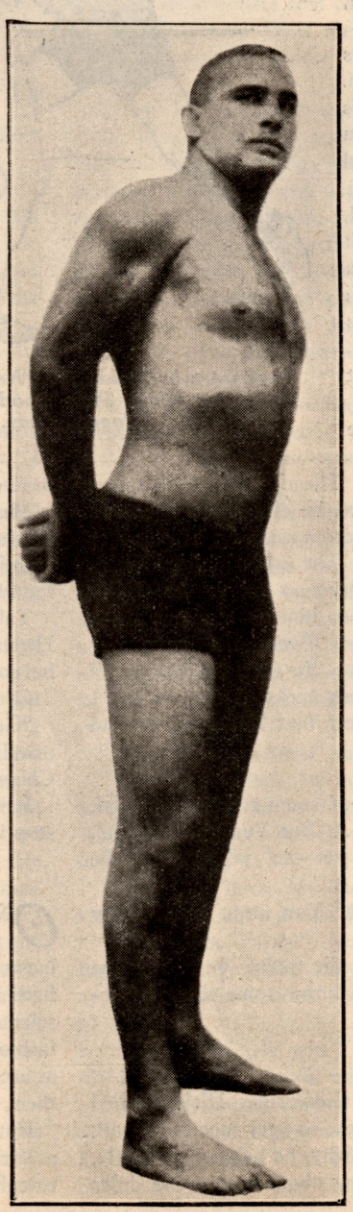
In 1910 he entered the junior year at the Kentucky University where he starred in football, baseball, basketball, and wrestling for one year, but was banned later because he played pro baseball in the Blue Grass League. He was considered the best amateur in the Middle States in wrestling, and as a basketball player, he had few equals in his territory. He became the assistant physical director of the university in his senior year to help pay his way through college, and while instructor, he engaged in professional matches with some of America's leading talent with success. He was coach of four sports at Kentucky.

From his early youth, he applied himself to the science of wrestling. He made a close study of the sport and through proper application, he mastered all the intricacies of the grappling art.

* * *

WHILE at Kentucky, Lewis studied anatomy and made a special study of the nervous system. By learning where the most sensitive nerves were located, he soon gained a big advantage over opponents in wrestling because he applied pressure to such centers and invariably caused his rivals considerable worry. To become a success in any business, one must apply himself properly to such work, and that is exactly what Lewis did. He spent years in perfecting the head lock and it was with that hold that he won his titles and almost all his matches.

He showed his ingenuity and tenacity by constructing a wooden dummy of a human head which was split in the middle and was joined by powerful springs when put together. With this dummy, Lewis, daily for years, would snuggle this mock wrestler's head in the crook of his arm and apply pressure for protracted periods. Naturally that kind of practice enabled him to develop the arm muscles and other muscles that were brought into play in the application of the hold, with the result that, in a short time, he was able to get the maximum amount of pressure behind it. At first there was much complaint by rivals that the hold was illegal, but those in control of the sport declared otherwise, and today it is used by every wrestler. Lewis applies the pressure so as to affect not only the brain but the nerve centers.



Lewis' first real effort in pro wrestling was against a strong man at a carnival near the college campus and Lewis almost smothered him in winning. That victory made him a popular hero at the college. It wasn't long thereafter that he abandoned his idea to get a degree. He scaled only 175 pounds when he began his professional career and because of his method of attack, he soon became known as the Strangler. Then some one called him Strangler Lewis, after the original Strangler Lewis, whose first name was Evan, and as Strangler Lewis he has been known since.

* * *

THE match in which Lewis won the world's heavyweight wrestling title from Stecher was replete with action. The affair, which took place in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory of New York City under the auspices of Jack Curley, was viewed by a packed house. Both Lewis and Stecher were popular, and the fans turned out in large numbers because they realized they would see a titantic struggle between the masters of the sport—one the head lock king; the other, the scissors king. It was on December 13, 1920, that the championship changed hands.

to BROWNING

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest, active sports writer)

CHAPTER XX

Seldom has a wrestling match been crowded with so many sensational incidents as the one between these premier catch-as-catch-can experts, and the throng that jammed the armory to its capacity was kept cheering and shouting from start to finish.

Stecher, who was favored to win, had considerably the better of the first hour's work on the mat, the champion being the aggressor and worrying Lewis with painful arm locks and toe holds. At intervals Stecher got his famous body scissors into operation, and while Lewis invariably kicked himself loose after most violent exertion, the hold seemed to reduce the stamina of the stocky Strangler.

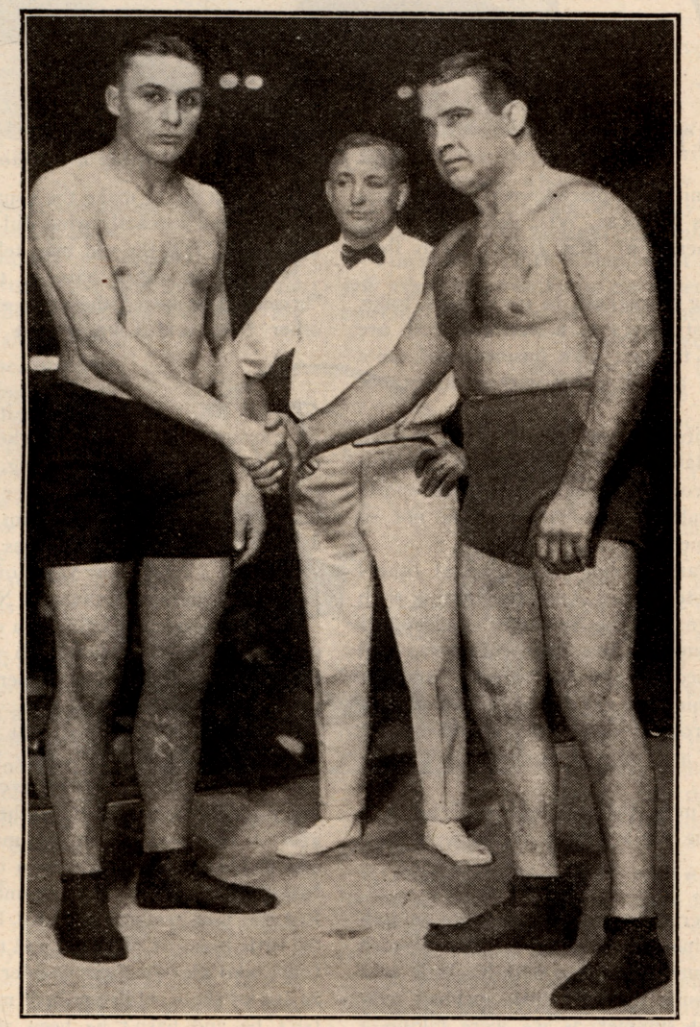
In the early period of the contest, Lewis was unable to maintain the clutch for more than half a minute at a time, the Iowan's small head slipping out easily. Not until the last seven minutes of the bout did the head lock stick to the cranium of the champion, and it had its immediate effect.

Stecher had managed to get his final body scissors of the night and the situation for Lewis seemed gloomy. He wriggled and squirmed for a time without being able to extricate himself, and then began kicking like a balky horse.

After a strenuous effort, he got out of the lock, and as soon as Stecher, who was weary from his own efforts, reached his feet, Lewis sprang like a panther and circled the champion's head with his left arm. Down went Stecher, and it was nearly a minute before he succeeded in getting his head out of the lock. This was the beginning of the end as the champion was weak when he got on his pins.

* * *

SEVEN times more in quick succession the Strangler put the head lock on his weakened opponent and on the eighth time Stecher was unable to escape and was pinned to the mat.



Joe Stecher and Strangler Lewis shaking hands before their title match which Lewis won. The referee is George Bothner, former world's lightweight champion.

When Lewis released his victim Stecher, nearly blind from the severity of the clutch, staggered about the ring and his seconds were compelled to lead him to a chair till he recovered.

Lewis got the head lock on Stecher an even dozen times, and Stecher's body scissors was applied six times in all.

Stecher was first to enter the ring, and was followed shortly by Lewis. Stanislaus Zbyszko was introduced and created a sensation by offering to grapple with the champion then and there. This irritated Stecher, who said: "Go away. Don't you see I'm busy here tonight?"

The elder Zbyszko was insistent, and it required the united efforts of Joe Humphries and several camera men to induce "Zib" to leave the ring without a joust with the champion.

The weights of the gladiators were announced as 228 for Lewis and 208 for Stecher.

The main bout was a battle between the head lock of Lewis and the body scissors of Stecher. Stecher had triumphed in a previous contest, but Lewis and his friends felt confident he could reverse the result.

* * *

STECHER was first to get a dangerous hold. It was an arm lock and brought the Strangler to his knees. There was a scramble and both reached their feet.

Lewis then got his head lock on the champion, but Stecher extricated his cranium from the clutch, after which there were some acrobatics that brought cheers from the onlookers. Stecher got another clutch on Lewis' arm and brought him to the canvas, but could not keep him there.

The futility of the head lock when applied to the Stecher cranium, which is about the size of a cocoanut, was shown when he pulled his head away before the Strangler could tighten his grip.

The champion then took an arm lock, and after downing the Strangler, tried to adjust the body scissors. Lewis wriggled out of the clutch and took a crotch hold, which he shifted to a half nelson.

Stecher kicked himself out of the nelson and at once got an arm lock on Lewis, who had great difficulty in breaking out of a dangerous position.

By this time the skins of the athletes were shiny with perspiration and their hair hung in damp strands.

Each was struggling desperately to get an effective hold, but their strength was so great that each broke out of locks that would have baffled Houdini.

* * *

IN their titantic struggles, the gladiators tossed each other about like champion acrobats. This fast pace told, and for a few minutes they held each other at arms' length and walked about while mending bellows. Then Stecher took a leg hold and brought Lewis down, but failed to hold him.

After thirty-three minutes, Stecher finally got his dreaded body scissors on Lewis and held it for a minute and a half before the Strangler by a violent effort released himself.

Lewis made a flying leap for a head lock, missed and tumbled to the floor, and Stecher again got his body scissors to work, but it was broken quickly. Again there was an exhibition of acrobatic pyrotechnics, which pleased the spectators.

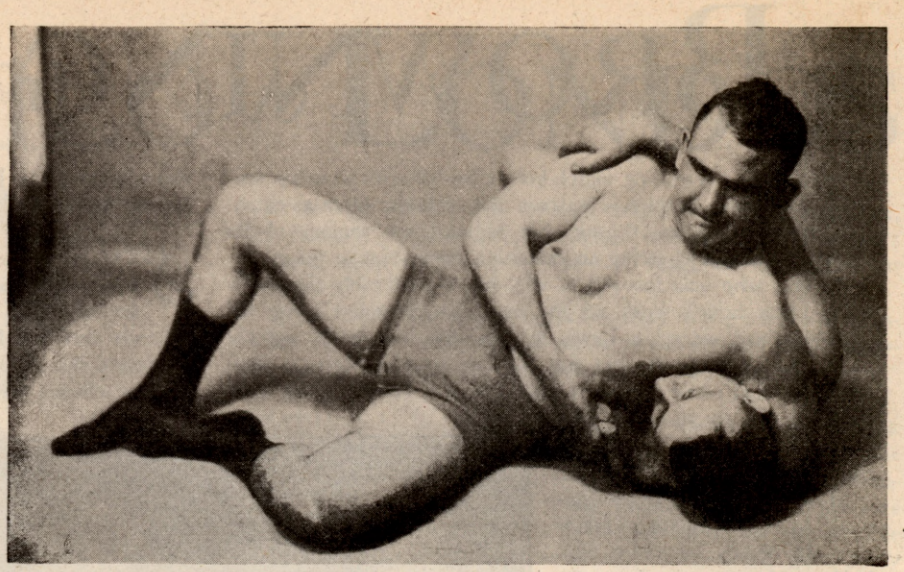
A few minutes later, Stecher again got his legs about Lewis' waist and held him for two minutes. Lewis had more difficulty this time in kicking out of the clutch.

Stecher shifted to a toe hold and Lewis writhed with pain till he broke it. Lewis got a head lock and for the first time held for a minute. Stecher rubbed his ears when he arose.

Lewis sprang at Stecher and took the head lock twice in quick succession. Stecher broke away and put on the body scissors. It looked like the finish for the Strangler, (*Continued on page* 44)

Strangler Lewis' Dad

By ED. W. SMITH



Ed "Strangler" Lewis, using his famous head lock

IF you're ever in the vicinity of a place known on the maps and in your Baedeker as Nekoosa, Wis., don't fail to get acquainted with the sheriff of that county, who lives right there.

Now, that's a rather odd thing to suggest. In most cases, folks, and especially those who are strangers to a neighborhood, are of a mind generally to attend to their own business and quite well satisfied to let the sheriff attend to his without assistance or advice on their part.

But in this case it will be quite different; so different, in fact, that we'll go over a little roundabout way to get at the excellent impression we are trying to convey about a wondrous sports character and his dad, an equally great character, but not so well known to the world in general.

One day last summer, I was standing with several others in the lobby of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, chatting with Ed Lewis, internationally known as "The Strangler" and one of the greatest wrestlers of all time. As our little party was still laughing over a bit of an anecdote the big athlete had just been recounting about one of his ring experiences—and what a wealth of them he has been through!—a couple of well-dressed gentlemen sidled up to Lewis and offered an apology for the interruption.

"My name's Brownell and I'm in the silk business," he said. "Perhaps you remember meeting me a couple of times in New York with Jack Curley."

* * *

WHETHER Lewis remembered or not, he was polite enough to assure the stranger he had a perfect recollection of such happenings, and then the newcomer proceeded with his little tale.

"What struck me as being quite a quaint little incident happened to me and my wife last summer as we were taking a vacation trip in an auto up through northern Wisconsin," the New Yorker started out. "Feeling that I know you even though it may be but slightly, I think I can tell you this without offense and—"

The "Strangler's" face lighted into a huge smile and he held up a big hand, stopping the stranger in the middle of his narrative.

"Yes, I know exactly what you are going to tell me," and the wrestler laughed heartily. "First of all, you were going through Nekoosa, Wis., and you were going a little too fast. And a big, stout man with a large badge of the law on his coat stepped out and halted you. He told you he wouldn't stand for speed through his town and then he asked you where you were from and who you knew there. He asked you if you happened to know Ed Lewis, the champion wrestler, and when you said you did know him and that you thought he was the greatest man in the world, the officer's chest swelled and he stood back with all the pride in the world and told you in no uncertain tones:

"'Well, dot's my boy Bop, my son!'

"And after that bit of conversation," pursued Lewis with a lot of more laughs, "if he didn't ask you over to the house for some refreshments and possibly a big dinner, you were cheated or else you didn't make the usual impression."

"Say, that's exactly what did happen!" declared the astonished Brownell. "Did the old man tell you about it?"

"O, no, he didn't have to tell me about it," Lewis replied, "because I've heard the same story about my dad from a dozen other folks and I know just how he is."

* * *

THERE is no doubt about it. If you know "The Strangler" up around the vicinity of Nekoosa, Wis., you just simply are like the king who can do no wrong. If you declare yourself that you think there never was a wrestler like "The Strangler" and probably never will be another like him no matter how much longer the world goes on, you're just "aces and eights" with Jacob Friedrich, sheriff for a good many years of the county wherein is located the beautiful little spot known as Nekoosa, Wis.

Jacob Friedrich MUST be a capable man. He has been without opposition for the official job for a good many years—perhaps the greatest certification of personal honesty and capability that your neighbors can hand you.

And when we tell you that Jacob Friedrich is proud of his tremendous son Robert—"My Bop!"—we are reciting a fact in its baldest form. No father ever had greater affection and pride for an offspring, and no father and mother ever were shown greater reciprocation in the matter of filial devotion. It's trite and slobberly to credit a man of athletic prominence with being "good to his folks." It's become one of the nation's stock jokes. But the fact remains that Ed Lewis' life largely centers around the little town of Nekoosa and the necessarily little life of the old folks who glorify their wonderful offspring in their little sphere as one of the world's greatest men. And who shall say them nay? Isn't he and hasn't he been all of that?

* * *

ONCE in Chicago, when Ed had an important match on and won it handsomely, he had brought the dad into town for a little vacation. After the match, I was invited into the dressing room to meet the old gentleman because Ed knew I would get a huge boot out of his quaint remarks. And didn't I? Since I was the big referee and sportswriter, the pater deferred to my opinion and judgment. So he asked me a couple of questions in his quaint German dialect.

"Fine strength and muscles, what?" he asked, glancing over my shoulder at his nakedly magnificent son. "From a little boy, he was like that, big and fine. But I guess you can see where he gets it, what?" and the elder Friedrich puffed out his own powerful chest meaningly. The flood of oratory that this hint suggested was one of my best bits of eloquence, a brochure that would forever have established this modern Brobdingnagian in a prominent and decidedly permanent place in Valhalla.

The radio was rather new when "The Strangler" had one installed in the old folks's front room, and along about that time Ed took part in an interesting match in (*Continued on page* 48)

"NEVER ANOTHER GOTCH"

So Says Jim Jeffries, His Pal and Traveling Companion

By THE CHICAGO REFEREE

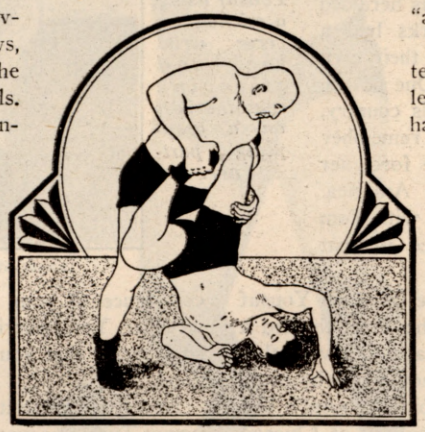
"OF course we'll always have a lot of good wrestlers, high-grade men and good performers, but there'll never be another Frank Gotch. Just seem to have broken the mold after that great chap passed on!"

That expression was made a little time back by the late Gotch's strongest booster and one of his greatest pals, James J. Jeffries, former champion heavyweight fighter, during the course of an extended fanning bee out on the ranch now operated so successfully by "the sage of Burbank," as the big ex- is now known to his neighbors.

And Jim was speaking from intimate knowledge and with due regard for all circumstances, past and present.

"After seeing all of the present-day performers, many of whom are my personal friends, I still insist that there was but one Gotch and that there never will be another," pursued "Big Jim" as he lay sprawled out on a shady bench on the lawn of his pretty ranchhouse, just having finished a big day's task of milking the cows, most of which Jim does himself despite the presence of several capable-looking farm hands.

"When I say this, I'm taking into full consideration the personality as well as all of the physical points that go to make up a great champion," and Jeff drew the stump of a pencil out of his overalls and started to summarize these points in his own homely way.



And Jeff got to know the powerful Humboldt gladiator in a thoroughly intimate manner because they costarred with a road show back in 1909 just after Jeff had closed for that unfortunate and ill-advised but good paying battle with Jack Johnson, consummated at Reno, Nev., the following year. The fight netted Jim a bit over $117,000, pictures, bonuses, and all.

* * *

THAT road show was out for thirteen weeks and probably set all sorts of records for any tours before or since of a strictly athletic combination, at least in a financial way. It was started originally for the purpose of showing the people of this nation that Jeffries was still a great fighter despite the fact that he had been in retirement for several years—almost eight years to be exact.

Jeff didn't have the accurate figures for the whole tour available but he does remember distinctly that at the end of thirteen weeks he had salted away a total of $87,000 for his very own after everything had been cleared away, all the debts were wiped out, and the tour abandoned for various reasons.

It was Jeff, himself, who suggested the jaunt, but it met with scant approval from several of the theatrical magnates of the day with whom he discussed it in advance. Among them were Abe Erlanger and the vaudeville boss of the day, Morris. Erlanger looked over the layout as Jeff outlined it and said such a show never could make money as the salary list was far too high.

Jeff was guaranteeing himself $1,200 a week and his costar, Frank Gotch, wouldn't go short of $1,000. In addition there were "Farmer" Burns and Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller, wrestling partners, Sam Berger, spar mate for Jeffries, several other lesser wrestlers and boxers for emergencies, and five strictly athletic acts.

"You may have any of my houses, but you'll never make any money," Erlanger told Jeff. Morris was equally insistent that such a pay roll was impossible "even for a circus."

"Well, we've got a circus and I'm going to play it that way," Jim retorted. "We don't want mere theaters. What I'm looking for is the biggest auditorium in every big city where we'll show. We'll pack 'em in!"

* * *

IN desperation and facing still further discouragements from others he talked with, Jeff wired the late Harry Frazee, whom Jeff knew well. Harry was in Portland and wired, "I'm broke and ready for anything." So Jim sent him on $250 and brought him into New York.

"You're a great showman, what do you think of the layout?" Jeff asked after outlining the scheme to Harry at breakfast the morning of his arrival in the metropolis.

"Who's the angel," was Frazee's first question, "and how far'll he go?"

Jeff said there was no angel and that he intended to finance the thing himself for at least $7,500. Harry gasped a little, swallowed hard a couple of times, and finally came up with this:

"Well, Jim, I think you're just a little bit balmy in the garret but I can see your heart is set on it, so let's go! How'll we split up the wreckage?"

So it was arranged that Jeff was to get his $1,200 a week "right off the top" and in addition was to have sixty per cent of the profits, forty per cent to go to "the show" for the necessary expenses. That this was a pleasant arrangement is shown by the fact that at the end of the thirteen weeks, Frazee's bit was a trifle over $11,000, considered pretty good for a broken man.

It started Harry on the road to a tremendous fortune and the ownership of a major league ball club.

The first week in the East was sort of "floppy," especially the first night, which didn't draw flies. And the show people looked at the tremendous billing and huge advertising and began to feel a bit blue. Only Jeffries and Gotch were optimistic.

"We're bound to get 'em!" Jeff kept roaring around just to keep up the *entente*.

Even Sam Berger, Jeff's former manager, who had been persuaded to give up his guarantee of $250 a week and work on a percentage, said he couldn't go for that any more but wanted his guarantee reinstated. But after the first week, the show was a knock-out and packed 'em in at every performance. There were frequent "two-a-days," so skilfully had the skilful Frazee done the booking, a matinee in one town and a night performance not far away.

* * *

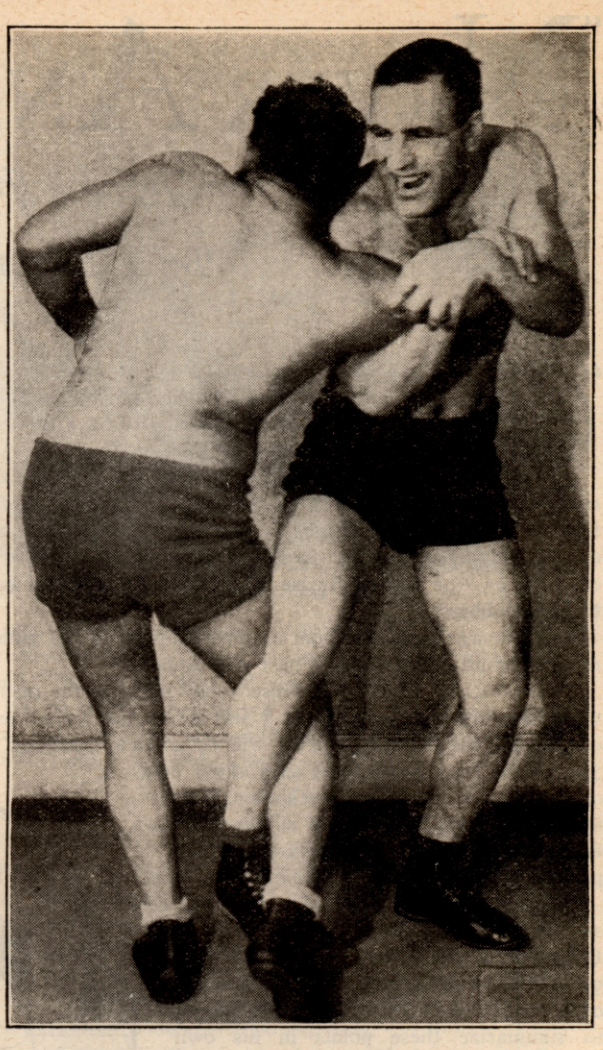
THE show was billed exactly like a circus, the "paper" being the most elaborate ever ordered for anything but a regular big-top show. The biggest single performances were in Denver and Chicago, the former place netting $11,000 and Chicago almost as much.

"And these are some of the reasons why I say that Frank Gotch was in a class by himself as an athletic performer and as a great character personally," Jeff observed after going over all the facts of the tour.

"You see, I never had any illusions (*Continued on page* 47)

Mehmet Yousuf, Son of Famous Turkish Matman, a Hit in U.S.

By MIKE COHN



Mehmet Yousuf using a wicked reverse wrist lock and grapevine combination on a grappling partner.

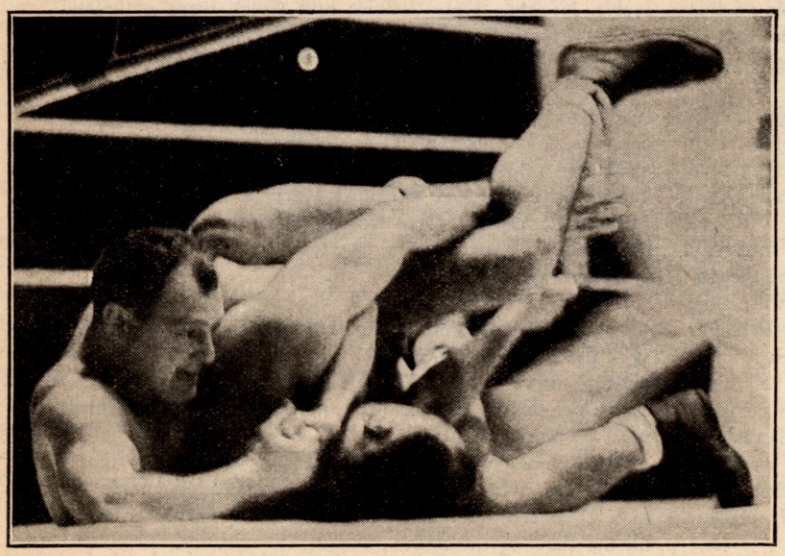
YEARS ago, before the fame of Stecher, Lewis, Caddock, and others of their period was heralded across the wrestling world, the Turks had a number of mat stars who could hold their own against the king-pins of the grappling sport. One of the sultan's favorites who reaped a harvest in this country, was Hussane Yousuf. The old-timers will remember the sturdy-built, strong-armed wrestler as the foreigner who engaged in several sensational bouts in America. His contest in the old Madison Square Garden with Tom Jenkins was one of the greatest ever staged in that famous arena.

But that wasn't the only match of importance in which Yousuf engaged while here. Stanislaus Zbyszko and the Turk thrilled a huge gathering in their sensational encounter, and following that match, there were several other American topnotchers who could testify to the prowess of the European champion. Yousuf's last bout was with Frank Botch in the Dexter Pavilion of Chicago in which the king of the matmen triumphed over the invader.

But now there is appearing before the American public another fine, herculean Turkish specimen, none other than Mehmet Yousuf, one of the sons of the famed Terrible Turk of two decades ago. Although this young man distinguished himself abroad, he came here unheralded because, as he told Jack Curley who brought him to Uncle Sam's domain, "I want to make good and gain the confidence of your people by showing them that I am a good wrestler. You Americans ridicule champions from other countries, so I prefer that you say nothing about me until after I've made good."

And that is exactly what Curley has done. He permitted the young Turk to appear in preliminary bouts throughout the eastern circuit until he was fully convinced that in the son of Hussane Yousuf, he had a real wrestler, and now that Mehmet Yousuf has made good in the preliminary tests, he'll be given his chance against the big shots this summer.

The younger Yousuf, according to Curley and others who knew his dad well, is even stronger than was the original Yousuf, and he was a mighty strong fellow. Mehmet Yousuf came here with the good wishes of Mustapha Kemel Pasha Ghasi, president of the Turkish Empire, an ardent wrestling enthusiast. Mehmet often had appeared in special bouts arranged for the Turkish court.



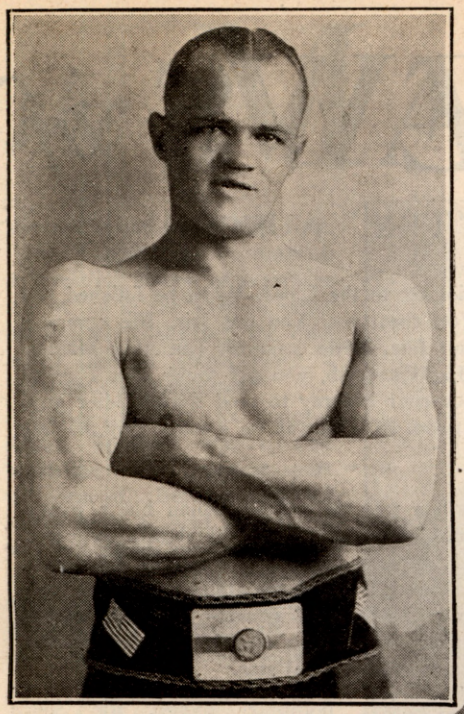
Mehmet Yousuf (left) clamps on a cradle and half nelson to win the European tournament staged in Paris.

Unlike his father, who had arrived in America wearing his native costume with the Turkish fez, Mehmet came here dressed in American clothes and could have passed as an American citizen. Standing six feet one inch and weighing 210 pounds, he looks every inch the athlete.

Students of wrestling who have seen Mehmet in training predict a bright future for him. George Bothner, one of the greatest teachers of the ancient sport, says that Mehmet will make good here because he knows the wrestling holds and, what is a still greater asset, he knows how to apply them. George declares that the only fault with Mehmet at present is that he lacks experience—experience against our rough-and-tumble boys before he'll be acclimated.

"You know few people realize what a change it is from the orthodox style of wrestling as practiced in Europe to our style of 'playful' flying tackles, scissors, spins, and boxing (*Continued on page* 44)

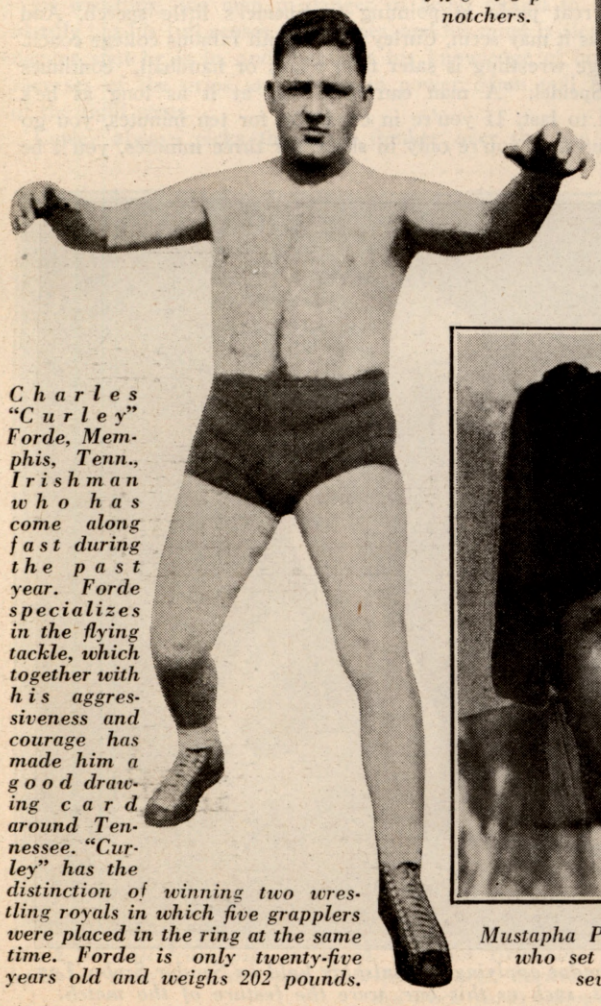
Pleasing Mid-West Matmen



George Perttula, a popular and fast middleweight in the Mid-West who is better known as "Wildcat Pete."

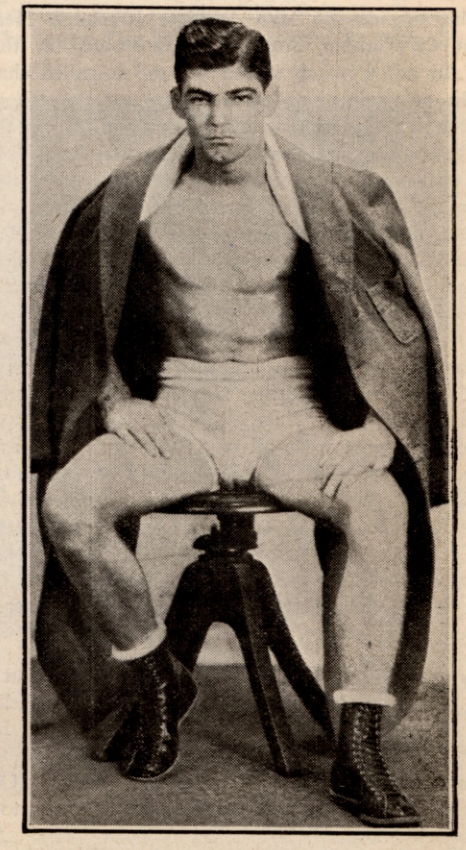
Joe Parelli, veteran Italian middleweight wrestler who has been seen in many thrilling matches.

Dorv Roche, a veteran of thirteen years on the mat, comes from Pennsylvania Dutch and Irish stock. Dorv is a big favorite in the Middle-West, where his viciousness is fully appreciated. Roche, a former pupil of August Sepp and Jack Fisher, has met most of the top-notchers.



Charles "Curley" Forde, Memphis, Tenn., Irishman who has come along fast during the past year. Forde specializes in the flying tackle, which together with his aggressiveness and courage has made him a good drawing card around Tennessee. "Curley" has the distinction of winning two wrestling royals in which five grapplers were placed in the ring at the same time. Forde is only twenty-five years old and weighs 202 pounds.

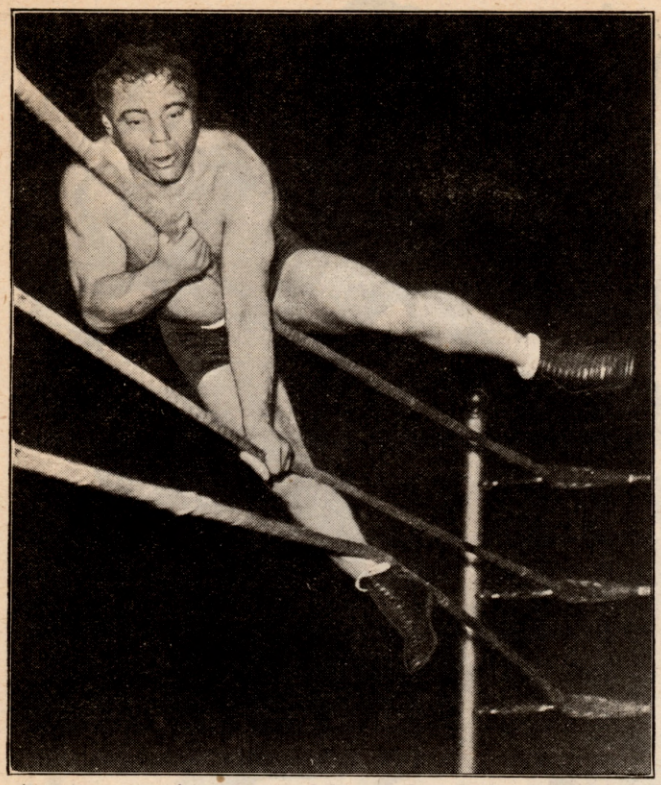
Mustapha Pasha, Turkish light-heavy who set attendance records in several Ohio cities.



Doug Henderson, speedy Dallas, Texas, welterweight wrestler. Doug retired undefeated as featherweight champion.

NEWS of

By "TEX" AUSTIN



A rope artist of no mean ability is Gus Sonnenberg, who is shown here swinging on the strands in his match with Henri DeGlane which ended in a draw.

THE many so-called championship matches which have been staged throughout the country, with Browning and Londos as the headliners, were nothing more than tune-up contests for the big event which has been arranged for the Madison Square Garden Bowl at Long Island City. Part of the arrangements agreed upon when the peace pact between the Londos and Curley groups was signed last winter was that Browning and Londos would be brought together under the auspices of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund at the Garden Bowl, as I mentioned at that time.

In not a match staged for the so-called championship during the past winter and this spring was there a ghost of a chance that the champion would be defeated. When those in control of the sport in the East found a scarcity of talent to throw against Londos and Browning, "contests" were arranged for Browning with Hans Kampfer, Jim McMillen, and Ray Steele, and in the case of Londos he likewise was pitted against men who, if they had the opportunity to beat him, were under wraps. Londos, among others, took the measure of Dick Shikat, who, many experts still contend, is Londos' master.

While those bouts were carded, Jack Curley, in charge of the eastern mat circuit, broadcast to his patrons the fact that the climax of the wrestling season will be reached with the Londos-Browning bout. Thus it will be seen that it would be far better for the sport were all matches carded only as exhibitions, with no championship at stake. It isn't necessary to fool the public. The fans will come out to see their favorites whether a title is at stake or not, because almost every program arranged by Curley to date during the past six months, since the peace pact was signed, has been a humdinger. The fans go to the matches to see action and they don't seem to give a care whether a title is involved or not.

* * *

CHIEF CHEWCHKI, who claims to be an Indian chief, may not be so very hot as a wrestler, but he leaves nothing to be desired when it comes to showmanship. In his match with Pete Schuh, he hid a piece of rope in his trunks and attempted to strangle his opponent. This caused Labor Commissioner Poe, who is also Oklahoma boxing commissioner, to award the match to Schuh.

Poe's decision riled the eccentric Chewchki greatly. Poe, Neill T. Masterson, Jr., Harris County commissioner, and Matchmaker Morris Sigel had assembled in Chewchki's dressing room when Poe read the riot act to the Chief. When he finished, the Indian exclaimed, "You cheat me. You not fair. Big commish (meaning Poe), he not fair. Little commish (meaning Masterson), he okay. Mr. Big Commish, you get tough and I go to Oklahoma and get Governor Murray to send some soldier guys here to make you be good. Bill Murray he a tough guy and my friend."

* * *

CHEWCHKI, by the way, is not an Indian but a gypsy. His family roamed over the state of Oklahoma for years. They finally tied up with a traveling carnival. Chewchki, being a hefty chap, was given a job in the athletic show, meeting all comers. Sometimes they met tough country boys. The racket was to give the challenger so much per minute for every minute over five he remained with the carnival star.

Asked if any of them ever stayed the limit, Chewchki remarked. "No can do. Big boss he stays near ring with lead pipe. Country boy get too tough and boss say 'socko' then bout he is over."

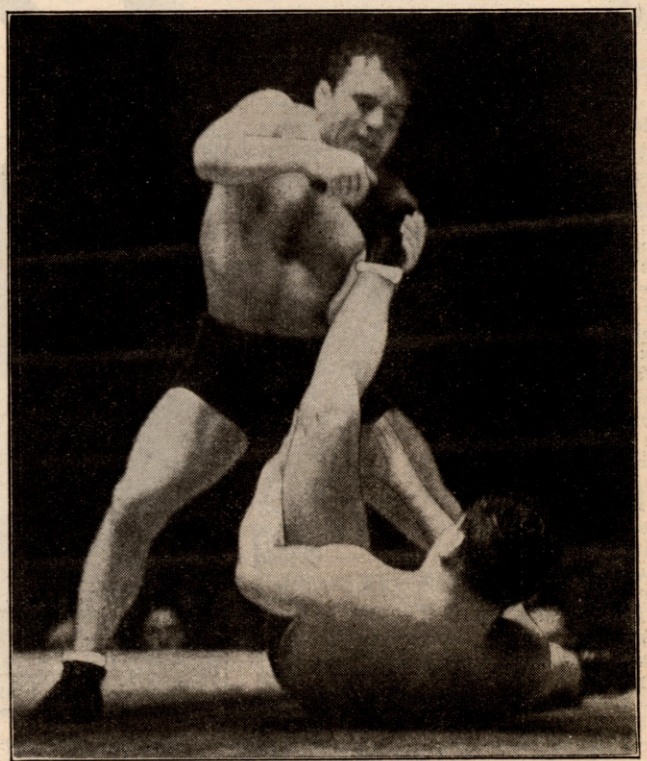
"Maybe boss he miss with lead pipe. Country boy he go to collect—treasure man no can find, he go bye-bye, real queek."

* * *

"A LOT of people have the wrong idea about wrestling It's the grandest sport of them all." When Charles Speidel, coach at Penn. State College, made the above remark. he said a mouthful.

Jack Curley, who eats, sleeps, dreams, and lives wrestling, is taking great pride in pointing to Speidel's little speech. And strange as it may seem, Curley agrees with famous college coach.

"College wrestling is safer than tennis or handball," continues Coach Speidel. "A man can only stay at it as long as he's qualified to last. If you're in condition for ten minutes, you go ten minutes. If you're only in shape for three minutes, you'll be



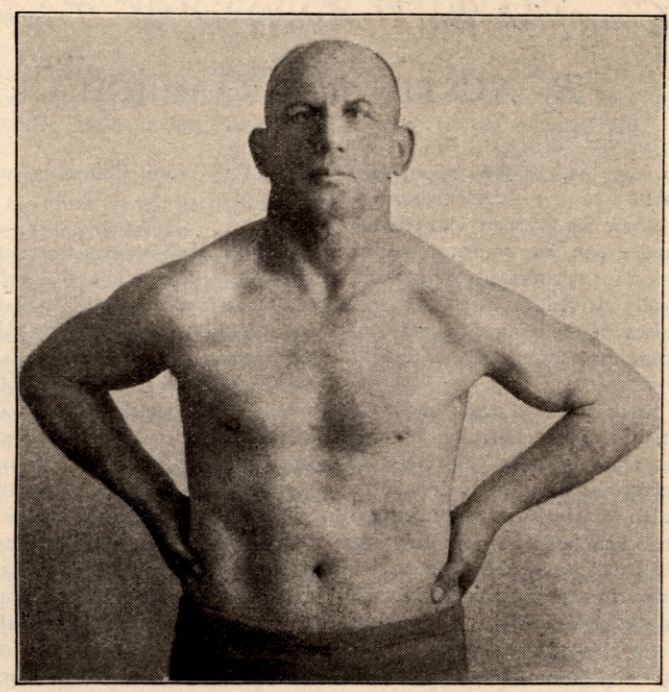
Jim Londos applying the finishing hold on Sandor Szabo. Leg splits, such as this one, were the feature of the match.

the MAT WORLD

downed at the end of that time. There's no chance of continuing a wrestling match after you're all in, as is the case in other sports, and that's just the time when injuries occur, when a contestant is exhausted."

Curley hastens to endorse Coach Speidel's remark, that wrestling is the grandest sport of them all. But he does not agree with Speidel that it is any safer than handball or tennis. He does think, however, that wrestling is the greatest body builder of them all, and that once one reaches physical perfection via the wrestling route, one retains condition longer. Every muscle receives its share of play in wrestling. And the mind is constantly on the alert.

Punishment in wrestling is not the same as in boxing. The best thinker in the world receives a sock on the button and his thinking comes to an end. If not actually unconscious, his mind becomes befuddled and he is in a trance.



Clarence Eklund, veteran Wyoming light-heavyweight, who can still take the measure of younger topnotchers.

In wrestling, the man in danger of being pinned to the mat usually has his full senses at all times, and his mind is alert to the danger spot he is in, and therefore his knowledge of holds, the reverses of the grips and his brain power often pull him out of the tight spots.

Curley always picks the quick thinker over the one who is slow to decide. Most American wrestlers are quicker and better thinkers than the foreign stars. It's very often mind over matter.

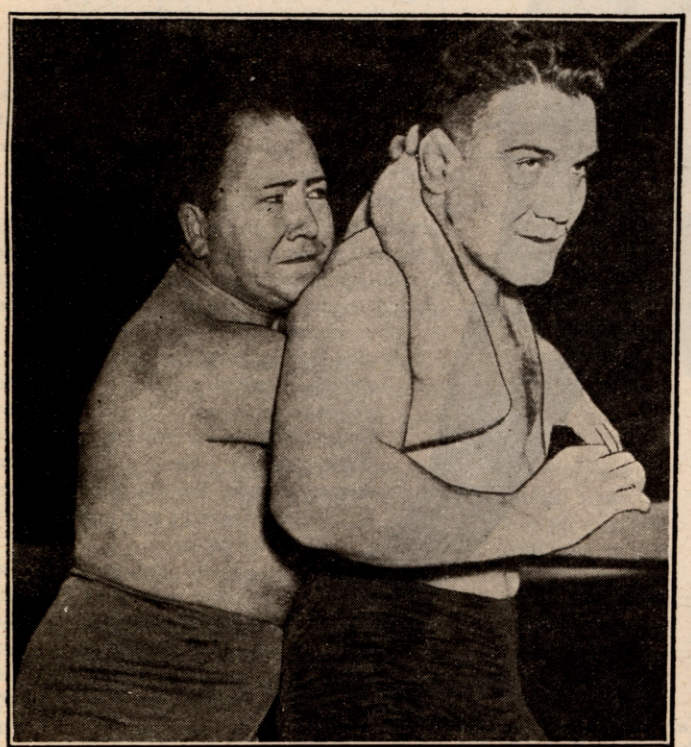
No, it is not the result of education. Frank Gotch barely had a common school education, but on the mat he was the best "thinking" general of them all.

Yes, wrestling comes first of all sports. It builds health, strength, and mind, attends to every muscle, speed, and thought, in short co-ordinates everything that goes to make great athletes.

* * *

IT may be of interest to American followers to learn that wrestling now plays an important part in London's sporting attractions. Led by that popular and astute matchmaker at the Blackfriars Ring, Victor Berliner, the sport is now a serious threat to boxing in many parts of England. Crowds at The Ring are already beginning to increase, and attendances for mat attractions already outnumber the boxing crowd.

The sport has been cleverly built up over there by several from the States, among them being Ben Sherman, former national amateur champion of America; Karl Pojello; Billy Bartush, Chicago husky; and Henri Irslinger. The best (*Continued on page* 47)



It's a far call from pigs to opera, but Jim Browning bridges the gap gracefully. In the photo to the left, Jim is practicing holds in training with John Charles Thomas, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera. Browning, a pig farmer in Missouri, visits the stock yards when he gets lonesome for his "pork ranch."

POJELLO *returns to* U. S.

Lithuanian Champion Back Again After Triumphant Tour

By AUSTIN R. GRAMLICH

KARL POJELLO, who left these shores about two years ago with Billy Bartush to give the British wrestling fans a chance to see how the matmen who operate in America burp and groan, has returned to this country after reaping a fortune abroad. When Karl left for England, he was practically driven to foreign shores because he could not obtain matches in the United States, yet abroad, he not only was the greatest attraction, but also taught the sport to the students at Oxford.

Karl's return comes at a time when there is much need for a few new faces and good talent, but it is doubtful if he will receive the recognition which his ability should gain for him from the hands of those who control the sport here. It will be recalled that in a Philadelphia match in which he was informed that he was to be the loser in order to help build Sandor Szabo up, Karl deliberately crossed the powers that be by throwing Szabo, thus spoiling the plans of the promoters, and ostracizing himself from the group that controlled the mat sport in the East.

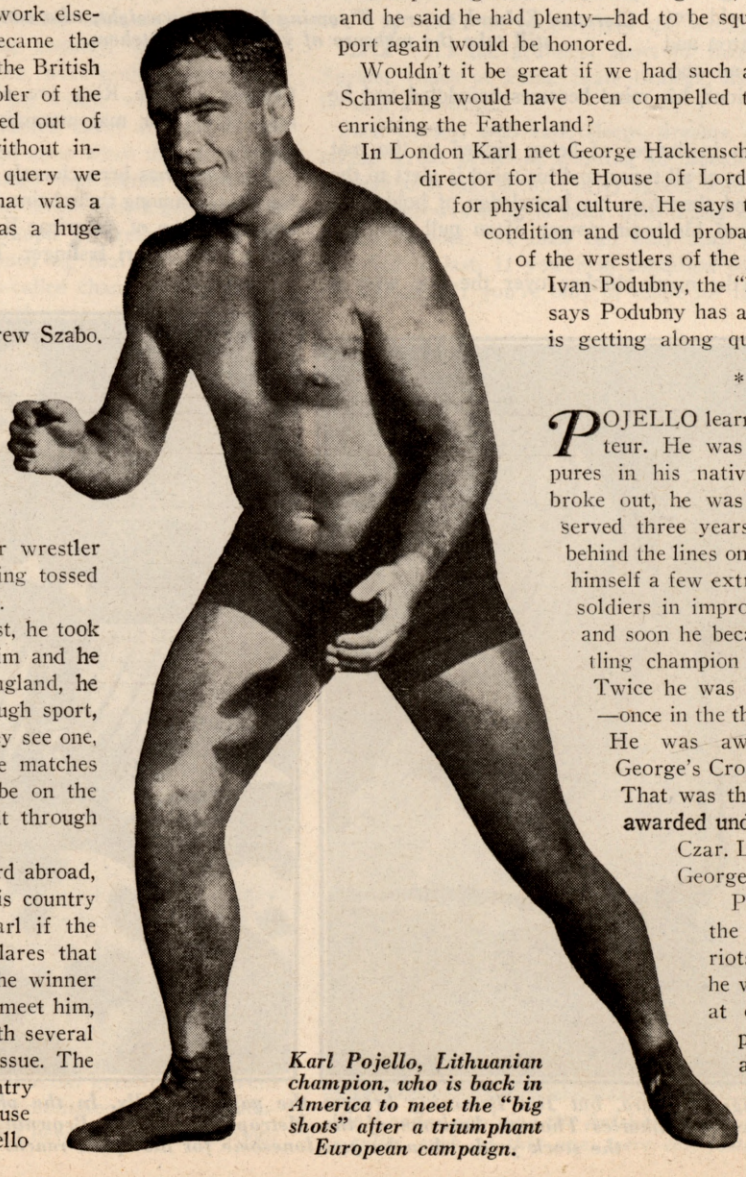
In other words, Pojello was too honest for the burpers who worked under instructions. The only alternative left to starving was to seek work elsewhere. This Karl did and he became the biggest attraction abroad. In fact, the British could not understand how a grappler of the ability of Pojello could be tossed out of wrestling in the United States without injuring the game. Well, to that query we reply with the statement that what was a loss to the sport in America, was a huge gain for wrestling in England.

* * *

AT the time that Pojello threw Szabo, Sandor was being built up for a title shot with Londos, and Pojello, who always has been on the level, refused to heed the orders of the Philadelphia moguls. As he remarked after the match, he had too much pride to be pinned by an inferior wrestler and he paid for that pride by being tossed out of wrestling competition here.

Blacklisted by the wrestling trust, he took Billy Bartush of Chicago with him and he was hailed by the Britons. In England, he found that the British like the rough sport, but they know a "phony" when they see one, and they won't stand for any fake matches or collusion. Every bout had to be on the level, and that's why Pojello went through the ranks without a defeat.

In fact, judging by his fine record abroad, there are very few wrestlers in this country who can take the measure of Karl if the bout is on the level. Pojello declares that he came back in order to force the winner of the Browning-Londos match to meet him, and that he will file a challenge with several athletic commissions to force the issue. The followers of wrestling in this country would like to see such a bout, because of the high regard with which Pojello is held by sport followers who really know their wrestling.



Karl Pojello, Lithuanian champion, who is back in America to meet the "big shots" after a triumphant European campaign.

* * *

POJELLO reports that the sport is coming back with a bang abroad. In Finland, Germany, France, Italy, and Turkey, the game is all the rage. In Belgium, Finland, and Italy, amateur wrestling is going over big. He declared that when he tried to get a match in Antwerp, the story of his prowess had preceded him and he had to resort to subterfuge to get booked.

When his identity became known, the promoters and manager of the Belgian star insisted that Karl would have to take a dive and he agreed. On the night of the affair, with thousands viewing the bout, he crossed up the Belgians by tossing their man, and a fortune was lost by the sure-thing gamblers.

Then Karl went to Germany where, much to his amazement, he was not permitted to leave, although he had gone for only a short visit, until he spent all the money he had won in the Fatherland. He was informed that this was the Nazi ruling and he would have to obey it. No one is allowed to leave Germany with a pfennig more than is brought in, hence all his winnings—and he said he had plenty—had to be squandered before his passport again would be honored.

Wouldn't it be great if we had such a rule here? Look what Schmeling would have been compelled to spend here instead of enriching the Fatherland?

In London Karl met George Hackenschmidt who is the physical director for the House of Lords and also has a school for physical culture. He says the old master is in great condition and could probably toss eighty per cent of the wrestlers of the present era. He also met Ivan Podubny, the "handlebars" grappler. He says Podubny has a flour mill in Russia and is getting along quite nicely.

* * *

POJELLO learned to wrestle as an amateur. He was one of the best Simon pures in his native land. When the war broke out, he was called into service and served three years in the trenches. When behind the lines on furlough, he would grab himself a few extra rubles by tossing rival soldiers in impromptu wrestling matches, and soon he became known as the wrestling champion of the Czar's army.

Twice he was badly wounded in action—once in the thigh and again in the arm. He was awarded the famous St. George's Cross for bravery under fire. That was the highest military medal awarded under the old régime of the Czar. Later he was given the St. George medal.

Pojello was in France at the time that the Stavisky riots broke out and he says he was in the midst of a riot at one time in which the police fired several shots and he just got out of the line of fire in the nick of time. He also saw the Vienna rioting.

"The Wrestling Comeback"

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

THE new champion bored in savagely, swung his bent forearms and bulky shoulders to the head, then caught the challenger's head under his arm and flipped him over his hip.

Once—twice—again.

The last time, he dropped with his great weight across his foe's face and chest and, while he kicked feebly, held him for the count.

Upstairs, the shouting stopped and feet shuffled across the arena floor. A mighty-shouldered figure of a man, his head of light, tousled hair hanging despondently, came down the corridor to the locker rooms. He passed the two who lounged in a doorway without a nod and disappeared into his dressing room, leaving the door ajar. They gazed after him indifferently.

"How many times does that make?" asked the first reporter.

"Three, I believe," came the answer.

"And to think," reminisced the first, "that six months ago, at the most, that was the best light-heavy in the mat game. It's hard to understand."

"I can't understand," replied his friend. "Larry O'Neal looks the same as ever to me. He moves around with the same power. He's not a day over thirty. Yet, he loses and loses."

"And why? I'll tell you, and it's not because he's doing a flop. O'Neal's not that kind," the first diagnosed with certainty. "I've talked with a fellow who's been around O'Neal a lot. A little over six months ago, O'Neal's manager died. It seems they'd been remarkably close friends. So much so even that a lot of the crowd had noticed the bond that existed between them. And, strangely, his name was also O'Neal. Yet, O'Neal did not attend the funeral.

"Well, mystery aside, both the O'Neals are supposed to have lost a lot in the crash. All of which leads this fellow to conclude that the former champ *is* the 'former' champ simply because he couldn't take several dirty cracks in a row, as you might say. They put him down and he's still dazed. He needs something to snap him out of it, but I doubt if he gets it in time."

"Sounds reasonable," the friend agreed, "but why must he keep on? Can't he see he's washed up?"

His companion gave him a sarcastic stare.

"Have you ever tried telling a guy that he's done? And have you heard what O'Neal did to the handler who hinted, just hinted? Well, I understand his ribs are still taped and his arm in a sling. Take a tip and remember that Larry O'Neal's one tough guy."

"He's tough, all right," admitted the friend, "but never have I seen him deliberately dirty until tonight."

"That was desperation, nothing else," declared his companion. "And it shows just how far down our O'Neal has gone."

A straggling crowd, filtering into the corridor, interrupted them as it passed.

"The new champ," said the first reporter, indicating a curly, black-haired young fellow who moved along in the middle with a quick step, a dressing robe dangling from his muscular shoulders.

The group disappeared into a room farther down, and the loungers drifted in the opposite direction. A rubber went into O'Neal's room and two or three groups stood about the corridor. From one little knot, a slim figure separated itself and timidly advanced toward the door of O'Neal's room, hesitated a moment, then slipped inside.

Larry O'Neal's great body was stretched on a table. He raised one wide shoulder and glared.

"Who the devil are you?" he rasped.

The slim figure swallowed hard.

"I heard them saying out there that no one dared to tell you that you were done for—and I—I—"

The voice had not time to finish. With a snarl, O'Neal sprang up. His sinewy hand darted out and gripped a thin shoulder. The figure crumpled to his knees and his hat slipped off, revealing the face of a dark-haired boy.

"And so you came to tell me, did you?" sneered O'Neal. His great hand slapped the boy's face sharply. "I ought to break you in two."

Violently he opened the door, hauling the boy to his feet.

"Instead—" he gritted and shook his victim until his teeth rattled, and, as one or two of the loitering groups advanced, flung him into their midst and slammed the door.

They gathered about the boy who had sprawled on the floor and one helped him to his feet. There were finger marks on his cheek.

"You shouldn't have gone in there, kid," said the one who had helped him. "You caught O'Neal in a nasty mood and he doesn't like kids anyway."

The boy gave a startled glance around, then darted through the group and to the end of the hall and out of sight.

O'Neal had dropped back on the table, fuming, a scowl darkening his ruggedly handsome features.

"So they hire a kid to tell me I'm done, do they?" he gritted. "Done, am I? That impudent young scoundrel."

Abruptly he sat up.

"Beat it," he barked at the bewildered rubber. "Get out."

The man slipped swiftly through the door and left him hunched on the table. Slowly the scowl went from his face.

"Done, eh?" he whispered. "Guess, at that, I must be pretty far gone to treat a kid like that. Larry O'Neal beating up nothing but a kid. Wonder if he's still out there?"

He slid from the table and took a step toward the door, hesitated and turned away. Almost furtively, he began to dress.

* * *

THROUGH the spring drizzle, late the next afternoon, O'Neal, walking from his hotel, glimpsed a familiar face. As he turned to look again, the owner ducked into the entrance of the Public Library. Larry hesitated an instant, then followed.

The slim figure was hurrying ahead of him up the stairs to the main floor. He followed cautiously as it disappeared into a reading room, but when he entered, it was gone.

Carefully, he explored the alcove before each window. In a corner of the last, the boy stood turning the leaves of a book. Larry entered quietly and dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Following me, eh?" he growled.

The boy turned up a terrified face, one cheek blue with finger marks.

"No, Mr. O'Neal, honestly," he blurted, then saw the twinkle in the keen eyes and the twitchings at the corners of the hard mouth.

For a moment, Larry O'Neal stood looking down at the frank, marred face. Then, he raised his hand and roughly pulled off the boy's hat.

"They take their hats off in here, don't they?" he demanded harshly.

The boy grasped the hat, blushing in confusion.

"I—I guess one does," he stammered as if glad of a chance to say anything which would break the silence, and dropped into a seat. Larry sat in the adjoining chair.

"Afraid of me, eh? Think I followed you to finish last night?" he asked, leaning forward, his keen eyes holding those of the boy. A nod was the only answer.

"Well, I hardly blame you. But you're wrong. I'm sorry for last night. Will you believe that?"

The boy's face had gone back to its natural pale color and most of the fright had left his eyes. Again, he nodded quietly.

"Haven't you got a tongue?" demanded Larry O'Neal tartly.

"I beg your pardon," the boy quickly apologized, with another little flush. "I know that was rude but well—I—I—"

"Kind of mixed, that it?" Larry encouraged him. "Say, would you mind tellin' me who paid you to say that to me last night?"

The dark eyes widened with astonishment.

"Why, no one paid me," he declared.

O'Neal's dark brows drew together over his flashing eyes.

"So you came in there on your own to insult me, eh?" he snapped.

"Oh, no, really, I had no intention of insulting you, sir." The boy's face twisted with anxiety. "Do you remember—" he hesitated, "you didn't give me time to finish, last night."

The sight of his troubled face gained some sympathy for him. So O'Neal said gruffly, "O. K. Suppose you finish now."

Something in his manner reassured the boy. He swallowed.

"Well, you see, after he—the other man—" he began and hesitated again.

"Threw me," growled O'Neal, "Well?"

"I—I was standing near where you went out and a man next to me yelled, 'Well, O'Neal, that's the third time and you ought to have enough. You're done and if you try again, you're a fool.' And another man said, 'Yes, and after tonight, you haven't a friend in this hall.'"

For a moment, the boy looked away, then he met O'Neal's eyes squarely.

"I suppose what I decided to do then was foolish. But, you see, I hardly had a friend either, and I thought, if they'd let me, I'd like to tell you that what they said wasn't true, and that while I couldn't exactly say that I was your friend, still, I wasn't your enemy."

O'Neal, leaning forward, never let his keen eyes waver. When the boy finished, they continued to regard him somberly.

"That's the truth or I never heard it," he judged at last. "And what a welcome you got. I guess I scared you almost to death, eh?"

The boy actually chuckled, and for the first time, his face lighted and Larry grinned.

"What about your folks? Didn't they know where you were, a kid your age?" he pursued.

The boy glanced away, his eyes filling.

"Perhaps they did," he faltered, "but, you see, they're dead."

At sight of his grief, Larry O'Neal's big shoulders stiffened, then, awkwardly, his heavy arm went about the boy's thin shoulders.

"I guess I made a break," he said. "Forgive me."

"Maybe it's none of my business," went on O'Neal, "but there's two things I'd like to know. How old are you and who takes care of you and lets a kid your age run around half the night, alone?"

The boy dropped his eyes.

"I'm sixteen and my father's lawyer is looking after me," he said in a low voice, "but he says I must go into a Home on Monday, because there isn't enough left from my father to keep me, and he said that he hadn't time to look out for me every minute and for me to see all I could of the town because I wouldn't be seeing much after Monday."

"And was last night your idea of seeing everything?" Larry wanted to know.

The boy glanced out of the window at the gathering dusk.

"I was going out to the house, this afternoon, but I guess it's too late now," he remarked with a sigh and no attention to the question. Then his mind came back to the present.

O'Neal consulted his watch and rose.

"You're coming with me," he commanded, lifting his young acquaintance with a hand under his arm. "I want to hear the rest of this story and we'll be more comfortable at my hotel."

But the boy drew back and O'Neal turned impatiently.

"Not afraid of me, are you?" he demanded, gazing searchingly into his perplexed face. "No, I see you're not. Well, then, what is it?"

The boy's expression changed to one of amazement.

"You see," he said, "the man who helped me up when I fell in the hall last night, told me that I shouldn't have gone in your room because you were a tough customer and you don't like kids. So why should you bother with me?"

* * *

LARRY was facing him squarely. He put both great hands on his shoulders.

"So I don't like kids, don't I? They've made me out a great guy, haven't they? Why should I bother with you? Did you ask yourself that last night? All right. I have the same reason you had. I want to. Come on." Without more talk, he linked his arm in the boy's and led him away.

"Take the big chair over there by the window," he commanded.

"Could we leave the lights off for a while?" asked his companion.

Larry's deep chuckle answered from where he stood over him.

"You're a queer one, aren't you, you young scamp?" he asked. "O.K. The lights stay off. But just one thing before you answer that question about why you picked a wrestling match as a way of seeing the town. You've got one advantage of me. You know my name but I don't know yours."

"It's queer," said the boy's voice out of the dark. "My first name is Bob and my last is O'Neal, like yours."

The powerful figure above him slowly stiffened.

"I guess that was another reason why I wanted to talk to you last night," the voice went. "You see, I haven't any folks at all, so Mr. Johnson says, and there was your name, just like mine. I guess I hoped we might be relatives. Do you think we might?"

Larry seated himself in the opposite chair.

"I'm afraid not," his deep, calm voice replied, "but how about that long tale?"

"Well, to begin with, mother never agreed with father about me and father always said we must respect mother's wishes. He always said that, even after mother died." His young voice trailed off for a moment.

"It was nice before mother died. You see, she took care of me and I went to school like the other children. But afterwards, father said he did not have time and he had to be away a lot, so, he said the best way to keep up what mother had started, was to send me to a school, a very fine school. I never liked the school much. I hope the Home will be better."

Again he paused.

"I'm afraid I'm pretty dumb," prodded Larry O'Neal, "but I can't see any connection yet."

The boy smiled in the dusk.

"You're a very impatient person, aren't you, Mr. O'Neal?" he asked the amazed Larry. "I was just coming to that part. Mother didn't allow me to take part in what she called violent exercises and games. She didn't even allow me to see them. She had a phobia, father said, because her brother was killed by a golf ball. I guess it was because I was forbidden that I always longed to see the games and play them.

The boys at school talked about them a lot and told about the ones they had seen. They thought me very queer. And yesterday, when I was reading the paper, I saw your picture and what it said under it and I remembered that the boys had spoken of going to wrestling matches, so I just decided to go."

There was a moment of silence. Larry rose and switched on the lights.

"The end?" he asked.

Bob blinked. "Yes, sir," he said.

Larry again consulted his watch.

"Just in time too," he declared. "Wash up in there and we'll go eat."

* * *

HAVING finished his meal, he settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"From now on, you're Bob to me, I'm Larry to you, and we're friends," he announced. "That is, if you want it.

Maybe you'd rather I didn't like you."

Bob looked into the keen, smiling eyes, set in the handsome, healthy face.

"The man was very wrong," he said. "You've been kinder to me than almost any one I ever knew."

He stopped as his voice shook, and swallowed in the queer way he had, as if swallowing his sorrow.

"If you really want to bother about having me for a friend, I guess it'll make me happier than I've been since mother died. Only, it can't be for long, can it? I have to go to the Home on Monday. But I shan't mind much, I guess. The hotel is so lonely at night, almost as if there weren't any one anywhere for miles."

He sighed and gazed happily about the bright room.

"Let's not think about that," O'Neal cut in on his thoughts. "I know where there's a good show. We're going there tonight. Come on."

After the show, he helped Bob into his coat, playfully crushed the hat on his head and dropped his heavy arm about his shoulders, and back to the hotel they went.

"Time young scamps like you were hitting the hay," he declared. "Past time, in fact."

A little later, drawing the covers up over the boy, he stood looking down at him.

"Comfortable?" he asked.

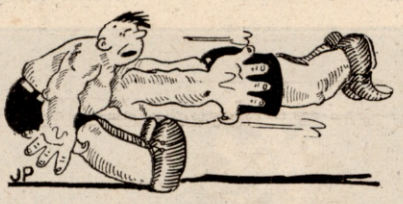
Bob grinned sleepily up at him.

"See that you stay on your side or I'll kick you out the window," Larry laughingly warned.

Then he confronted his image before the bathroom mirror.

"How'm I doin' for a tough guy, Jerry?" he growled. A slow smile wreathed his lips.

He switched off the light and went to bed.



Late next morning, when he awakened, he lay gazing for a long time at the sleeping Bob. Several times he frowned as if perplexed and at last, put out a big hand and laid it gently on the dark head. Bob did not stir until he stroked it several times. Then he opened his eyes and stared sleepily, not quite remembering. Larry's deep chuckle reminded him and he smiled.

"Do you always sleep all day?" grumbled Larry.

Bob sat up with a start.

"Oh, it's not that late, is it?" he cried in distress.

Larry's big hand on his head pulled him back on the pillow.

"It's not," he said gruffly, "but what's so important today, that there's so much hurry about?"

"The house," Bob answered. "They're selling it tomorrow and everything in it, to satisfy father's creditors, Mr. Johnson said, and I want to go out and just stay there, today."

"By the way, Bob," Larry questioned casually, "what was your father's name?"

"It was Jeremiah O'Neal, but every one, even mother, called him Jerry."

Larry smiled to himself.

"O. K., Robert O'Neal," he said, "we'll go out to this house today, that is, *we* will if you want me along. But first, we'll have breakfast and you can read the paper while I go out on a little business. That all right?"

Bob put his young hand on Larry's thick shoulder.

"I'd hate to go without you, Larry," he said. "It won't be so lonely with you along."

* * *

THE lawyer's office was well furnished, after the manner of such places, with dark furniture and thick rugs.

"Yes, Mrs. O'Neal was a very peculiar woman," Mr. Johnson said in measured tones. "I never knew her well, but O'Neal and I were quite intimate. Jerry O'Neal was a proud man. He went through things and put the boy through too, just because he had made her his wife and that was the end of it. But she failed when she tried to change O'Neal's pattern. The boy, she molded from a baby, but she got O'Neal too late.

"'She simply overlooks many of my connections,' O'Neal told me once. 'To her, that part of me just doesn't exist. A remarkable woman, Johnson.' And that is what she remained to him and what he drilled into the boy until he died."

"Wasn't it tough on the kid, though?" demanded Larry O'Neal.

"I often wondered, and then, when I had to take over his affairs a few weeks ago, due to the death of my partner, and came in contact with him, I couldn't make sure. He's proud too, and therefore a difficult problem.

"'It's almost as if I'd never had a child,' his father told me, one time, 'but I've finally made up for it.' That was ten years ago and I often wanted to ask him what he meant."

Larry O'Neal sat deep in his chair, his great hands cupped under his chin. His eyes gleamed oddly, but only the brave would have hinted that they were misted.

"I think I can guess," he said and suddenly stood up to go.

When he returned to the hotel, Bob met him in the lobby with his sober smile and O'Neal stood looking down on him for a moment and again there came that funny twist at his heart. Half ashamed, he pulled Bob to his feet.

"Ready?" he asked gruffly, and locking Bob's arm in his, led the way to the door.

"By the way," he said later, as they left the house. "Johnson wants to see you at his office tomorrow about noon."

"Tomorrow? Have you been talking to him, Larry?" Bob was surprised, perhaps suspicious.

"Yes," snapped Larry. "I wanted to check up."

"On what?" asked Bob.

"On you, of course," Larry smiled his grim smile, his arm about Bob's shoulders. "Now don't worry. Everything's O.K. and we're going to another show tonight. So let's enjoy the evening."

* * *

"THE house and furnishings were bought by a friend of your father's and given back to you, Robert," Mr. Johnson explained. "This friend has also made provision for your education and wants you to continue at your school as you have been. Later, the court will appoint a permanent guardian. So you may get ready and return to school tomorrow. I shall see you off. Meanwhile, here is some cash to tide you over."

Bob knew that the interview was ended. He knew also that no matter how many questions might be pressing on his tongue, none would be answered. So he returned to the hotel.

"Mr. O'Neal checked out this morning," the clerk told him to his dismay. "No, he didn't leave a forwarding address. I'm sorry. That's all I know."

Bob turned away despairing. It would do no good to ask Mr. Johnson. The whole thing was too easily seen now. How completely they had fooled him.

Suddenly he squared his thin shoulders. There must be a way to find him. Some one who knew. Resolutely he left the lobby and went out to the arena.

"The office is over on Pine Street, 3800," the janitor of the auditorium told him, and Bob boarded another car, a feeling of hope welling in him.

* * *

"IN the semifinal of the evening," bawled the voice of the announcer, "the Queens Club presents Don Court at 185 pounds and," he paused at the ripple of applause, "Larry O'Neal, former light-heavyweight champion of the world, 178 pounds." No applause as Larry stepped forward.

"The men will wrestle forty-five minutes to a decision."

From a corner seat, Bob watched the rough bout. Watched and groaned in mental agony to see Court batter Larry from corner to corner while the crowd howled. It wasn't wrestling. It was a fight—a brawl.

Larry looked to be almost done. He reeled about the mat, his great shoulders drooping, his long, sinewy legs wobbling. Bob had a childish desire to hide his eyes with his hands.

Twice Court flung him half across the ring with a hold over the head and followed to drop beneath (*Continued on page* 43)

When MINER'S *was*

By GEORGE T. PARDY

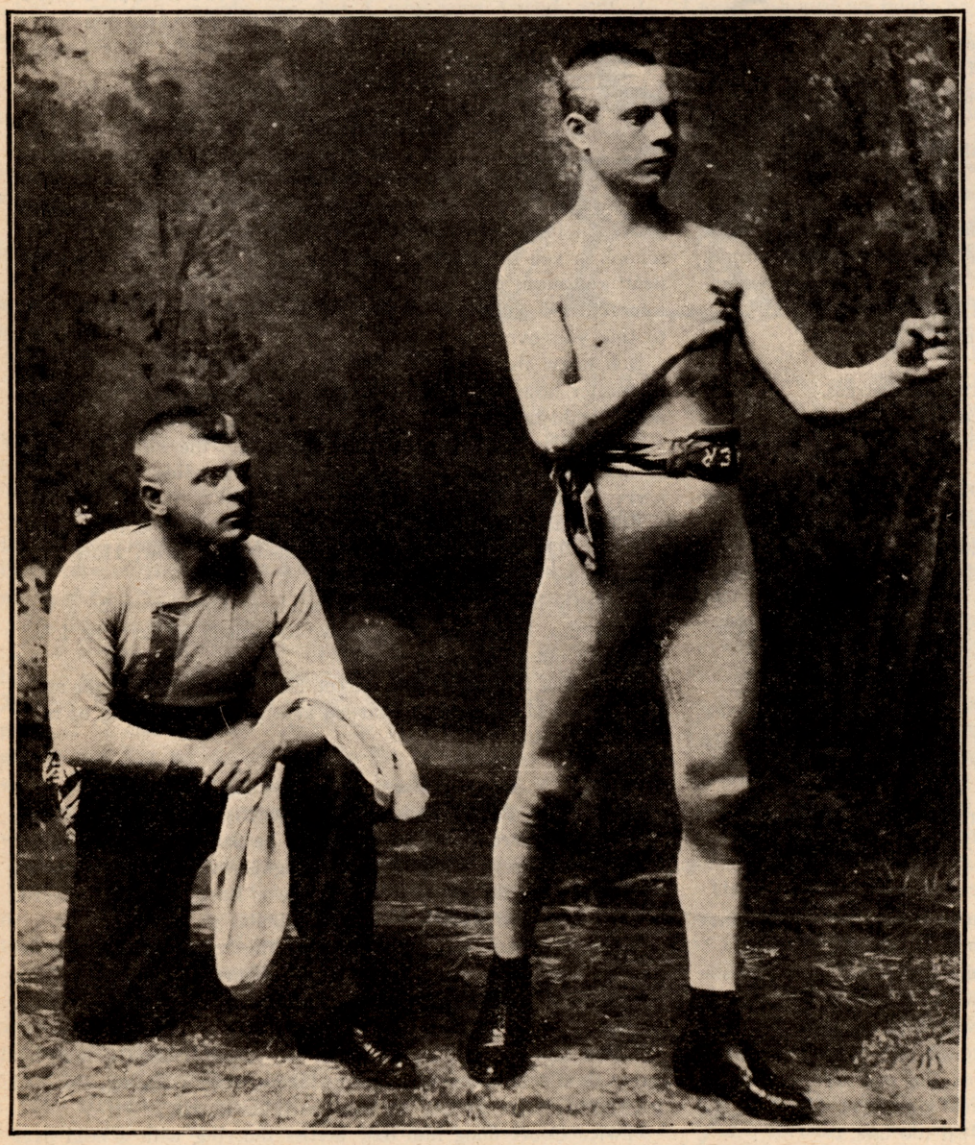
DURING the early 'nineties, Miner's Bowery Theater occupied distinguished rank in pugilistic circles. It was the gathering spot for a large and extremely enthusiastic army of fight followers, recruited from all grades and classes of humanity. For, sooner or later, every champion at every weight in the ring was sure to exhibit himself upon the not too capacious stage which had known many battles. The high-rolling gambler, the smaller fry of the turf, the fastidiously dressed man-about-town with a penchant for sport, and the country visitor drawn thither by curiosity, rubbed elbows with the tough East Siders, who in those days before gunmen became quite the vogue were accustomed to play merry hob with the forces of the law in their own particular sections of little old N'Yawk.

Vaudeville held sway at Miner's, but it wasn't exactly Big Time caliber. A few songbirds of feminine persuasion warbling popular ditties in shrill tones, a couple of knock-about artists, a black-faced turn doing buck and wing, or clog steps, with perhaps a musical bells or juggling sketch thrown in, made up the usual program.

All of which was tolerantly endured and even applauded by the audience. Many present possessed sufficient discrimination to know that the stuff was poor quality, but nobody resented this fact. The real fun was to come later. When a champion, or near champ—it didn't make much difference which, so long as he was ready to scrap—signed an agreement to appear for a week at Miner's, the management always arranged for a series of amateur bouts to be staged every night in addition to the star's performance. As the star generally had to make good a standing challenge to stop any man of his weight within four rounds, or forfeit a stipulated sum of money, those who went to Miner's in anticipation of witnessing some highly diverting slugging were not likely to be disappointed.

* * *

BE it remembered that then, as now, the youthful population of Manhattan and Brooklyn took immense interest in fisticuffs. Athletic clubs flourished on all sides. Nowhere were they more numerous than on the East Side. That is to say, they were called clubs by courtesy, although often enough the sole accommodation offered consisted of a basement floor and a few sets of well-worn gloves, possibly donated by a neighboring saloonkeeper, and the only branch of athletics to which the members devoted their energies was the gentle game of hit-stop-and-get-away. Naturally, every few blocks or so there reigned a champion of the corners, who had attained preeminence among his fellows. And proudest of all was he who could boast of having won an amateur bout at Miner's, or better still, graduated to the honor of participating in a real professional battle.



Billy Plummer, British star, and his trainer, Ben Murphy. Billy was one of the many fistic heroes who appeared at Miner's.

With such a bountiful crop of pugilistic talent to draw upon, it can be easily understood that there was never a lack of entrants on the Miner programs. The battles were fought in grim earnest. They were mostly four- or six-round affairs, according to schedule, but the majority ended via the kayo route.

It lay with the referee to order an extra round or two, provided he couldn't make up his mind which man deserved the verdict. Lacking a knock-out within the four-round limit, he usually availed himself of this official privilege. The result of such methods was that the youngster who aspired to win his spurs at Miner's had to fight like a demon from the instant he answered the call of time. His admirers and pals were there in force to cheer him on, but woe betide him if he showed the slightest sign of not wanting to "stand the gaff!"

The lad who was honestly knocked out found plenty of sympathy, but there was no mercy for a quitter. To be convicted of "dogging it," was the unpardonable sin, and the sinner was lucky if he escaped with mere reviling. If he disgraced his following, the chances were largely in favor of his being hammered to a frazzle

a BATTLEGROUND

with bare knuckles after the regular glove seances were over. With this knowledge in his mind, the ambitious young pug was pretty sure to fight to the bitter end, no matter how hard the punishment. A ring knock-out was better medicine than being slugged later by a vengeful gang.

* * *

IT was a rough school, but produced sterling material in the fighting line, and some of New York's best boxers got their early training there. Also the system was calculated to furnish forth a class of opponents that occasionally made matters very interesting for the big professional stars. It sometimes happened that the latter arranged for men to meet them who agreed to take a punch or two and then fall for the full count. But this could not be done too often, for the Miner clients were a critical lot and quick to detect crooked work.

A star boxer had to keep in fair physical trim and be ready to expect at least five opponents during the week to whom he must devote his best efforts in order to come off with flying colors. The local man had all to gain and little to lose, and could usually be depended upon to fight every inch of the way. And once in a while, the star was made the victim of a plot in his turn, for the ethics of the game were not as strictly lived up to as under present conditions.

Billy Plimmer, British bantam champion, had an experience while filling an engagement at Miner's that came within an ace of costing him dear in point of reputation.

Plimmer came here in 1892 and scored victories over our best bantams. He was the terror of that division. The English lad was a marvel of speed, accuracy, and sharp hitting power, and when he topped all his successes by winning a four-round decision over the great, undefeated George Dixon, he was considered well-nigh invincible.

It was then he appeared at Miner's, meeting all comers. The third night of the engagement, he boxed Lon McPhail of Brooklyn. It was a very one-sided affair. Plimmer, lithe and active as a cat, slipped away from McPhail's desperate swings and jabbed him with unerring aim.

But in the second frame, McPhail landed a right to the head as they broke from a clinch and floored Plimmer. Billy jumped up quickly, but was plainly jarred and went on the defensive temporarily till his head cleared.

* * *

THE house rocked with applause for McPhail, but Plimmer recuperated swiftly and came up for the third with an ugly glint in his eye. The foxy little Briton suspected that all was not as it should be. The weight of McPhail's knockdown blow seemed altogether out of keeping with what might be expected from a lad of his light poundage.

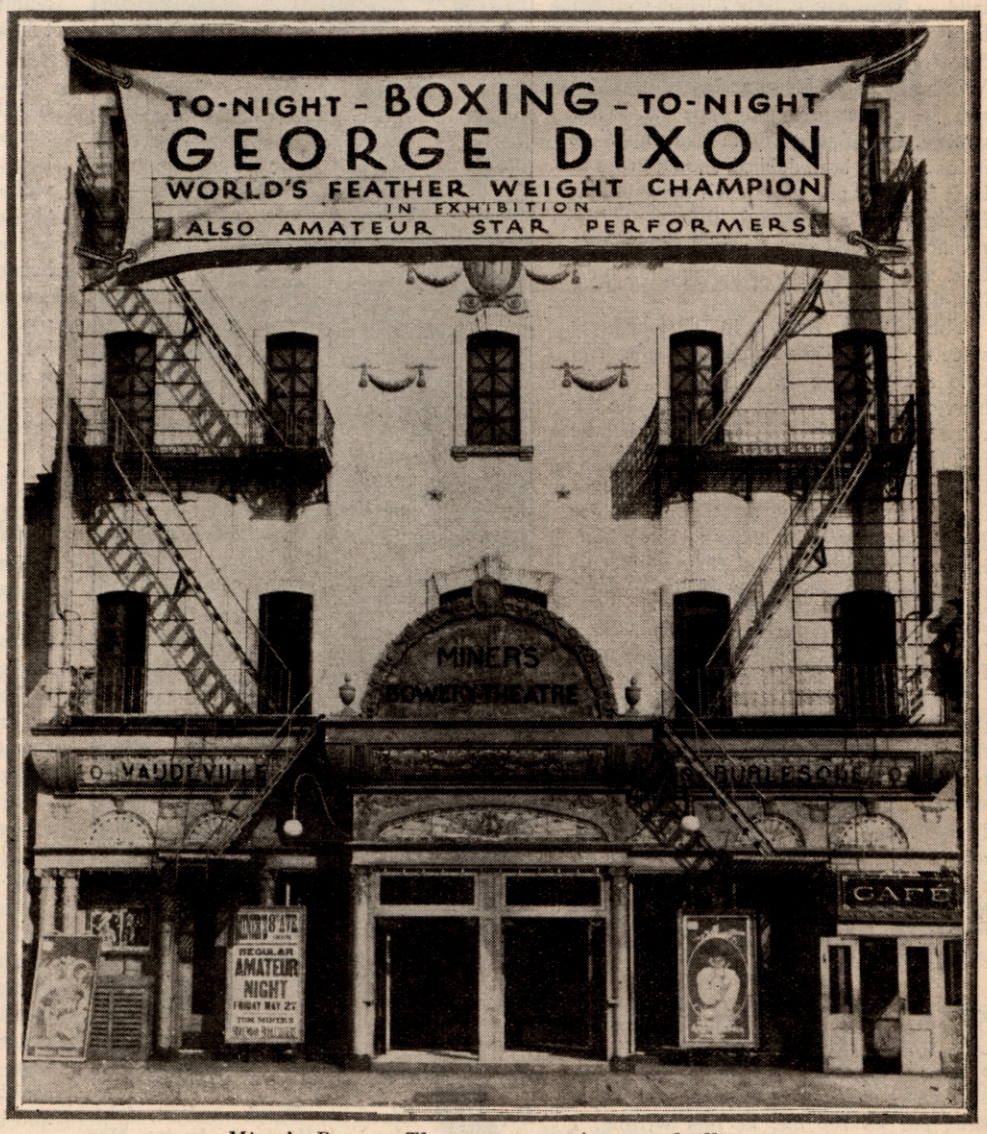
As they sparred for an opening, Plimmer stepped in, throwing his jaw within easy range. McPhail swung his right viciously. Plimmer ducked, and, as Lonny's arm circled through space, his hand involuntarily opened and a chunk of lead, concealed in his glove, whistled across the stage, described a curve over the audience, and hit an usher on the shoulder.

The moment McPhail realized the extent of his misfortune, he did not stop to offer excuses. Clearing the footlights at a spring, he dashed down the aisle, shot out of the main entrance, and raced down the Bowery to a sheltering hallway before the astonished spectators realized just what had happened.

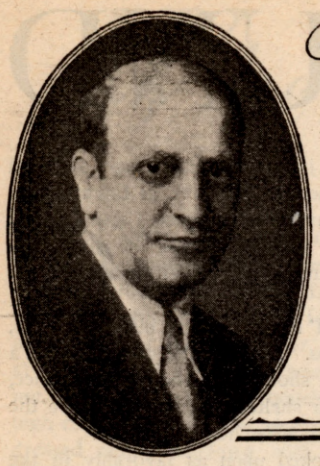
Scanty street attire wasn't looked upon as favorably in the 'nineties as at the present day, and a scandalized cop grabbed Lonny and took him to the station, where he was held overnight and fined ten bucks the day following for disorderly conduct.

* * *

ONCE the Miner management exploited a middleweight—"Sailor Neil, the Navy Terror!" This gallant tar was said to have won numerous battles at ports all over the universe, where his vessel had tarried, although he never figured in a local ring. A tough-looking mug, with an ungodly wallop, he held the lists for a week and stowed away a victim every night. He was signed for another session. (*Continued on page* 43)



Miner's Bowery Theater, scene of many thrilling fistic encounters back in the good old days.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Baer Will Face Keen Opposition in Bout With Carnera Canzoneri, Not Klick, Entitled to Championship Match Dixie Kid, Former Welter King, Passes Away on Coast

THE outdoor season for boxing and wrestling is now in full swing, and when it started, the revival of both sports on a big time got under way. Why? Because this summer will see fistic and grappling attractions such as have not been on tap in this country since the depression hit the American nation three years ago. Championship bouts in both sports that should show a total yield at the gate of $1,200,000 have been arranged and, unless we are sadly mistaken in our estimate of the drawing power of the principals, the year will be the biggest since Jack Dempsey was in his prime.

By far the leading attraction for the outdoor season will be the Baer-Carnera bout which will be staged by Madison Square Garden in conjunction with Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund and Jack Dempsey on June 28. That contest, the "Battle of the Bankrupts" as it has already been dubbed, should gross at least $750,000 and may reach the astounding figures of a million. If it does, and the promoters feel that it will, then that bout will bring back into being the million-dollar gate.

The fact that Baer is the first Hebrew since the days of the famous Joe Choynski who stands a chance to win the world's heavyweight title—that is, if we take the word of the Livermore Larruper that he is a Jew—will help considerably to put the bout across with a handsome profit. There is no questioning the statement that the Jews are the greatest supporters of boxing in this country, and they will come out in droves to root their man to victory. That is apparent from the tremendous gates of championship mills in which Barney Ross has defended his crowd.

Then again, the fact that Herr Hitler, the German maniac, has decreed against the showing of the Baer-Schmeling pictures in Germany because Baer is a Jew will further help the gate. Both Max and Primo have started preliminary training, and from now on, the ballyhoo will increase, and from day to day, there will be more and more space devoted to the "Battle of the Bankrupts."

* * *

THE public, which is interested in boxing, seems to be taking it for granted that Baer will whip the Italian and bring back to America the world title, but as for me, at this writing, I think Johnny Public and the American scribes are taking too much for granted. The only doubt that seems to be discernible in the minds of the fans and writers is in what round Primo will be laid low for the full count of the doleful decimal, but it is my opinion that, when it comes to that way of thinking, not sufficient recognition is given to the prowess of the Man Mountain.

Carnera, since winning the title, has been improving. Regardless of the lack of confidence our people have in Carnera's ability, those who know their boxing and have watched Primo in action against Sharkey and Loughran must admit that he has mastered a straight left that is second to none at this writing. True, Loughran is his master in cleverness, but even Tommy admits that Carnera has developed a tantalizing left, one that should play havoc with Baer.

Bep Van Klaveren, Dutch welterweight champion, whose challenge to Jimmy McLarnin has been honored by the New York Commission.

If Baer wins the championship, I think it will be by a quick knock-out. He will not outpoint Carnera, and the longer the bout lasts, the worse off Livermore Max will find himself. Carnera is not the "bum" the majority of scribes dub him. He may be clumsy, but he is far from being an ignorant fighter.

He is not one tenth as dumb as he is made out to be by those who try to belittle him in the eyes of the public. That is why I believe that Baer will be in for a mighty big surprise unless he is 100 per cent perfect for the June battle.

* * *

A GREAT deal will depend on his condition. It must be remembered that while Carnera has had thirty rounds of actual fighting since winning the crown by knocking out Sharkey, Baer has been enjoying the life of Reilly at the night clubs and theaters. One good fight under the belt is worth fifteen exhibitions or three months of solid training. Other famed gladiators have found that out, and so will Baer, much to his dismay.

In almost every championship fight in recent years, it has been the title-holder who found himself off color because of lack of work. Dempsey experienced that in his fight with Tunney at Philadelphia and again in Soldiers' Field, in Chicago. Tunney never had that experience—first, because he didn't remain long in the ring after winning the title; and secondly, because Gene was the modern perfect athlete. He always was in perfect trim. Exercising daily, boxing, hiking, swimming, and hunting, kept him in ace condition.

Sharkey had the experience of which we speak. He was far below par after his

fight with Tommy Loughran. In his bout with Schmeling, he exhibited a flash of his best form, but unfortunately, that bout ended too quickly, through a foul, to test Jack thoroughly. But in their return engagement, which Sharkey won though the fans viewed the verdict as a gift, lack of ring work was noticeable in the gob's showing. He tired quickly, was off-edge in his timing of blows, and lacked generalship which he had displayed on previous occasions.

Then Schmeling showed the same ailment in his bout with Baer and later against Hamas. His timing was poor, his aggressiveness was not in evidence, and he simply couldn't get going.

Will Baer experience the same difficulty when he meets Carnera? That remains to be seen. If Baer fails to come through after all the hullabaloo, then it will be only because he did his year's training in the night clubs—with wine, women, and song. There has never been a fighter yet who could keep his condition through such a procedure, and, though Baer may overcome the jinx, he'll have a mighty tough time doing it. He'll have an army of American well-wishers rooting hard for him, but no amount of encouragement from outside sources will be sufficient to turn the trick for him, if he is not the perfect or near-perfect athlete on the day of days.

* * *

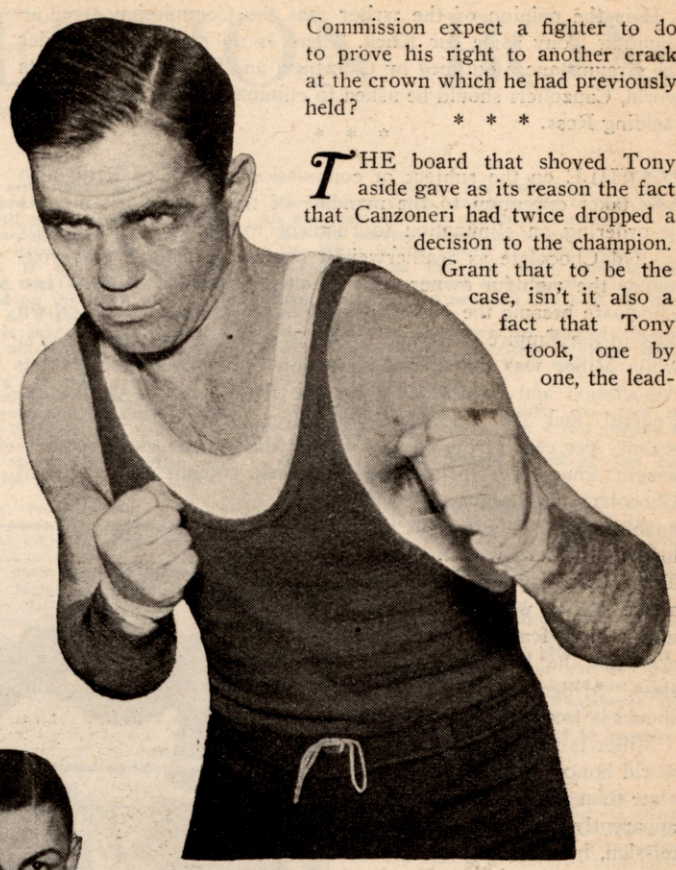
CHARLEY MILLER, former New England lightweight champion, who has an excellent training camp on Moosehead Lake, near Greenville, Maine, where he also acts as a guide, informs me that Carnera is as hard as nails and will have no difficulty getting into prime condition for Baer. Charley, at whose camp Carnera, like Gene Tunney, Tom Heeney, Jack Dempsey, Max Schmeling and Sharkey before him, spent six weeks in training, is a keen judge of condition and it is Miller's opinion that in Carnera, Baer will meet a fighter whose eyes have been sharpened through thirty rounds of active fighting since winning the title and whose body has been bronzed and hardened by tree felling, log splitting, road running, and weeks of effective outdoor life, and that is bound to tell in the summing up of the prefight dope.

* * *

IT seems to me that a gross injustice has been done to Tony Canzoneri by the New York State Boxing Commission in naming Frankie Klick as the next opponent for Ross in a championship match, notwithstanding the fact that Canzoneri has cleaned up the entire field of contenders in the lightweight class, including Klick. By what mode of reasoning the New York Commissioners—General Phelan, Colonel Wear, and Bill Brown—reached the conclusion that Klick deserved the next chance at the lightweight king is beyond me.

THE RING has always stood behind the efforts of the New York Commission and those of other states *in re* any effort to bolster the sport and bring it out of the doldrums, but the mandate against Canzoneri compels me to take issue with the boxing moguls on this point.

Let's dig in and see what Canzoneri has accomplished to earn such treatment. Tony, after losing the title to Ross and again being whipped by him in a return engagement, started a comeback that has been astounding. He knocked out Cecil Payne, a tough hombre, knocked out the great Kid Chocolate, defeated Frankie Klick in Brooklyn, beat Pete Nebo, twice conquered the best lightweight in Europe, Cleto Locatelli, the European title-holder, and whipped Baby Arizmendi. What more does the New York Commission expect a fighter to do to prove his right to another crack at the crown which he had previously held?



Frankie Klick, who was favored over Canzoneri by the New York Commission in his challenge to Ross.

* * *

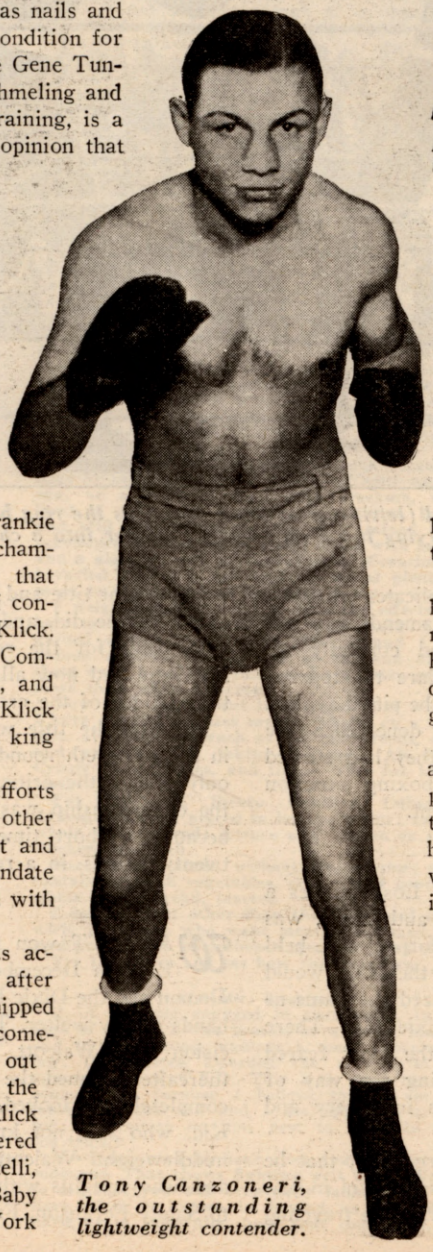
THE board that shoved Tony aside gave as its reason the fact that Canzoneri had twice dropped a decision to the champion. Grant that to be the case, isn't it also a fact that Tony took, one by one, the leading contenders—every one of 'em—and put them out of the way to earn the third titular shot? Even granting that Canzoneri would again lose the decision, and I for one think he will, that doesn't alter the situation any so far as Canzoneri is concerned.

I asked Bill Brown, an upright, sturdy supporter of boxing if ever there was one, why Tony had been sidetracked, and the commissioner declared that since Tony had had two chances at the title, some other worthy lad should be given an opportunity to win the crown if he could. Said Bill:

"I have the highest regard for Tony, and if he feels that the action of the New York Commission is unjust, then he has it within his hands to settle the controversy. All he has to do is to accept the challenge of Klick, and give Frankie a return bout."

Klick was beaten by Canzoneri at Ridgewood and Tony in turn was twice beaten by the champion. Each of the victims thinks that he is entitled to a championship match, hence why not have them get together and fight it out, the winner to meet Ross. I know that Ross is willing, but Canzoneri is not. I have it from Ross that he will settle the right to the championship match in that manner, hence why blame the commission for selecting Klick, under such circumstances?"

Canzoneri answers that with the statement that his case is different, that when he lost to Ross in New York, he was told that he would be considered for a third bout with the champion if he eliminated all other worthies and that he therefore set out to prove that he was the outstanding challenger. That he succeeded, his record clearly shows.



Tony Canzoneri, the outstanding lightweight contender.

It is the opinion of the writer that the Commission erred in shunting Tony aside for Klick. There is no reason why, under the circumstances outlined by Canzoneri and known to the sports world, Canzoneri should be asked to eliminate Klick again before tackling Ross.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of commission rule, THE RING also takes exception to the mandate of the New York moguls in ordering an elimination tournament to decide the successor to Kid Chocolate as featherweight champion, instead of recognizing the rightful owner of that title, Freddie Miller. When Chocolate became the New York title-holder, he held the crown only in the Empire State and in states affiliated with New York, while Miller was the official champion of the National Boxing Association and its allied bodies, the British Board of Boxing Control, and the European Federation. Thus, in more than seventy per cent of the boxing world, Miller reigned as featherweight king, yet when the New York commissioners tossed Chocolate out because he was unable to make the weight any longer, Miller was ignored. THE RING favored Chocolate above Miller when The Keed was still a featherweight, but now that he has advanced in class, Miller, next in line, should be recognized.

Miller is more entitled to the world honors vacated by Chocolate than any other fighter but apparently the New York Commission, in order to "revive interest in boxing in the Empire State," asks Freddie to compete with a lot of palookas to win the right to sport the crown which should be his without further consideration. Of the field that has accepted the invitation of New York's moguls to fight it out for the title, only six merit high recognition—Mike Belloise, Charley Bedami, Al Roth, Petey Hayes, Vittorio Tamagnini, the Italian champion, and Jackie Sharkey. The rest are just ordinary fighters. Sharkey, one of the New York entrants, only a fortnight ago was beaten by Miller, which further complicates matters.

The leaders of the division, Miller and Arizmendi, are not listed because they refused the invitation, and correctly so. The proper procedure would have been to declare the tournament as an elimination tournament, the winner to be pitted against the champion, Freddie Miller. Had that been done, then the commissioners would have accomplished what they had started out to do, help boxing, but by confusing the boxing situation still more, they are not showing good judgment.

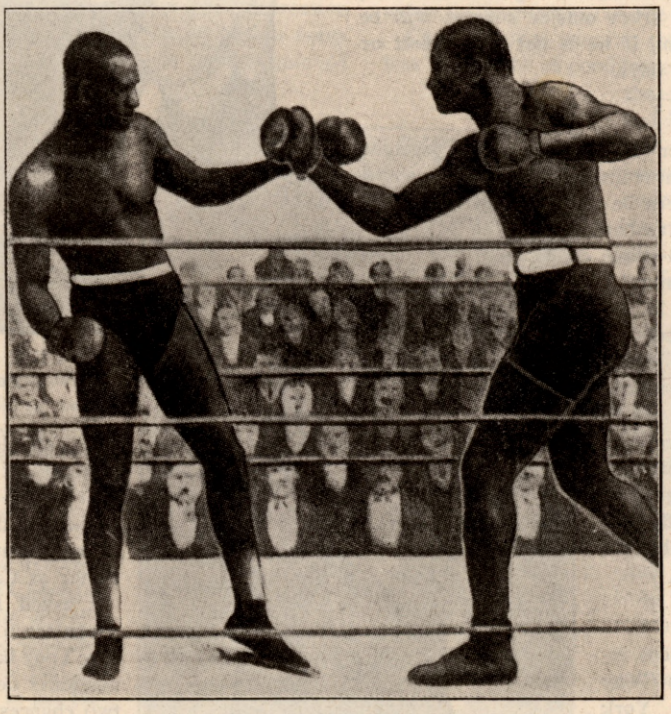
* * *

A FEW weeks ago there passed away in Los Angeles a man whose name, as given out by the authorities, was Aaron Brown. For more than a week, the corpse was held at the morgue, and just when it seemed that the body would be buried in a pauper's grave, some one recognized the name as that of a famous boxer of years ago, the Dixie Kid. There was a time when Aaron Brown was one of the most feared fighters in the welterweight division, yet, going the way of many old-time fighters, he spent his last days in misery and passed away in a charitable institution.

The Dixie Kid had a remarkable career. Were it not that he was a drug addict, he would have been just as successful in private life as he was as a pugilist, but unfortunately, while traveling in foreign lands, he took to heroin and cocaine, and only seven years ago, he was jailed in Southampton for six months as a cure from the drug habit, and then was sent back to America through the charity of British sportsmen. Upon his return here, he tried to sell a patent which he had obtained on an invention with which he was credited, but because of his ill health and his general broken-down condition caused by drugs, he was unable to realize any funds and became a panhandler.

It was back in 1926, after his release from prison, that he visited me when I was Sports Editor of the *New York Telegram*, and just when it appeared that I would get Tex Rickard interested in his patent, the Dixie Kid took to drugs again and that brought our negotiations to an end. The old-timers knew Aaron Brown as a real scrapper, but those of the present era probably never had heard of him. That's why he was almost buried in a pauper's grave.

Georges Carpentier will never forget the Dixie Kid. Three years ago, when I asked Georges who gave him his toughest battle, he hesitated for a few moments, then replied:



The Dixie Kid (left), one of finest tacticians the ring has ever known, worrying the great George Gunther into a charge.

* * *

"THAT'S hard to say but I know that the Dixie Kid gave me one of my toughest. He handed me plenty of punishment when I clashed with him at Tourville, France, back in 1911. He was one of many Negro fighters who had found their way to France, among others being Joe Jeannette and Sam McVey, and I can say that the Dixie Kid certainly did not act like a human being when he fought me.

"In the very first round I knew I was whipped, but pride refused to permit me to give in, but I finally was forced to listen to my manager, François Descamps, and I surrendered in the fourth round. The Dixie Kid stopped me and that's more than most of the world's greatest fighters could accomplish."

The most astonishing thing about the Dixie Kid is that for six years he held the world's welterweight title and during that time few persons were aware of it. Yet he did, and after years of wrangling, those who are responsible for the records—Johnny Public—finally recognized his claim and now all the record books carry his name as one-time holder of the crown.

He won the title when he won from Joe Walcott on a foul in the twentieth round at Colma, Calif., on April 19, 1904. The only reason the critics at the time refused to credit him with the championship was because he won the title on a foul and because, a short time later, Walcott held him to a draw in twenty rounds, in a return engagement.

* * *

WALCOTT won the welter title from Jim Ferns at Fort Erie on December 18, 1901, and up to the time the Black Demon met the Dixie Kid, the champion had not met defeat at the hands of any welter. Two years after the Dixie Kid got the decision over Walcott, Honey Mellody beat Walcott twice, and thereafter claimed the title. But the bout on the Coast had been completely overlooked, or, rather, it was supposed that the Dixie Kid, who was not known in this part of the country, was a middleweight. Walcott at that time was fighting middleweights and heavyweights with great regularity, and he had lost decisions to Sandy Ferguson, Frank Childs, and *(Continued on page 48)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

John Thompson, Ogden, Utah

Q.—Did Kid McCoy ever hold the welterweight title? If so, who succeeded him, and how did Dixie Kid lay claim to the crown?

A.—Yes McCoy knocked out Tommy Regan in fifteen rounds at Maspeth, L. I., on March 2, 1896, and then, instead of defending the title, he went into the middleweight class. Mysterious Billy Smith claimed the title and beat Matty Matthews for the championship in twenty-five rounds in New York City and Joe Walcott in twenty rounds in the same city, on August 26 and December 6, 1898, respectively, and was recognized as the king. He then knocked out Australian Billy Edwards in fourteen rounds on January 24, 1899, and the following year, January 15, he lost on a foul to Rube Ferns in twenty-one rounds.

On October 16 of that same year, Matthews defeated Ferns in fifteen rounds at Detroit and on May 24, 1901, Ferns defeated Matthews in ten rounds at Toronto, Canada. On December 18 of that year, Walcott beat Ferns in five rounds at Fort Erie, Canada, and on June 23, 1902, Walcott defeated Tommy West in England. Walcott held the title until he clashed with Dixie Kid at San Francisco on April 30, 1904, when he lost on a foul in the twentieth round.

Although Dixie Kid rightfully won that fight and the honors that should have gone with it, he was recognized as champion only for a few months. The reason for that was that in a rematch on May 12, he and Walcott fought a twenty-round draw and the scribes acclaimed Walcott as the title-holder thereafter and not his erstwhile conqueror.

Mike Velotta, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—How can you tell when a person is muscle-bound?

A.—If you feel tired when raising your arms in moving about.

Bill Stone, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is the most beneficial stroke used in swimming for exercising purposes?

A.—The breast stroke because you go through general expansion exercises by using the movement.

Edward Gorski, Lynn, Mass.

Q.—What was Johnny Buff's right name?

A.—John Lesky.

Thomas Thorpe, Brooklyn

Q.—What happened to Bill Thompson, southern bantam of a few years ago? Was there ever a fighter from California named Reneau who retired about six years ago and was a stablemate of Ace Hudkins? Were Harold Mays and Andy Callahan ever stopped or knocked out? What are the nationalities of Goldie Ahearn, Harry Ebbets, Wesley Ketchell, Jack Tunney, and Teddy Loder?

A.—Don't know. Don't know. No. Don't know. Ahearn, Ebbets, German-American; Ketchell, Oregon American; don't know the others.

Q.—Did McGovern ever fight Young Griffo?

A.—No.

Nick and Julio, Newark, N. J.

Q.—How old is Vince Dundee? How long has he been fighting? In a championship fight do you think that Dundee would beat Marcel Thil?

A.—Born July, 1901. Started fighting in 1927. I don't think so.

Harold Garcia, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—Who do you think is the best American middleweight?

A.—Teddy Yarosz. He stands out as America's foremost middleweight. He is the class of the entire division.

Margaret Walsh, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—I have come to look upon you as one of America's greatest authorities on sports topics, especially on health problems. Too bad you are not an M.D., for I know many girl friends who would be pleased to visit you for advice. But aside from that praise, here's my problem:

I am twenty-two years old and am well built proportionately, except that I am inclined to put on weight about the abdomen which, of course in these days, is unbecoming for a young American girl. You know what I refer to.

I have gone on a diet, and instead of reducing, as I was told I would, I find that I have gained seven pounds in the last two months. I am beginning to lose faith in the medicos and therefore appeal to you, for I've been told you can help. Is that so?

Why don't you have your questions and answers column syndicated. I'm sure the newspapers of the progressive type would find a huge circulation builder in those queries and answers. They are most instructive, and in my opinion furnish the best part of your most excellent magazine. I'm not alone in that opinion.

A.—Thanks a lot, Margaret. It is followers such as you that make my tremendous task so easy. I appreciate your sentiments and shall try to help you as I've helped others.

Funny how persons will place all their faith in a diet when you can accomplish better results merely through proper living, proper sleeping, eating, and exercising. If you regulate your foods so that you avoid that which is fat producing and instead build up the body, you'll not find it necessary to go to a doctor. The trouble with you, as I see it, is that you have become lazy, Margaret. You are not taking any exercises.

You can rid yourself of that flabby abdomen which is "so unbecoming" by taking some bending exercises in the morning, at noon, and before going to bed. Ten minutes, three times daily. When going to bed, get down flat on your back, then roll all over the floor. Then come back by rolling. Take front and side bending. When you get that perfect "32," let me hear from you.

Annabelle Harlan, Portland, Ore.

Q.—I went on a diet recently and, instead of reducing, I have gained weight? Can you tell me what's the cause?

A.—Well, Annabelle, your case is somewhat similar to that of Miss Margaret Walsh. I had an experience like yours, also.

Dieting doesn't necessarily make one lose weight. Often it causes a gain in weight. Let me explain.

When you eat promiscuously, anything that appeals to your appetite, the foods may have certain vitamins that are strength producing or fat producing. If your eating is not properly regulated, you may be eating too much of one kind of food and not enough of another. That may be the cause of "sour stomach," layers of fat, and whatnot.

However, when you are on a diet, and the foods which have been prescribed for you or selected by yourself are wholesome, body building, strength producing, you'll find that even if you eat less and eat less frequently, the little you take is so nourishing that it will do more by way of adding poundage than will a quantity of a variety of foods that lack that.

When you regulate your eating, you should select such foods as build up the body and nourish the system, and if, with that regulation, you will take your daily exercises, walk considerably, you'll find that the diet will rid the body of the fatty layers, primarily because you are exercising. But if you eat wholesome foods and take no exercises, the tendency will be towards weight gaining instead of weight reducing.

Recently I had an attack of appendicitis—my second one—perhaps I may have to submit to the surgeon's knife—but I hope not. To aid my cause, I went on a special diet. I eliminated all meats and fish. My program for three weeks consisted of orange juice, toasted whole wheat bread, and oatmeal, three times a week, for breakfast.

At noon, I varied the dish between scrambled eggs or soft boiled eggs, a bowl of soup and an egg, or a bowl of soup with crackers, or a bowl of milk with crackers. For dinner, I had, and still am continuing the diet, mixed fresh vegetables, toasted whole wheat bread with butter, and a glass of milk or malted milk. Occasionally I varied this with fish that contained plenty of meat to it, but I had fish only twice a week.

I weighed myself daily to note the effects and here is what I found. The first week I had gained exactly one pound. The second I had gained another pound, and at the end of the third week, I weighed three and a quarter pounds more than when I started.

Now as I don't want to increase that weight, I have decided to place myself wholly on a dairy diet, avoiding too much of the fatty foods, eggs, and potatoes. I'm taking Kellogg's All Bran, Crispy Bran Flakes, and Grape Nuts for breakfast.

For luncheon, Steero Bouillon Cubes or Armour's Cubes, placed in boiling water; toasted whole wheat bread; lettuce and tomato or sliced chicken sandwich.

For supper, salads, without mayonnaise; soup, containing fresh vegetables, or a cup of bouillon; whole wheat bread, toasted.

I eat no meat other than the occasional sandwich. For those who want meats, they may take medium or rare porterhouse steak or lamb chops.

Try the above and see how you progress.

A Reader, Brooklyn

Q.—I recently engaged in two fights, in the first of which I was beaten by a small margin and in the second, against a most experienced boy, the referee awarded the verdict to my opponent on a T.K.O. This K.O. does not discourage me because I believe that I am the master of this lad and I am applying to you for information on how best to train to turn the trick?

A.—I am glad to hear that you are not discouraged. That shows fighting grit and indicates to me that you will eventually make good. You have what is known in boxing as grit. Work hard, train faithfully, hold your confidence.

A Reader, New York City

Q.—Do you think that it would be difficult for an amateur boxer to obtain a manager?

A.—An amateur needs no manager.

Q.—What is the record of Steve Dudas?

A.—Sorry, he has not been fighting long enough to have a record or be listed in the record books. He is a good prospect. He beat Al White and Tom Walsh.

Q.—Where can I obtain an amateur license?

A.—Apply to the American Athletic Union, Woolworth Building, New York City.

A Reader

Q.—I am twenty years old, five feet two inches, weigh 148 pounds. Am I tall enough for a fighter?

A.—Yes. Height doesn't count if you have the other requisites.

R. D. Chavez, Douglas, Ariz.

Q.—Am interested in boxing and like the sport, but I have one fault. I possess fear. Every time I enter the ring, my heart grows faint and I fear that I will be knocked out. What shall I do to overcome that?

A.—Sorry, there is nothing that can be done. You must get rid of that feeling all by yourself by having confidence in your ability. Don't you realize that your fight is lost from the start if you enter the ring afraid that you are going to be knocked out? What chance have you against a fearless, confident lad? None whatsoever. Quit now because you'll never be a good fighter. You are wasting your time if you hope to become an efficient professional.

James Lucy, Lapeer, Mich.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book on bag punching? Does it require ring experience to become a professional bag puncher? Can one learn how to punch the bag proficiently in a gymnasium? Does it require a license to work as professional bag puncher?

A.—Get Seeback's "Bag Punching" from "The Ring" office. You can learn in any gymnasium. A license is required in some states but not in others. If you perform in public exhibitions, then you must be guided by the laws of the cities where you go.

Sam Jankelowitz, Bethlehem, Pa.

Q.—Is Gus Kallio the world middleweight champion?

A.—He is recognized in states where the "N.W.A." holds sway, but has avoided giving his conqueror, Bob Myers, a title match.

Q.—What is King Levinsky's correct name and nationality?

A.—Harry Krakow, and he is a Russian Hebrew born in America.

Q.—What is the correct weight for a fellow 5 feet 5 inches tall?

A.—Depends wholly on the build of the man. If slim, you might weigh 135. If broad-shouldered and heavy about the waist, you might weigh twenty pounds more.

Q.—Do you think that Georges Carpentier would beat Maxie Rosenbloom, both in their prime?

A.—Yes. Georges was a hard hitter and cleverer than Maxie.

Q.—Would the use of bar bells injure an athlete? Do all wrestlers engage in weight lifting?

A.—No, not if you are strong enough. All wrestlers train with bar bells and do weight lifting. Many were former strong men. Weight lifting is not injurious if properly followed and your physical condition will stand the strain.

Florence Mitten, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—What exercises will take off fat from the hips?

A.—Well, Florence, if you want that sweet sixteen figure I would suggest that you take stooping exercises, bending exercises, and rolling along the floor.

Tom Dorsey, Nome, Alaska

Q.—Did Frank Slavin and Frank Gotch ever fight in Alaska? Was Gotch a fighter?

A.—Yes, they fought without either knowing who the other was. Slavin trimmed Frank and he decided that he would be a far better wrestler than a boxer and he judged correctly.

Hiram Stitney, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Did Jim Corbett and Jeffries ever fight in San Francisco? Did Jeffries fight Sharkey and Fitz here also?

A.—Yes. Jeffries fought all three in San Francisco. He beat Corbett by the knock-out route on August 14, 1903, in ten rounds. Jeffries knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons, July 25, 1902, in eight rounds. Jeffries won from Sharkey in twenty rounds on May 6, 1898.

A Chicago Reader

Q.—Was Jimmy Reagan, a California lightweight of twenty years ago, a topnotcher?

A.—Yes. He was a good fighter.

The Boston Tar Baby

By WEBB KYLE

Sam Langford

AN humble Negro home, at Weymouth, Nova Scotia, was the birthplace of one of the greatest ring fighters that ever lived. It is not on record that the arrival of a "new baby" at the Langford home — on March 4, 1886 — created any undue excitement in the neighborhood, known as Weymouth's "shanty town." After a few days' deliberation, his mother named him Sam, "jus' plain Sam," she told inquiring neighbors as she crooned to her tiny son who, regardless of his tender age, was then showing indications that he was the possessor of a powerful pair of lungs. Little did she then realize that, in another score of years, the name "Sam Langford" would echo around the world.

While Sam was a youngster, just learning to walk, his family migrated to the United States, settling in Boston. Like most healthy boys, he was fond of athletics, taking a keen delight in running, jumping, wrestling, and baseball. In fact, during his early school years, he had visions of becoming a great baseball player when he grew to manhood.

Growing tired of school at the age of fourteen, and being of a restless nature, he left home and went out on his own, obtaining employment in a downtown gymnasium as janitor and handyman. Taking a great interest in boxing, he soon began training nightly, after his janitor duties were over. It was during one of those evening workouts that he first attracted the attention of Joe Woodman, capable fight manager of the Hub City. Woodman took a great liking to the boy and spent many evenings showing him the finer points of the game. When Sam was sixteen years old and weighed about 125 pounds, his boxing knowledge had increased to such extent that all the local featherweights around Boston were sidestepping him—in the gym.

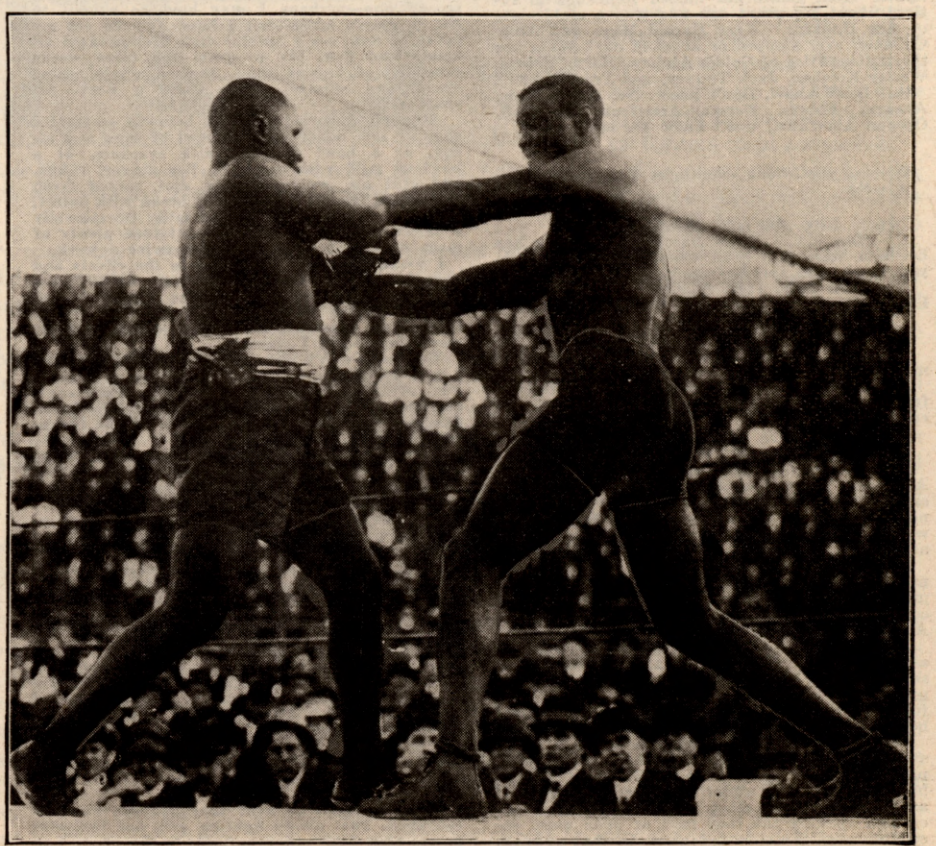
IT was a great moment for Sam—one evening in 1902—when Joe Woodman rushed into the gymnasium and called him to one side. "Sam," he said, "I've got you matched up with Jack McVicker for next Saturday night. We're goin' to make a great fighter out of you, kid, and I'm goin' to be your manager." That was the beginning of a sensational boxing career that was not to terminate for twenty-one years.

Sam Langford was only sixteen years old when he answered the gong for his first fight, which he won by a knock-out in the sixth round. From there on, his rise to pugilistic fame was rapid.

At eighteen, he had developed into a full-fledged lightweight and was meeting all the best boys in the game with great success. It was about that time that he knocked out the celebrated George McFadden in two rounds.

A few weeks later, Langford gained world-wide fame by defeating the great Joe Gans in a grueling fifteen-round bout. Boxing fans who sat at the ringside that night were stunned. They could not believe their own eyes as the youthful Langford, a comparative novice, carried the fight to the "Old Master," round after round.

"Look at that Tar Baby fight," shouted friends, as Langford—his perspiring, black-as-tar body shining under the arc lights—landed short, vicious punches, in the closing rounds, that staggered Gans across the ring. With the "Old Master" a tired, battered figure at the end of the fifteenth round, there was not a



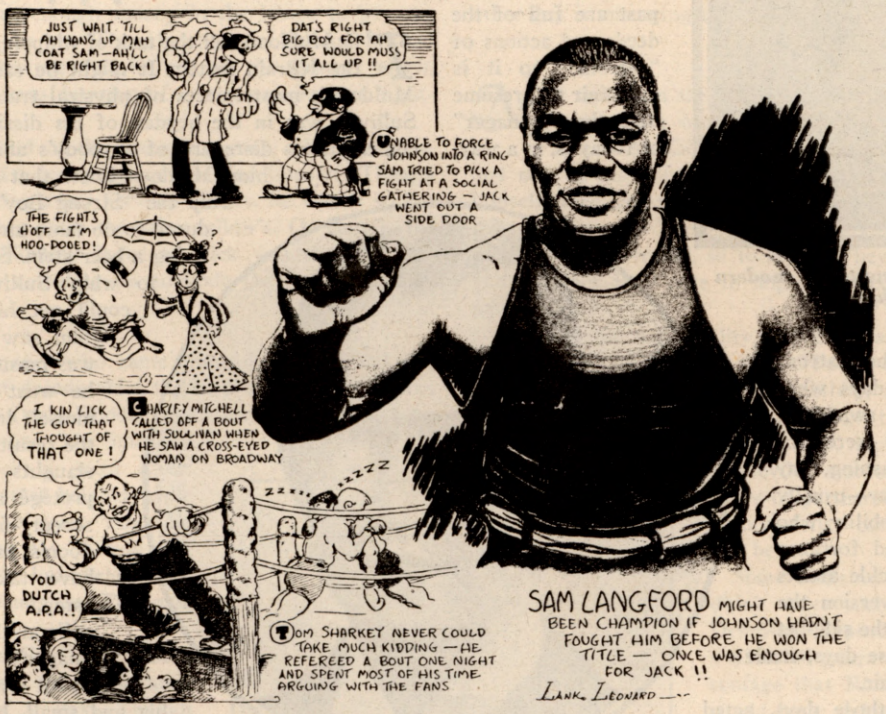
The fight between Sam Langford and Harry Wills.

dissenting voice in the entire arena when the referee raised Langford's hand as the winner. That was the fight that *made* Sam Langford. It was also the fight that earned for him the odd sobriquet, "Boston Tar Baby."

"The next lightweight champion of the world!" news writers prophesied in their columns the next morning. But fate had decreed that Sam Langford was never to have an opportunity to win the lightweight title. Growing rapidly, he was obliged to cast his lot with the welterweights for his future ring engagements. Here, Langford was unfortunate again. After defeating Young Peter Jackson, Dixie Kid, and Joe Walcott in overweight matches, he again outgrew his division before getting a chance to win the title.

* * *

WHEN scarcely twenty years old, he was sent against the great black giant, Jack Johnson, in a fifteen-round bout at Chelsea, Mass. Johnson, who had been a consistent challenger for the heavyweight title for several years, considered the fight a joke—for the first half-minute. With a weight advantage of fifty pounds, and towering over Sam six inches in height, Johnson smiled confidently as he began jabbing with a long left, intent upon keeping Sam away with his superior reach.



But try as he would, the short, ferocious Langford kept getting in close, driving terrific blows to the body. But that was practically all Sam could do, for thereafter he received a terrific shellacking from the future champion. The bout went fifteen rounds, a feather in the cap of Sam, but he lost the decision. Despite that, Langford so impressed Johnson with his hitting prowess that Jack never again would fight Old Sambo. Johnson twice floored the Tar Baby.

"Jus' wait anotha two o' three yeahs," grumbled Sam as he left the ring, "an' I'll make that big houn' jump outa the ring ovah the top ropes." It is claimed by many that Johnson left the other corner of the ring saying, "That's the las' time I'll evah get into any ring with that little fightin' son-of-a-gun." And it was.

* * *

IT was that same year (1906) that Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart in a twenty-round bout that was recognized as a championship battle, Jeffries having retired previously. Johnson issued a challenge to Burns, who ignored him and set sail for Europe. Johnson followed.

Immediately after Burns's arrival in Ireland, Johnson showed up on the next boat. He challenged Burns through the newspapers, and also orally from a box seat in a theater where the white title-claimant was showing. Johnson followed Burns from Ireland to England, to France, on to Spain, and then to far-away Australia. There Burns was cornered and lost the title after receiving an unmerciful beating.

Nearly three years elapsed between the Johnson-Langford fight and the return of the Galveston Black to America, a champion. During the intermission, Langford had met and defeated Joe Jeanette, Sam McVey, Jim Barry, Fireman Jim Flynn, Tony Ross, Sandy Ferguson, and Mike Schreck. With the lone exception of Jeanette, they had all suffered knock-outs at the hands of the Boston Tar Baby. Langford had grown, until he was then considered one of the most dangerous contenders for the heavyweight title, and he made a strong bid for a titular bout with Johnson, but without avail.

During the next few months, Langford—between challenges to Johnson—knocked out Jim Barry, Fireman Jim Flynn, Al Kubiak, Jeff Clark, and Dixie Kid. Barry, the toughest of the lot, was fairly clever and a murderous hitter, but was always easy for the Boston Tar Baby.

"I've jus' got Mistah Barry's numbah, an' can reach up an' pull it down any roun' I want it," Sam said, laughing, when discussing the ten furious fights Barry waged against him, trying to turn his many defeats into one decisive victory.

* * *

AFTER his fight with Jeffries, Johnson went on a vaudeville tour that carried him all over America and Europe. Langford followed the champion and — adopting Johnson's method of challenging Burns — would issue a challenge through the newspapers in the city where Jack was showing or stand up in a box seat during the champion's exhibition and orally challenge him before the audience. But those tactics did him more harm than good.

* * *

WHEN Langford realized he would never have a chance to fulfil his life's ambition—win the heavyweight championship of the world—he became a different Langford. He grew lax in his training and began taking on weight. Often he appeared in the ring with a nice "tummy" hanging over his belt. With increased weight, the great speed that had carried him to the very pinnacle of success began to wane. True, during the next five years, he practically slaughtered every heavyweight who could be induced to meet him, but at two hundred pounds he was not the Langford of old.

It was during this era (1912 to 1917) that three new colored ring stars blossomed out, sweeping away all opposition before them until they each in turn encountered the same stumbling block—Sam Langford. Jeff Clark, the Joplin Ghost, so formidable there was not a light-heavyweight in the world who would meet him, consented to meet Langford in a ten-round bout at Joplin. He lasted two rounds—nearly—against the hard-hitting Tar Baby.

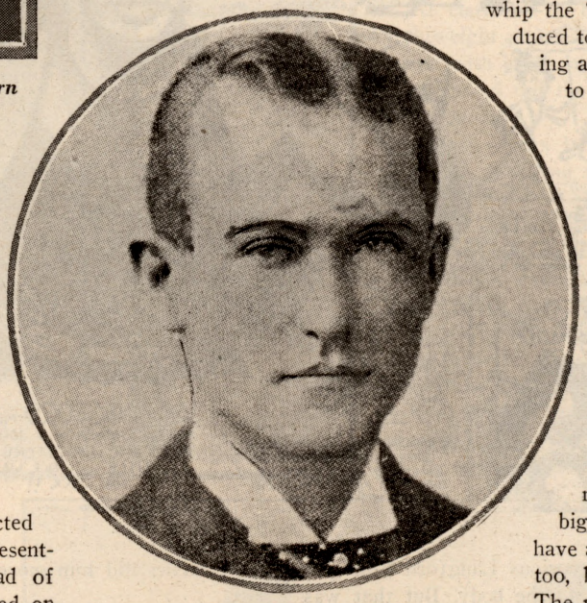
Harry Wills, young colored giant, who later became Dempsey's nemesis, was knocked out by Langford in fourteen rounds at Vernon, Calif. Sam repeated the sleeping poultice to Harry in nineteen rounds at New Orleans two years later. Kid Norfolk, a marvel among the light-heavies, went out like a light in two rounds from one of Sam's body blows, when the two met at Denver in 1917.

Having a keen sense of humor, Sam delighted in furnishing a little comedy with his fights. In his first bout with John Lester Johnson—an advertised ten-round (*Continued on page* 44)

MEET *the*

Jack Kearns, the master of modern ballyhoo.

GLANCING back through the dark and musty records of pugilism, we can find no record as to who was the first "manager." Those old archives of the past are full of the deeds and actions of "patrons," so it is only fair to presume that the "manager" of today is, in a way, an improvement over the "patron" of yesterday. In the days when pugilism was in its swaddling clothes, the "patrons" were, for the most part, the dashing, gay young blades of the day—usually scions of wealth and nobility, who followed the fates and fortunes of those old bare-knuckle artists principally for the diversion the sport offered and, too, the side-bet angle of fights in those days, made it quite a sporting affair.



Bill Brady, who managed Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries.

The "patrons," in those days, acted much in the same capacity as our present-day seconds. Excepting that, instead of slinging a towel over his man, seated on a comfortable stool, in a canvas-covered ring, he knelt on one knee in the grass, mud, or snow, as the case may have been, and between rounds let his man rest on the other knee. And at such times as became necessary to prevent his man from being blinded, resorted to the simple expedient of "bleeding" him with the sharp end of a penknife. Remember, those bare-knuckles cut and bruised, instead of "stunning" as a present-day boxing glove does.

In those days a fighter had to have "backers" also, if he wished to get any fights; they didn't fight for guarantees or a percentage of the gate, as is the custom nowadays, for the simple reason that the fans then, for the most part, were gamblers, thugs, and sports who followed the fights for the money to be made by wagering on the victor. They didn't pay to see a fight. It was a gambling proposition, pure and simple, to the spectator. These aforementioned "patrons," almost without exception, supplied the money for the "side-bet." Rare indeed was the pugilist who had the money to bet on himself. He let his "backer" worry about the financial end of the game. His job was to win fights, and the "backer" tossed him any amount he thought he was worth. The fighter took it and was satisfied—he had to be, if he wanted to fight. But the "backer" usually was liberal in sharing his profits with his man. Of course, it was to the fighter's benefit to win his battles. It meant money to him in the first place and made the task of finding a "backer" much easier.

So it continued down through the years from about 1719 until the adoption of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Possibly the first fighter to have a "manager" was John L. Sullivan, and he had a mob of them. It took more than one man to look after him and keep him under control. So great was Sullivan's appeal to the public that he toured the country, offering a purse of five hundred dollars to anyone who could stay four rounds with him. Naturally, this required the services of someone to look after the financial end of his business. Such men as Tom Early, Billy Madden, Arthur Lumley, Al Smith, and William Muldoon, all took a turn at handling Sullivan's affairs.

* * *

TO Muldoon fell the task of whipping John L. into shape for the Kilrain match. It might be said that this was one of Muldoon's masterpieces of physical training. At the time, 1887, Sullivan was in the heyday of his dissipation, hog fat, with a contemptuous disregard of anybody's ability to stand up before him. Muldoon knew that Kilrain was a cinch to whip the "Strong Boy" unless he could be induced to do more strenuous work than hoisting a beer stein. So Muldoon literally had to whip Sullivan himself before he could get him to train. But when John saw that Muldoon, not he, was master of the training camp, he went to work and whipped himself into good condition, with the result that he repelled the onslaughts of Richard K. Fox's protégé after a bitter battle of seventy-five rounds. But for Muldoon's insistence, Kilrain would have taken the champion into camp.

Soon the practice of having a "manager" was becoming all the rage with every fighter. Everyone, big and small, black and white, had to have a manager. It looked businesslike and, too, boxing was coming into a new era. The practice of charging admission to see fights was becoming popular. The boys began to fight for the "gate" now, rather than "side-stakes." This required someone to look after the fighters' share of the "gate." Promoters were unscrupulous in those days, same as now—not all of them, of course, but enough to make the fighter suspicious of whether he was getting "short-changed" at the pay-off. Fighters then, as now, weren't noted for financial genius, so said fighter promptly took himself a manager.

* * *

THIS period saw the rise of such managers as "Parson" Davies, William Brady, Pat Sheedy, Arthur Lumley, and Harry Phillips. Davies brought the Australian Negro, Peter Jackson, to this country to fight Sullivan for the title. Though Davies ranks ace-high in the managerial world, he never was able to maneuver Peter into a battle with Sullivan. To avoid conflict with the gigantic black, Sullivan established the well-known "color line," so much in vogue nowadays when an ebony-hued warrior grows too dangerous for the boys to mingle with.

William Brady, who later rode to fame and fortune on the wings of the theatrical business, took charge of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, and steered that worthy through many a difficult place. He combined business with his matchless showmanship, and had that happy faculty of getting his share of the "plums."

Not every fighter has required the services of a manager to look after his affairs. For instance, Tommy Burns, who succeeded Jeffries as heavyweight champion, could give the average manager lessons in the art. Tommy, you will recall, came along at the

MANAGER

By T. W. McNIEL

time when Jeffries retired, and, there being a scarcity of good heavies, reasoned he was as good as the next fellow and proceeded to prove it. At first, no one paid any attention to his claims, but when he had knocked over the champion of practically every nation on the globe except Peru, people began to reason that, as long as nobody could lick him, they might as well recognize him as title-holder.

Tommy capitalized on that title, too, and finally, when Jack Johnson cornered him down in Australia, Tommy exacted such terms that there wasn't enough money in the house to pay the ushers, after Tommy got his. Though he got a licking, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he got all the money, which, after all, is the major consideration of any enterprise, box fighting included.

Tommy tried his hand at the managing game after he grew too old to withstand the poundings of the ring himself. Though he was a whiz at looking after his own affairs, he wasn't so hot when it came to looking after the other fellow's. Of course, the one principal reason Tommy failed to click was the fact that he never succeeded in rounding up anybody that could fight as he could.

* * *

ANOTHER manager who came along during the halcyon days of the first decade after the turn of the century was Billy Nolan. Billy was a cold-blooded, aloof sort of fellow, whose main stock-in-trade was his uncanny ability to get whatever he went after. Nolan rose to his greatest heights while managing "Battling" Nelson. And he showed at his best the day Nelson and Joe Gans tangled for the lightweight title on the glimmering sands at Tonopah, Nev.

That battle, incidentally "Tex" Rickard's initial venture into the fight game, was staged September 3, 1906. Though Gans was champion, the way Nolan bossed the arrangements, one would have thought Nelson was the title-holder and Gans a mere sparring partner.

Nolan demanded that Gans make 133 pounds, ringside, after it had been specified that 135 at 2 o'clock was the required weight. Gans made it—with the aid of tissue paper trunks and shoes. And though the effort ultimately cost him his life, he went in and licked Nelson to a fare-you-well, finally winning on a foul in the forty-second round.

At any rate, Nolan had the satisfaction of knowing that he dictated the terms that the champion must fight under—and made his dictation stand up. Though there were plenty of hard-boiled miners in Tonopah who were heartily in favor of riding Nolan out of town on a rail, when he made the unreasonable weight demands for Gans, he stood firm that Gans would make 133 pounds or the fight would be called off.

Tonopah had spent too much money to let the fight fall through, and Gans consented to the unfair demands. To Nolan's credit, however, it must be admitted that he had the interest of Nelson in mind, not Gans. And after all, that is the manager's chief concern—his own fighter's welfare, not the other fellow's.

Billy Nolan, the man who made Joe Gans reduce to a skeleton.

What a battle of wits would have taken place between Nolan and present-day Jack Kearns had the two been managing the opposing fighters in a title bout! It probably would have been worth more than the battle itself.

Nolan has long ago forsaken the glamour of the prize ring for the more gentle and placid life of an orchard farmer in California. No doubt he gets a big kick out of the fact that, once upon a time, he told a world's champion what he must and must not do. Not many men can boast that fact, especially when some other guy is managing the said champion.

* * *

NO theme on the subject of pugilistic managers would be complete without mentioning that king of them all: Leo McKiernan, in private life—Jack Kearns, to you and me. In his younger days, Jack was a hit-and-miss fighter himself, then got into the managerial racket, at which he made a bare existence. Then he and Jack Dempsey hooked up, both of them on the tramp, so to speak. They pooled their resources, and together they rose to unprecedented heights in the boxing game.

Jack had the fistic ability, and Doc had the brains. It made a combination that couldn't miss. That it didn't miss is shown by the fact that the pair drew something in the neighborhood of nine and a half million dollars through the turnstiles of various fight arenas, motion picture work, and vaudeville stunts. All in less than ten years of partnership. There are plenty of million-dollar corporations that don't do any better.

Some folks will tell you that Kearns didn't drive such a hot bargain in the Dempsey-Carpentier battle, when he took a $300,000 guarantee in place of the percentage that Rickard offered, and which would have yielded the pair in excess of half a million. But not even Kearns could foresee a gate of approximately $1,789,000. That taught the pair of Jacks a lesson. From then on they stipulated a guarantee, with the privilege of a percentage. But even a guy with the audacity to demand a guarantee of $300,000, and get it, can hardly be classed as a hopeless dumb-bell.

I have always contended that the worst mistake that Kearns ever made was his refusal to agree to battle with Harry Wills. The big Negro never saw the day he could have even extended Dempsey.

Another example of Kearns's managerial ability is the way he took Mickey Walker to the top of the heap, after Walker had been knocked out by Joe Dundee, and badly beaten by Pete Latzo.

* * *

DO managers ever make a mistake? Oh, yes. Plenty of them. Here's a glaring example of one, and none other than the well-known Doc Bagley made it. Right after the war, a young, gangling light-heavy, answering to the moniker of Gene Tunney, walked in and asked Doc to manage him. Bagley wasn't overly impressed with the A.E.F. product, but agreed to take him under his wing. At the time, Doc (*Continued on page* 46)

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

JUST another note of appreciation from Auckland, New Zealand. Your publication undoubtedly maintains its excellent standard and I never regret the day when I instructed the Australasian agents to order my copy regularly. I received my latest issue a few weeks ago and must say I got quite a kick out of seeing a reference to "inhabitants of N. Z." (Maoris) in the cross word puzzle.

In the article by Jay J. Thomas, I noticed where Petey Sarron was featured as a sterling featherweight contender. Good for Pete. He was very popular down this way and performed splendidly both in Australia and New Zealand. By the way, I wish folks in the U. S. A. would realize that New Zealand is a country altogether separate from Australia. Between the two nearest points of land, there are over one thousand miles of good Tasman Sea, and in New Zealand we live under entirely different conditions from those pertaining in Australia.

"Torpedo" Billy Murphy, once featherweight champion of the world, referred to in most American papers as "Australian Billy Murphy," is living just a few hundred yards away from my home. I often go down to his place for a yarn and he invariably speaks most highly of the Americ n people.

Discussing fighters, he always rates Ike Weir as the greatest of his day. Billy would dearly love to visit the U. S. again, but in days gone by, he hadn't much regard for money and consequently he can't afford luxuries now. If any one would like to correspond with Billy, I will be pleased to forward mail to him.

Dave Shade went great in Australia.

A word to wrestlers. The grappling game has been booming in New Zealand for some years now and 1934 will be as big as ever. During the off season in America, some fairly good-class men could make a profitable trip to New Zealand. With the exception of John Pesek, we have never yet had a visit from any one who has a chance of beating George Walker, of Canada, who settled in Auckland about four years ago.

Fans in New Zealand regret the death of George Kotsonaros. He was very popular in this country. During his visit I saw him twice defeated by George Walker.

With every good wish I shall conclude.

SYD BARCLAY,
Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

YOU may publish this letter if you think it will be of interest to your readers. I think the story by Tommy White in a recent issue of THE RING was an excellent one. The old photographs should be of interest to the fighters and fans of today who enjoy the comforts of upholstered seats, padded rings, and no-draft ventilation of the modern arenas. Quite a change from forty years ago!

Mr. White's tribute to the teaching ability of that Grand Old Man, Harry Gilmore, who is still here with us on the Coast, is indeed fitting. Just two years ago, Packy McFarland, while on a trip here, paid a similar tribute to Harry, his old teacher, saying, when speaking of the lack of science displayed by present-day fighters, "I guess there are not enough old-timers like yourself left to teach the youngsters how to box."

And now a word about the page given over to women's activities. I'm glad you discontinued devoting space to the women, but I do think it would interest your readers to obtain a little historical data on female fisticuffers. After all, this present-day invasion of the arena by women is not new.

As long ago as the days of Nero and Domitian, when boxers met in the arena, their fists encased in the cestus, "Not only did Roman ladies patronize these amusements by their presence, but they themselves, not infrequently, stepped into the lists, ladies of quality being of the number." This according to Tacitus; Juvenal also writes of ladies engaging in fistic combat.

Then, what more colorful figure than the famous Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse. Her fighting ability was known even before James Figg was born. And the famous Mrs. Sutton, a contemporary of Figg? Also Hannah Heyfield and Elizabeth Wilkinson, all ready and willing to engage in fistic combat, anyone at any time.

Mrs. Lane, mother of "Hammer" Lane, was another whose repute as a fighter was well known, but she gained greater fame as the instructor and trainer of her five fighting sons, as did Mrs. Broome, who acted in a like capacity for her two sons, Johnny and Harry. That she did a good job, there can be no doubt, for both were champions.

THOMAS GOUGH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

I WOULD like to know why you never publish much about Willard. I think, excepting Langford and Dempsey, Jess could have beaten them all. Willard did not start to box until nearly twenty-nine, and yet he became champion.

Willard had a harder time than most boxers who fought for the championship. When Corbett met Sullivan, John L. hadn't fought in three years. Hence, Sullivan was ring-rusty.

When Corbett met Fitz—Jim hadn't fought a real bout since 1894, when he beat Charley Mitchell. Corbett was ring-rusty. In losing to Jeffries, Fitz was entering the ring for the first time in two years, too long for a fighter to be inactive.

Jeffries, as challenger, met Johnson, although he was out of the ring six years. Jeff never had a chance.

Dempsey lost to Tunney through inactivity. Three years of easy life beat Jack. I do not mean to discredit Tunney, who was a clever fighter.

When Willard met Johnson, he met a man who only nine months before went twenty rounds with Frank Moran. Johnson was not inactive or rusty as were Sullivan, Corbett, Fitz, Jeff, and Dempsey. Willard himself was not a youngster at the time. He was thirty-three to Johnson's thirty-seven. Willard knocked out Johnson in twenty-six rounds to become champion.

There has been talk of the fight being a fake, and I understand that THE RING publisher has in his possession a signed statement, an affidavit from Jack Johnson to that effect, but if that was the case, I still think that Willard was the stronger and better man at the finish and would have won regardless of Johnson's alleged fake.

Johnson had a time of it in 1914 with Frank Moran. He could not knock out Moran in twenty rounds. Willard beat Moran in the Garden in 1916 in ten rounds. Had Jess fought Frank twenty rounds as did Johnson, I'm sure Jess would have won by a K. O.

Three years of idleness beat Willard. He did not take Dempsey seriously. Willard at forty-one knocked out Floyd Johnson, only twenty-two, and then in turn was stopped by Luis Firpo. I do not believe that Jess was by any means the greatest fighter of all time, but I do maintain that he was far greater than boxing critics would have us believe. I have known Mr. Robert Edgren, a noted authority on boxing, to say that Willard at Havana was a great champion. Certainly Edgren knows what he is talking about.

In conclusion, wish to say THE RING is the leader of boxing magazines. Many publications have tried to imitate THE RING but it stands supreme. In face of obstacles and a depression, THE RING still remains.

BRUCE WILFERTH,
Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

IT has always been my belief and endeavor to have only one champion for each class. I can see absolutely no sense in New York State having one champion and the National Boxing Association designating another boy as the champion. The thing to do, for the benefit of boxing at large, is to have only one champion, and then to make that boy defend his title with a suitable opponent.

At the Minneapolis convention, last September, I personally went through with New York State in regard to champions as far as I could. There were only two spots that we did not agree

on, one was the featherweight title and the other the flyweight title.

I believe Freddy Miller to be a real legitimate featherweight champion at the present moment and see no reason for having an elimination tournament such as is being arranged by the New York board to get a successor to Kid Chocolate. Such a tourney will serve a good purpose, if it is to obtain a challenger to meet Freddy Miller for the title. Miller rates best in the division and is entitled to the championship. He was ready to meet Kid Chocolate, but couldn't get him in the ring. New York State should bend once in a while and give way a little for the good of boxing, and declare Freddy Miller the featherweight champion, at the same time ordering him to defend his title within six months against a suitable opponent—say the boy who wins the New York elimination tourney. To ignore Freddy is not good sportsmanship. He is most deserving of recognition.

In regard to the flyweight title, I have it on very good authority that it is a physical impossibility for Midget Wolgast to make 112 pounds, the flyweight limit, so why try to fool anybody by giving a man a title which really does not belong to him, and which he is physically unable to defend.

EDWARD C. FOSTER, *President,*
National Boxing Association.

* * *

I AM a constant reader of THE RING and firmly believe it the best magazine on activities of the squared circle. Down here in Texas, it is indeed a godsend. I hope that some day you can give us some full-page poses of leading boxers and wrestlers that would be suitable for framing.

I have a class of high school boys who are learning boxing and wrestling and all are devoted readers of RING. With best wishes for your continued success.

C. A. THORMALEN, *Principal,*
Seadrift High School.

* * *

I HAVE been a regular reader of your magazine for quite a spell and I am of the opinion that it is the best periodical devoted to boxing and wrestling that is obtainable, in this country or elsewhere.

Your policy in favor of champions being obliged to meet any challenger who has climbed to the rung just below him, is right, and you should have the support of every admirer of the "Noble Art." This obligation should be in force within a year of winning the championship. This would be quite ample time for the champ to cash in on his success.

Probably you have felt some surprise at the rather sensational manner in which Harvey has fought himself into the heavyweight championship over here in England. He is certainly a fighter from the word "go," and in addition is a good boxer. If Harvey pays you a visit, he should please the fans by his aggressive style, and perhaps he will surprise some of your heavy lads, if he gets a fair show. There is considerable doubt over here about the impartiality of some of your referees, or at any rate, about their qualifications for judging. Some of us have thought that Seaman Watson did not receive a square deal while he was on your side.

Peterson, the Cardiff Walloper, had a setback when Harvey beat him, but probably that defeat did Peterson no harm. It is more than likely he was being pushed on too fast, but from now on he will be in possession of his full power and stamina. It is my belief that this young fellow will be a world champion if he has *guts,* which I believe he has. Anyhow this year should show whether Peterson is the British hope we have so long been waiting for.

Doyle, the young Irish heavyweight, was rather a sensation over here a year or two ago, but, somehow, I don't think he will go far. He knows nothing about boxing, but he certainly possesses terrific hitting power.

I note that you were devoting some space to women scrappers, but since the March issue hav edropped such news. I think it's a pity you gave any space to the wild women on this matter.

It is a sorry sight, I imagine—two women fighting in the ring—and it ought not to be allowed. Apart from any other consideration, a woman takes terrible risks of cancer of the breasts when those very delicate parts are subjected to heavy blows.

If female bouts become common with you, it will lead to public outcry and maybe to restrictions on boxing generally. Fighting women will help to kill the sport, and every one interested in keeping boxing alive will be wise if he resolutely opposes every effort to promote women's fights, and I might add, women's wrestling matches.

Wishing your admirable magazine increasing success and thanking you for your fair and common-sense articles and your fine treatment of our English boys, I am,

An Old Sailor,
J. R. EVANS,
Aughton, Lancashire, England.

* * *

IN a recent issue of THE RING, it was said that when La Blanche fought Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in 1889, the middleweight championship was at stake. This, of course, is an error. The title was at stake when they met the first time in 1886, but on the second occasion, La Blanche weighed in at 154 pounds and Dempsey was seven pounds under the limit.

In my opinion, you do not do justice to a great fighter when you say that Dempsey was only a fair puncher. He was a terrific hitter. Ask Arthur Lumley, A. D. Phillips, and several of the other octogenarians who are writing for THE RING and saw the Nonpareil in action. He was only 143 pounds when he gave Dave Campbell, weighing 188 pounds, a terrific beating. Campbell at the time called himself the heavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast, yet he failed to go more than three rounds against Dempsey. Can you imagine McLarnin or Ross stacking up against Johnny Risko? Hardly!

Six months after Dempsey fought La Blanche, he defeated Billy McCarthy in a championship mill. McCarthy previously had defeated Jim Hall in Australia and stopped Denny Kelliher in twenty-one rounds in a sensational battle in San Francisco. Don't forget that Hall later beat Bob Fitzsimmons, hence that shows how great Dempsey was.

Dempsey is listed only as the middleweight king, but the records prove that he was holder of the welter title before he entered the middleweight ranks.

JIMMIE DUFFY,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

SEVERAL months ago you sent us some of your magazines and books for our Sing Sing Prison Library. I wonder if you have any idea just how enthusiastically THE RING and your fight books were received by the men here?

Our new gym is almost ready for use. It is part of the program of the Athletic Department to encourage boxing among the men. There will be every facility to foster this sport when the gym is completed.

Mr. Fleischer, you are the author of some very popular books on the subject of boxing, and the library here would indeed be pleased to secure some to place in circulation. By handling them through the library, thus keeping a close tab on them, a very few books will reach a large number of men who are interested in boxing.

JAMES J. DAWSON,
Sing Sing Librarian.

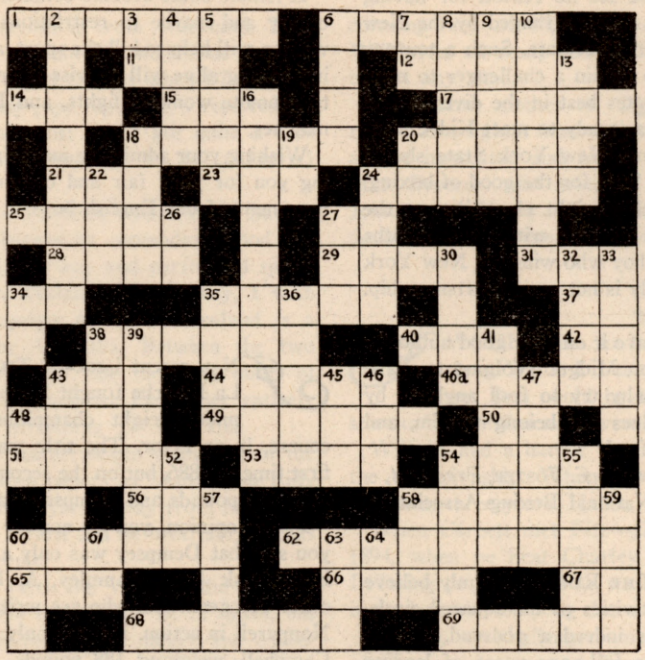
* * *

IT'S a pleasure to write to you, Mr. Fleischer. I have been reading THE RING for the past four years and I have not missed a single copy that came out here. It keeps on improving with every number. You have given the fighting world the rarest gift, THE RING. THE RING is a champion of *'em* all. It leaves even its chief contender a mile behind. Here's three cheers for the "mag" and its Editor, with a sincere wish for the continued success of both.

MANNJ CHATTERJI,
Calcutta, India.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. The "Basque Woodchopper."
6. Brilliant ringman who won the welter title from Joe Dundee in 1929.
11. Shallow vessel.
12. Flyweight who was born in Tunis, Algeria.
14. Man's nickname.
15. Curved bone. 17. Goods.
18. Topnotch heavyweight mat man.
20. Walks lamely.
21. Nothing. 23. Neither.
24. Marine annelid.
25. Tribunal.
27. Initials of a great southpaw lightweight.
28. To eat.
29. Eddie Eagan, intercollegiate champ, attended this college. 31. A sphere.
34. Supposing that.
35. Man's name.
37. A man's nickname.
38. A ring. 40. To offer.
42. Grand Union (abbr.).
43. To be able.
44. Heavyweight known as "Hurricane Steve."
46. Walter Neusel is known as the "Blond . . . ."
48. He dethroned Mason as featherweight king in 1921. 49. A state.
50. London Royalists (abbr.).
51. Descriptive of men like Dempsey, Ketchel, Leonard, etc.
53. Weak in character.
54. Thick and slimy.
56. A leguminous plant.
58. A genus of large plant.
60. Boxing division.
62. He dethroned Singer as lightweight king in 1930.
65. Always.
66. Tidy.
67. A denial.
68. Former Harvard wrestling coach.
69. To drink in honor of.

VERTICAL

2. Wrestler known as the "Ukranian Count."
3. Aloft. 4. Challenge.
5. Act of joining.
6. Number of rounds it took Jim Corbett to K.O. Kid McCoy in 1900.
7. Eastern plateau (abbr.).
8. One of the few English fighters to make good in the U. S.
9. A play. 10. Ring worm.
13. Vigor.
16. He dethroned Thompson as welterweight king in 1931.
18. Viscid matter.
19. Grand republic.
20. Note of the scale.
22. Anger.
24. A brilliant performer.
26. Doctor.
27. Solution of an alkali.
30. To send out. 32. Fury.
34. Within. 33. Stains.
35. To repeat with an assent.
36. A Baltic port.
38. Restaurant.
39. A child.
41. Fighter known as "Jack the Giant Killer."
43. New York wrestling impresario.
45. An epoch.
46. Weep.
47. Degree.
48. British Government (abbr.).
52. Part of the foot.
54. English heavy who met with little success in this country.
55. Heavyweight whose real name was Noah Brusso.
57. Dried. 58. Saber.
59. This occurred in Indiana when Pat Creedon was making his debut in 1893.
60. Conflict.
61. The (French).
63. Girl's name.
64. Part of the country where Jack Sharkey comes from (abbr.).

Answers to puzzle on page 45

Ross-McLarnin Match Stirs Fans

(*Continued from page 7*)

In 1894, Tommy Ryan loomed as the best man in the class, and he beat Mysterious Billy Smith, his nearest rival, in a twenty-round bout for the title at Minneapolis, July 26, 1894. They met again at Coney Island, May 27, 1895, and the bout was called a draw owing to interference by the police.

* * *

KID McCOY then grabbed the honors by stopping Ryan in the eighteenth round at Maspeth, March 2, 1896. This was the battle previous to which McCoy is said to have tricked Ryan into thinking he would not meet with any resistance, and, in consequence, the champion neglected to train.

Both McCoy and Ryan entered the middleweight division the following year, and Smith claimed, and defended, the welter title for several years.

Rube Ferns took the title from Smith on a foul in the twentieth round of a bout at Buffalo, January 15, 1900, and Walcott took the championship from Ferns with a knock-out in five rounds at Fort Erie, Ont., December 18, 1901.

Dixie Kid won the title from Walcott on a foul in the twentieth round of a bout at San Francisco, April 30, 1904. Dixie Kid held the title until 1908, when he went to England, where he has since remained.

Thus the championship lapsed and was open to general competition. Kid Graves laid claim to the title as did Mike O'Dowd and Mike Glover, but Graves was generally recognized and held the crown for two years.

Jack Britton and Kid Lewis outgrew the lightweight class and in a general competition for the welter class title, after Graves dropped out of the class, Britton beat Glover in Boston and claimed the crown. Lewis disputed that claim and became the recognized king when he beat Britton on August 31, 1915, and again on September 27.

* * *

ON April 24, 1916, Britton defeated Lewis in twenty rounds at New Orleans and took the diadem from his rival. Then he beat Lewis twice at Boston—in twelve rounds each time—that same year and further clinched the right to international recognition.

In 1917, on June 25, Lewis defeated Britton on points in twenty rounds at Dayton, Ohio, to regain the laurels, and on March 17, 1919, Britton knocked out Lewis in nine rounds at Dayton, Ohio, to reverse the order. Then two years later, on February 7, Britton won from Lewis in fifteen rounds in New York.

The following year, on February 17, 1922, Britton fought a draw with Dave Shade in New York in fifteen rounds, and following that came the famous battle between Leonard and Britton at the Yankee Stadium of New York, in which Britton won on a foul from Benny in thirteen rounds on June 26, 1922, and a few months later, on November 1, Britton lost the title to Mickey Walker in fifteen rounds in New York.

From then on, the welterweight title changed hands as follows:

Walker lost the title to Pete Latzo at Scranton on May 20, 1926; decision, 10 rounds.

Latzo lost the championship to Joe Dundee on June 3, 1927, in New York; 15 rounds.

Dundee dropped the crown on July 25, 1929, in Detroit to Jackie Fields on a foul; two rounds.

Fields was followed as champion by Young Jack Thompson, who won the title on May 9, 1930, fifteen rounds, in Chicago.

Thompson in turn lost it on September 5, 1930, to Tommy Freeman in fifteen rounds.

Freeman held the championship only until April 14, 1931, when Thompson knocked him out in twelve rounds and regained the laurels.

Lou Brouillard licked Thompson on September 23, 1931, in fifteen rounds, and Lou in turn dropped the crown back to Jackie Fields on January 28, 1933, in ten rounds.

In a battle between Fields and Young Corbett, III, in San Francisco on February 22, 1933, Corbett won the title in ten rounds, only to lose it to McLarnin two months later, May 30, 1933, by a knock-out in one round.

"The Comeback"

(*Continued from page* 29)

him and repeat. Instead, Larry leaped astride him, wrapping his muscular legs about his middle and circling his neck with his sinewy arms.

They crashed forward and sideways to the mat where Court twisted and writhed like a stricken thing and Larry's legs quivered as he held him with his shoulders flat on the mat.

Bob slipped from his seat, hurried down a passage, and, entering a dressing room, closed the door. Footsteps passed the door in groups and singly and, each time, Bob moved uneasily.

Then, the door slowly opened and Larry stepped inside, a towel about his neck, the coiling muscles of his great body glistening with sweat.

"What in—? How did you get here?" He half snarled it, his powerful hands closing on Bob's shoulders.

Bob looked up at him pleadingly. His eyes didn't know whether to be amused or afraid.

"I'm not afraid of you," he said, unsuccessfully trying to hold his voice steady.

Larry O'Neal glared at him, his keen eyes misting.

"Sure?" he growled, then turned away. "I know you're not. But why didn't you leave things as they were, boy? They're better that way."

Bob went to him where he sat drooped on a bench and gently put his arm over the damp shoulders.

"No, they're not," he contradicted, in his elderly way. "I couldn't go off without seeing you again. I told you that you treated me better than any one else and it wasn't right for you to leave me flat like that."

He paused a moment.

"My father loved you," he said slowly, "and I do, too."

Larry raised his head and put his arms about him. His voice was deep and kindly.

"How much do you know, Bob?" he asked and drew the boy down on his knee.

Bob looked across the room musingly.

"One night, my mother and father were talking very loud," he said. "I never heard them do it but once. My mother said: 'You've even given him practically your own name, Larry O'Neal. You love him better than your own son.'

"And my father answered very sternly: 'You have made Bob more your son than mine and we'll not discuss this matter again. It does not touch you in any way.' Then he turned out the light and I went back to sleep. So Larry, you see—well—I'm not going to be lonely again if I can help it."

Larry got up slowly.

"No," he said, "you're not. But look, Bob, you've got to promise to go back to school and finish the year."

Bob grinned triumphantly up at him.

"I'll trade you promises," he said. "I'll go if you'll get the court to appoint you my guardian and if I may come back to see you win the championship."

Larry held him at arm's length.

"So I'm going to do all that, am I?" He chuckled deeply and folded Bob to his broad chest. O.K., boy, for you I will," he growled.

IN the press row in the outdoor arena, in seats adjoining Bob's, sat two reporters watching the main bout.

"I was afraid O'Neal'd try this again," said one.

"You'd think, after three times, he'd know this guy's got his number," observed his companion disgustedly.

"He's makin' O'Neal look like a monkey. Broke his scissors twice. Boy, is he ever putting him through it now! Remember how O'Neal used to dish it out? Look at him take it now!"

Bob *was* looking. He had listened, but his eyes had never left the ring and Larry's lithe, powerful figure. And his heart beat violently every time that he seemed to be down, even though Larry had said to him, just before he left: "I never fooled you but once, did I, boy? Well remember, whatever seems to be happening, I'm going in there tc win. Pull for me, boy, but remember."

They had been wrestling fifty minutes now. Larry had had to be the aggressor. And now, the champion was boring in, bringing up his reserve, swinging his flailing arms and bulging shoulders.

Twice he clipped Larry alongside the head and buried his knee deep in his stomach, then slapped Larry's arm around his head and swung him over his hip. They rolled to the ropes near Bob.

The crowd roared advice to the champion as O'Neal climbed slowly to his feet, the champ crouched ready to spring.

"Larry!" Bob's voice burst out in agony as he sprang. Larry pulled to one side but was knocked off balance. The champ sprang on him, pulled his limp form to the center of the mat and started his swing.

O'Neal leaped and Bob's heart went up with him as they crashed forward sickeningly and Larry rolled the champ over as he had Court and locked his legs and arms so tightly that the coiling muscles jerked and quivered.

"O'Neal wins the match and championship of the world with a body scissors and head lock," the referee bawled, holding Larry's hand high above his head.

Larry crawled through the ropes and dropped lightly to Bob's side as the crowd surged forward and police sought to clear a way. His arm fell about Bob's shoulders, hugging him fondly close, and a big hand rumpled his hair.

"Why, you're in a sweat, boy," he grinned happily at him. "Not worried, were you? Yes, I know you were, but I had a campaign to work out, old lad."

He closed the door to the dressing room.

"Well, are you satisfied now, you young rascal?" he asked and hugged Bob tightly in wet, mighty arms. Then quickly, he swung himself to a table and stripped off his robe.

"I'll be ready to go out to the house in half an hour," he called as the water began to run in the shower. "You know I put little kids like you to bed earlier than this."

Outside, the reporter turned to his friend.

"Caught me flat," he admitted. "How about you?"

"I'm still blinking," his friend acknowledged. "But I recall something that you said a couple of months ago about something snapping him out of it; and did you hear and see that kid? There's a story there, or I'm a sucker. Let's get it."

Miner's Theatre

(*Continued from page* 31)

A "wide-open" boxer, his science was nil, but as a knock-out socker, his like had never before graced a Bowery stage. On a Monday night, Joe McGuire of Harlem, tackled the killer. McGuire was of the bull terrier breed and mixed with a will. He rushed from the jump and the sailor got his devastating right into action, grazing Joe's bean with a swing that would have rung the curtain down had it landed.

It chanced that one of the side scenes projected to within an inch of the ropes in McGuire's corner, and bore on its extreme end a sharp nail. As McGuire clinched, the Terror rushed him to this spot and hurled another right for the jaw.

Joe saw it coming and promptly dropped to the floor. The swishing glove caught on the nail, it ripped, burst, and out streamed a small deluge of sand. The secret of The Terror's hitting performances was revealed.

McGuire's Celtic cohorts grasped the situation immediately, and with furious yells, they charged upon the stage. By the time police reserves arrived, the indignant mob had wrecked everything in sight, including the naval "champion," who was removed to a hospital to ponder on the fleeting nature of human fame.

* * *

TOM SHARKEY, in the heyday of his career, administered a thundering kayo to one Jack Files at Miner's, stopping him with a right to the stomach and left to the jaw. As the loser was carried to his corner, a red stream flowed from his mouth, and a physician in attendance stated that the patient had burst a blood vessel. As a matter of fact, the whole affair had been arranged by jestful friends of Sharkey's, who knew how deeply an assault on his pocketbook grieved Tom's economical soul. A capsule containing red paint, which the "knocked-out" man had in his mouth, was responsible for the apparent flow of gore.

Sharkey, badly frightened, handed over fifty dollars as balm for the injured boxer's wounds. Later that night, Tom accidentally discovered the object of his charity blowing in his ill acquired wealth across a Broadway bar, with his co-conspirators. Sharkey went for the gang like an enraged bull and the guilty ones fled, but not without bearing some marks of the ex-tar's displeasure.

The glory of Miner's as a rallying spot for the fistic clans has long since departed, but its memory will live long in the minds of veterans who were wont to flock there and watch the leading gladiators of that day uphold their title claims. Almost every boxer of note from the time of John L. Sullivan up to that of Jeffries trod the boards of the well-known Bowery stage and exhibited their prowess to admiring throngs. It is a monument to a time when boxing was conducted on a rougher plane than now, when the monetary rewards were small, but the fighting of a brand that left no room for adverse criticism. Whether the sport can be said to have changed for the better or worse is a matter of purely individual opinion.

The Boston Tar Baby

(*Continued from page* 37)

affair—he came out for the sixth round extending his gloves to shake hands.

"This ain't the last round," Johnson cautioned him.

"Yes it is, boy," answered Sam, driving a left hook to Johnson's chin that knocked him out for fully ten minutes.

When he met Big Jack Thompson in Denver in 1915, Sam again sent the crowd home laughing when, during the first few seconds of the bout, he lashed out with a terrific right, shouting, "Comin' down!" That was another time that Sam Langford kept his word. Jack Thompson *did* come down—and out.

Nat Dewey was another opponent that Sam used as the goat to furnish the crowd with a little comedy at Cheyenne, Wyo., in 1910. Dewey, a big, tough Negro, who had previously fought a ten-round draw with Joe Jeanette, was not considered anybody's chump—before the Langford mêlée. The picturesque old cow town of Cheyenne was a "madhouse" the night of the Langford-Dewey fight.

The promoters, not being familiar with the staging of such gigantic attractions, thoroughly bungled the handling of the bout, many delays occurring during the preliminaries. Street fights outside the arena, among hoodlums trying to crash the gates; brawls among cowboys standing in the aisles, unable to get into ringside seats for which they had paid, and faulty lights caused Langford and Dewey to be called into the ring for the main event over two hours late. Only twenty minutes more, and the train on which Langford had made Pullman reservations for Chicago would start East.

* * *

LANGFORD entered the ring, lamenting about not having time to "take the home boy along fo' a few roun's an' give the folks a run fo' their money. Too neah train time fo' any foolin' aroun' tonight," he said, laughing.

"Jus' go ovah an' tell Mistah Dewey that this fight's goin' t' be evah man fo' himself."

The men were introduced and called to the middle of the ring for instructions. The bell rang and Wyoming's "battle of a century" was on.

Fearlessly, Dewey rushed at Langford, lashing out with vicious punches for the face and body. Smiling confidently, Langford blocked or shoved them to one side with ridiculous ease. Less than a half-minute after the opening bell had rung, Sam sent a terrific right uppercut to Dewey's chin. Nat crumpled to the canvas with a sickening thud—out.

Not looking back, Langford trotted to his corner and threw his robe over his shoulders and slid out between the ropes and left the ring. The referee, standing with his back to Langford's corner, fixed his eyes on the unconscious Dewey and—imitating "big-town" referees—waved his arm up and down as he counted the defeated man out. As the count reached "nine—ten" and out, he turned with extended hands to grasp Sam's arm and hold it aloft—the winner.

The crowd fairly screamed with laughter as the referee—a surprised, puzzled expression on his face—looked around the ring for Langford. Embarrassed, he laughed with them, when he caught sight of Sam in the aisle, at least thirty feet from the ring, elbowing his way through the crowd to his dressing room. Twenty minutes later, Sam Langford was speeding East aboard the Chicago Limited.

* * *

NO attempt will be made to burden the reader with a complete list of Langford's knock-out victories, scored against the cream of the ring, in nearly every civilized country in the world. However, a few of the ring greats, whose names *meant* something to boxing, submitted here, will exemplify his being dubbed "The Uncrowned Champion." The following men, all ring stars of yesteryear, suffered knock-outs at the hands of Langford:

George McFadden, Jack Blackburn, Young Peter Jackson, Klondike (the same Klondike who knocked out Jack Johnson), Dixie Kid, Tony Caponi, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Battling Jim Johnson (the same Jim Johnson who fought Jack Johnson an eight-round draw in Paris), Harry Wills, George Godfrey, Jeff Clark, Jim Barry, Sam McVey, Kid Norfolk, Fireman Jim Flynn, Mike Schreck, Joe Jeanette, and Gunboat Smith.

Langford, at his best, was only a light-heavyweight. True, record books have him listed as weighing two hundred pounds, but the *real* Langford, in the pink of condition, never weighed over 172 to 176 pounds. It is the unanimous opinion of all old-time boxing critics that Langford could have defeated any light-heavyweight that ever lived. Opinion is about equally divided as to the probabilities of his having been able to whip Jack Johnson.

Considering the splendid showing he made against Jack at Chelsea, when he only weighed around 148 to 150 pounds, and was little more than a boy in years, those who are uncompromising in their belief that Langford was Johnson's master have plenty of good, logical reasons to back up their belief.

The Langford adherents, of which there are countless thousands, will always believe that Sam could have won such a bout at the time he reached his peak. Then he was one of the most colorful, dynamic fighters of his day.

* * *

DURING the latter years of Langford's career, failing eyesight made him a mediocre performer. Many losses dot his ring record in the last few months of active ring warfare. Totally blind in his right eye, and the sight in his left badly impaired, he was an object of pity as he groped about the ring, only a shell of the once great Langford.

On October 19, 1923, Sam won his last fight. Nearly blind, he was led into the old Bull Ring at Mexico City to face an old foe, Fireman Jim Flynn of Pueblo. Unable to see anything but a shadowy form in front of him, he fought more by sound than sight. In the third round, Flynn, maneuvering around to Sam's blind side, rushed in, swinging wildly. Langford, standing in the center of the ring listening, heard the tread of Flynn's feet as he came in—and swung, too. Flynn's wild swings missed. Sam's didn't.

A kindly American climbed into the ring and led Sam to his corner, while frantic seconds restored Flynn to consciousness. No man ever made a more gallant stand in the prize ring than Sam Langford made in this, his farewell appearance. Overcome with emotion, intensified by the tremendous applause the Mexican fight fans accorded him, Sam broke down and sobbed like a child, as friends led him to his dressing room.

"That's my last fight," he said, brokenly, as tears streamed down over his bruised and battered cheeks. "I can't go on, fightin' by sound." Thus, after twenty-one glamorous, dynamic years, the brilliant ring career of as great a fighter as ever lived was ended. The Boston Tar Baby had reached the end of the trail.

Today he is a helpless physical wreck. Broken in health, almost totally blind, he depends on his friends for the little he is able to get in odd jobs—just enough to keep him going.

Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 19)

but he kicked loose and head locked.

Down went Stecher like a bag of oats. After a struggle, the champion got his head out of the clutch, but when he arose, it was seen that he was unsteady on his legs.

Like a panther, Lewis leaped at his man and took a flying head lock. He twisted the now groggy Stecher off his feet and they struck the pad with the thud of a load of bricks.

Three times more the head lock did its deadly work and then Stecher was quiescent. Bothner tapped Lewis on the back and a new champion was crowned.

Mehmet Yousuf

(*Continued from page* 22)

and La Savate tactics. When the foreigners are pitted against such fellows as the Dusek brothers, Jim McMillen, Zaharias, and several others, they're at a loss what to do. They simply don't understand our game."

Most of Yousuf's previous wrestling abroad has been confined to the Graeco-Roman style. It was only last fall that he began to apply himself to the catch-as-catch-can style and he has mastered it in six months.

Mehmet is twenty-four years old and exceptionally well educated. In that respect he follows in the footsteps of other famed Europeans, principally George Hackenschmidt and the Zbyszkos. Although he speaks several languages, English is not among them. He always is accompanied by an interpreter. He speaks French, Spanish, and Italian fluently in addition to his mother tongue and is now studying English. He is under the same management as was his father. His dad owns a huge farm near Istanbul, formerly known as Constantinople, the capital of Turkey. With the money he saved from his American tour, the elder Yousuf purchased considerable land and is now a prosperous farmer.

Will Next Heavyweight King be College Trained?

(*Continued from page* 11)

interest in you than I or any of your other three brothers put together."

Andy's oration penetrated deep into Steve's thoughts. His first fight was over and he had won. The old man was for him a hundred per cent. What more could he want? Steve combed his hair. An engaging smile swept over his yet boyish face.

"Thanks, Andy, I'll do my best."

"I know you will."

Deftly, young Hamas, the Penn State wildcat, climbed the heavyweight ladder. He hurled aside all obstacles in his path. He scored triumph after triumph, knock-out after knock-out. He fought in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. He met and defeated some of the best of the heavyweight crop.

"Wow," thought people. "Is this guy another Dempsey?"

Rival heavyweights reluctantly cleared the path for the youthful Penn State meteor. Twenty-seven consecutive scalps were appended to his belt. Then came his first bout with Loughran.

"You can beat him," confided Charley Harvey, his veteran manager. "Get to him early. Watch him. He's a sly old fox and one of the best in the game today. You'll never outbox him but you can beat him. You can knock him out."

Steve believed old Charley's words. He went out that night, early in the winter of 1932, and scored a technical knock-out decision over the wily, clever, Philadelphia heavyweight. After the battle, Steve was acclaimed as one of the strongest contenders for the heavyweight crown. But those publicity hounds weren't fooling Steve. Nor was Charley Harvey.

* * *

STEVE paused. He looked up from the pedestal he occupied. Then he looked down and shuddered. Far below him, he saw the heads of many other collegians who had attempted to put in a bid for the heavyweight crown, but who all failed. He saw that most of the collegians had been football players like himself. He saw that some had leg injuries, an ailment which he was still concealing.

He learned how they had started their climb up the ladder. He saw how they had faltered and toppled back. He saw the images of George Grafton of Notre Dame, Len Grant of New York University, Thomas (Pottsville) Jones of Bucknell, Sully Montgomery of Centre, Monty Munn of Nebraska, Swede Hanson of Temple, Tiny Roebuck, Joe Moran of Syracuse, and many others.

He also saw how chance and fate had robbed the late Al Lassman of a chance to win the heavyweight title. He saw how football had ruined Al's hopes of ever gaining the coveted honor.

No wonder, then, Steve shuddered and felt himself slipping the least bit. He steadied himself. He received comforting words from his manager. He knew that he must carry on, that he must "keep the faith."

Steve Hamas went into training for another bout. In preliminary training he slipped and twisted his leg. He winced with pain. His manager noticed it. Uncle Charley became alarmed.

"What's the matter, Stevie? Hurt yourself?" he asked.

"Naw, it's nothing; just twisted my leg. I'll be O.K. tomorrow."

Tomorrow came and Steve seemed in good shape. He left with his manager for Los Angeles to meet Lee Ramage, a promising West Coast boxer, who was creating quite a stir in boxing circles in that section of the country.

Steve and Lee met in the ring. After twelve rounds of hard fighting, the judges awarded the decision to Ramage. Hamas had lost his first professional bout.

Possessed of championship qualifications, Steve smiled and grabbed the hand of the man who was the first to get a verdict off him in twenty-eight fights. Then Steve limped out of the ring. Devoted Charley Harvey hobbled away in back of him, whispering comforting words in his ear. But Steve wasn't listening to those words. He was thinking of the injured leg and his thoughts drifted back to the days in the Penn State backfield.

* * *

STEVE has lost other fights since that first defeat. He met Loughran on three occasions following his first battle with Tommy and twice he was turned back. Once he was victorious. He lost a few other battles. Then he realized that it was high time for him to have something done about his knee.

He went to Charley Harvey one day and said compendiously:

"I need a knee operation, Charley, and right away."

Wise old Charley knew all about it all the time. He knew that Steve's progress had been impeded by that football knee. Steve had the operation performed and then he started another climb in his quest for the heavyweight throne. This time he made more progress until finally he was matched with Max Schmeling, the former world champion.

Andy came to his rescue again.

"Don't let this guy scare you, Stevie," he told him. "You can beat him. Give and take it like you've always done. We'll be there rooting for you."

Andy and three other Hamas brothers piled in the old family car early one afternoon, and headed for Convention Hall, Philadelphia. They were at the ringside when Steve made his appearance. Andy clutched his arm as he was about to climb into the ring.

"Win this one for the old man," he urged. "He's home, sick, you know. He wanted to come and we had to hire two nurses to keep him in bed. Now don't disappoint him."

Steve didn't. He gave the German fighter one of the few real thrashings of his career. He fought like a Dempsey. He threw rights and lefts with deadly effectiveness. He never faltered. He kept his underpinning. His legs didn't fail him. And when the final round ended, Andy heaved a sigh of relief.

"Gosh," he ejaculated, as he mopped his brow, "I thought those legs would go back on him, but I guess they are as good as ever now."

"Take that one home to the old man," waved Steve on his way to the dressing room. Old man Hamas was sitting up in bed when the four happy sons reached home. He wouldn't sleep until he heard the full account of the battle. Then he beamed with happiness.

* * *

TODAY, at twenty-six, Steve Hamas stands as much chance of winning the heavyweight crown as any of the others who seek the honor. He may or may not succeed, but he'll try. He may or may not have the confidence that he will win it, but the fact remains that, despite obstacles in his path, he has risen higher than any other college-trained boxer in the ranks of professional boxing.

If he is unsuccessful in his quest for the title, he can blame it on the fact that he played fullback at Penn State for three seasons. But Steve would never do that. Instead, he said to me:

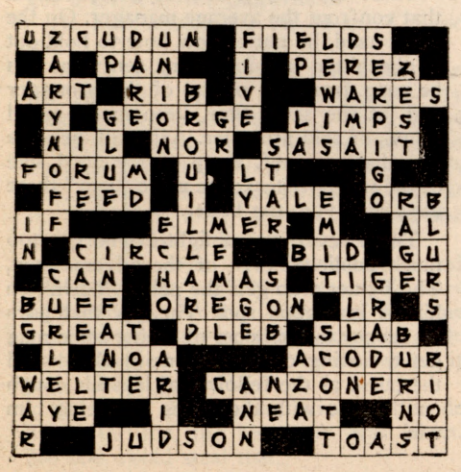
"I'll never regret playing college football. I'm glad I had the chance to play it. The associations, the contacts, and the hard knocks I received on the gridiron will always remain with me as some of my fondest memories.

"I'll never forget them. And I guess that if I were a kid again, ready to enter college with the knowledge that, after my college days, I would be a professional fighter, I'd still play football. It's a great game and a lot of great fellows play it."

That's the kind of boy Steve Hamas is. That's the picture of the boyish-looking fellow who is on the threshold of unlimited fame. That's the man who, some say, will be the coming heavyweight champion of the world. Others say he won't make it. No collegian has ever achieved the distinction before and Hamas won't be the first to break the hoodoo. Yet no one, handicapped like Steve, has climbed as high as Steve. Perhaps no collegian ever will. Perhaps Steve will not advance any farther.

Whether or not he does, the fact remains that Steve Hamas is a fighter, a true sportsman, and a prince of a fellow. In the eyes of one man, he'll always be the heavyweight champion of the world, whether or not he ever annexes the title. That man is "Old Man Hamas," father of the boy.

Answer to Puzzle on page 42



Meet the Manager

(*Continued from page* 39)

was far more interested in the future of his star lightweight, Willie Jackson, than in Tunney, who, to Bagley's way of thinking, was nothing more than a run-of-the-mill battler. And the day Tunney came in and offered Bagley five "grand" to release him from his contract, Doc jumped at the chance, and secretly patted himself on the back that that was the softest five thousand dollars he ever made.

The rest of the story is history, and today, poor Doc Bagley fills a second's role, and no doubt has shed many a tear of remorse at the way he let a coming heavyweight champion slip through his fingers. The lightweight, Jackson, slipped into obscurity without making one-fiftieth of what Tunney made later on.

Speaking of the bond of affection that sometimes springs up between manager and fighter, it was never more fully demonstrated than in the case of the Britt brothers, Jimmy and Willus. Jimmy was a crack lightweight a generation ago, fast as lightning, had a murderous punch, and came within a whisper of the title. And how Willus loved his kid brother! So much so that, when the punches began coming Jimmy's way, it took the combined efforts of a couple of seconds to keep Willus from jumping in and helping Jimmy out. Commendable loyalty.

* * *

A GLARING example of how Willus' madman tactics cost one of his fighters a heavyweight championship was conclusively demonstrated in the Jack Johnson-Stanley Ketchel fight. For eleven rounds, Johnson had cut and slashed the middleweight champion to ribbons, but Ketchel, tough as an old boot, kept coming in for more, all the while swinging terrific rights and lefts from off the floor, but without effect. However, it only stood to reason that eventually Steve would connect —and he did.

The twelfth round hove around and Ketchel, who had spent all afternoon trying to land one of his whistling rights, finally made connection, and Johnson dropped in his tracks with a thud that shook the arena to its foundation.

"You've got 'im, Steve. You've got 'im. Go get 'im. Go get 'im." Willus climbed on the ropes and shouted, begged, yelled, and shrieked, with all the pent-up fury of a raving maniac. He absolutely lost all sense of reason and judgment in his excitement.

As Johnson came up, face beaming with a smile, Ketchel rushed in headlong, intent only on knocking out the gigantic Negro. Johnson spread his feet, waited for the rush, and swung at the wide-open target with all the power at his command. The blow landed flush on Steve's mouth. That punch would have dropped a Texas steer, and it dropped Ketchel. He was dead to the world.

But if ever a fighter was a mark for a cool, collected puncher, that fighter was Johnson. If Willus had only kept his head, he could have had Ketchel take his time and cut Johnson down in a workmanlike manner. Proof enough that a manager's greatest asset is coolness under fire.

In direct contrast to Willus Britt was the calm, fatherly "Pa" Stribling, whose son, "Young" Stribling, was one of the South's greatest heavyweights until his untimely death a few months ago. No one can rightfully accuse "Pa" of causing his son to lose a fight through recklessly sending him on to "the kill." On the other hand, "Pa's" constant "Be careful now, watch your step, don't get hurt," probably cost him more victories than any other cause.

There are those who think that Stribling, under the management of anyone other than his father, would have been one of our greatest champions. I doubt it, though. Stribling's temperament was such that, under the yoke of some of our hard-boiled managers, his spirit would have been broken in short order. Really, I think Stribling, under the quiet, persuasive management of "Pa" and "Ma," went farther than he would have under anybody else. It just wasn't in the cards for Stribling to be a champion.

Another of our great managers was Leo P. Flynn, he of the ruddy complexion and bushy white mane. A great fellow was Flynn, and boxing lost one of its staunchest supporters when he went to his grave. Jack Dempsey thought so much of Flynn that he selected him to look after his affairs during the last battle with Tunney. Though Flynn failed to boost Jack back on top of the roost, he at least had the satisfaction of seeing his protégé lose in such a manner that there are thousands who will go to their graves convinced that Jack was jobbed out of a fairly earned knockout victory.

Flynn was a most prolific manager, having at times as many as fifty boys under his wing, and he had the necessary "connections" so that he was able to keep them busy most of the time.

Though boxing was his first thought, it was the game of golf that brought him to an immature death. Leo was past the fifty-year mark before he succumbed to the Scotch pastime. He then became such a "bug" that, within a year, he was shooting in the seventies. It was while enjoying his new-found game that he was thoroughly drenched by a sudden rain. Pneumonia set in, and a few days later he passed away.

* * *

CHARLEY HARVEY is one manager who specializes in the exhibition of English importations. Practically every Englishman who has come to this country with fistic ambitions has aligned himself with Sir Charles. The old boy has certainly had his share of the disappointments, especially with his crop of heavies, Tom Heeney probably coming the closest to Harvey's dream of a champion. He spent months trying to make a fighter out of Ted Sandwina, but failed. And the future for Harvey doesn't look any too bright, as far as uncovering an English heavyweight champion is concerned.

We could go on indefinitely, relating the deeds and misdeeds of this manager and that manager—men who piloted the various champions to the top, and men who piloted topnotchers to obscurity. For like all lines of endeavor, there are leeches and parasites galore in the managerial end of the game.

Here is one example of a bloodthirsty manager, and there are dozens, yes, hundreds, more of his type in circulation. This pair—the manager sleek, suave, and dressed like a fashion-plate; the fighter, once a "big timer," now a punch-drunk, battle-scarred human derelict—drifted into a mid-western city a few years ago.

The fighter, we will call him Frankie (though that's not his name), was fighting in the semi-windup of a local card. He took a beating that was a sin and a shame. The manager collected less than a hundred berries for the slaughter, and the pair moved on to the next battleground, where, on the strength of his former reputation, they could earn coffee and—money.

A few months ago, I ran across this same manager, now with another fellow in tow. He still dressed with the best of them, still smoked good cigars, and, to all intents and purposes, was getting along. When I inquired as to the whereabouts of Frankie, he merely shrugged and replied:

"Oh, that bum? I ditched him out in sunny California. He got to the point where he was so round-heeled he couldn't keep his beezer outa the resin any more. Fact is, I thought the bum was goin' nuts, so I sidetracked 'im."

The case interested me, so I set about to find out about the true condition of the fighter's physical status. I wasn't a bit surprised when I learned he was in an institution in California, hopelessly and violently insane—a victim of a greedy and blood-sucking manager.

Too bad the boxing commissions permit these boys with scrambled brains to continue to take beatings for the benefit of some greedy manager! It is only fair to state, however, that commission-ruled boxing is gradually weeding out this form of brutality. And the sooner the better.

* * *

TO the layman at the ringside, the job of manager appears to be about the "softest" thing conceivable. Certainly, it looks easier than the sight of a fighter taking a world of punishment. Yet, the manager drags down a third, and sometimes a half, of the fighter's purse. It does look easy, but at the same time it isn't a job that any mug can handle.

How many guys know how to train a fighter, perhaps change his style? How many would know what to feed him, and how much? How to pick flaws in the other guy's defense? How to eliminate flaws in his own fighter's defense? When to have his boy speed up and when to have him "coast"?

These are only a few of the problems that confront the average manager. On the other hand, he must know how to hold out to the bitter end for every cent that can be rung from the pocket of the promoter and, at the same time, keep in the good graces of said promoter. After all, he's the guy that pays off. Keep on the good side of the sportswriters; the more "copy" these guys give you, the better.

There never was a fighter who got too much publicity, even of the adverse sort. The fighter who gets the public "down" on him is in a good spot. The guy that pays his money in the hopes of seeing some mug get a licking contributes as much toward the purse as the fellow that lays his dough on the line with the hopes of seeing him win.

The Lost Idol

(*Continued from page* 17)

cast-iron statue—his fists were about the size of ordinary traveling bags—only caused Nick to shake his head, grin wider than ever, and plod onward to victory.

In the ninth, the tall, fair man, wobbly on his feet, efforts all centered on avoiding serious bodily harm, received a right to the stomach, followed by a left to the button. He flopped. Out!

"What did I tell you?" Nick was babbling to his manager as they entered the dressing room. "What did I tell you? Didn't I tell you our luck had turned?"

It had, too. Beating Jensen was only the beginning of a long string of triumphs. He won fight after fight. He even got a decision over Ned Barkley. And all because of that little Chinese image!

As was to be expected, Nick guarded the magic-working charm with great care. In the daytime, when he was out, he had it locked away securely in a suitcase. At night, before retiring, it was his custom to take it out and, placing it on dressing table or bureau, sit before it for a while in respectful, admiring contemplation. He had told no one about finding it; he kept the secret of its existence jealously to himself. It was the last thing he saw at night, the first thing he looked for in the morning.

The day following the Barkley fight, Nick signed a contract with a movie company. He was in his room, asleep, when Jake Horn burst in and ordered him to get up.

"Naw?" Nick, sitting up in bed, could not credit his ears. He thought his manager was fooling him. "What do they want me in pictures for? I ain't good-lookin' enough."

"I'll say you're not," Jake returned. "I guess they want you because you've got the sort of pan that audiences like to see getting flattened at the final fade-out. Hurry an' dress yourself."

Nick, who had always desired to be an actor and go to Hollywood, was out of bed in a jiffy. Pants on, he raced into the bathroom. Five minutes later, when he came out, Jake was seated at the window munching a piece of candy.

"Where'd you get the candy?" Nick inquired, pulling on a pink shirt.

"It was lyin' on your dresser."

"My dresser! I didn't have any candy."

"Well, that's where I got it. Look. I've got a bit left—it's peppermint."

He held it out—the top of the Chinese idol!

Nick's howl of anguish was audible on the sidewalk, fifteen stories below. "My lucky doll—you've eaten it." He grabbed the portion remaining from his astounded manager's fingers. Only the Chinaman's head and shoulders were left. He looked at it, and then, after another banshee-like wail, he socked Jake on the jaw.

Jake was "out" twenty minutes, and whilst he was "out" Nick wept salt tears of bitterness. So that was what Madame Lulu had meant—he would lose the little idol and yet he would know where it was. Inside Jake Horn!

But only the bottom part was inside Jake; the top, the best part, was intact. No one would steal that.

When Jake recovered consciousness, Nick was smacking his lips sadly over the remainder of the lucky idol.

In Hollywood they think Nick Cramer is a great guy. He is getting along swell in pictures.

"Never Another Gotch"

(*Continued from page* 21)

of grandeur, as they refer to such things today, about myself, then or now, and I know that if it hadn't been for Gotch the show never would have done what it did. When Frank signed with me, which he did personally, I agreed to the guarantee of $1,000 a week. Frazee and the others said later it was too much and wanted to cut it to seven-fifty, but rather than do that I said I would stand the difference.

"Gotch said he would wrestle with either Roller or Burns at every performance and in addition would meet all comers for the usual fifty dollars for anybody who could stay fifteen minutes. 'And that means ALL comers,' Frank told me, 'whether there's only one or ten of them.'

"And what a card he was! You see, I boxed only exhibitions with Sam Berger and others and it wasn't much work. But he just gloried in his part of it and did just what he said he would, often working far overtime by wrestling as many as three 'comers' at a performance. His stock of comedy was simply endless, and he delighted in making some of the yokels who didn't know a thing about wrestling look like champions by running away from them and creating the impression he was deathly afraid of them. Then suddenly, by a little trip or a yank at the wrist or elbow, he'd make them look extremely foolish.

"Several times he and I would take holds suddenly, much to the amazement and great delight of the crowds, and never before did I have an idea of what tremendous power he had and what an unlimited knowledge he had of every phase of the wrestling game. He could do more things and think of them quicker than any man I ever saw in any line of athletic endeavor.

* * *

"NOT alone was he versatile in his wrestling—he could box, too, don't forget—but he could adapt himself to any sort of company, could make a most interesting talk from the stage offhand, and could make more friends around a dinner table than any man I ever knew, and I've met some exceptionally high-class individuals. The Gotch personality and the Gotch smile made him a truly remarkable man.

"No man could be greater company around a training camp, and I never saw his equal in keeping up people's spirits and courage. He was continually kidding and once this came near bringing disaster to the show.

"Things got so good after the first week that I decided to hire a private car and carry the troupe about the country strictly first cabin. Plenty of dog, eh? Gotch loved to kid Sam Berger, who was a very dressy chap and proud of his manly form and good looks. Frank put it on a little too strong one night, and hot words followed. In fact they were near to blows, or at least Berger was.

"'I'll lick him right now!' Berger told me, and I saw he was going to try it.

"That needed some squaring, and I told Sam how foolish he was and especially in the narrow confines of the car. 'You might hit him once,' I told Sam, 'but after he gets one hold on you, he'll tear you into bits.'

"Sam hadn't thought of that and quickly cooled down. And it would have been a shame, too, for Gotch was like a cat in his movements and would have been a mighty bad man in a free-for-all. I happen to know something about the rough and tumble stuff and I wouldn't have cared a bit myself for any part of Mr. Frank Gotch at that style of going."

And the above may impress upon the modern-day wrestling fan something of the character and general worth of the once mighty champion of the mat as told by a once mighty champion of the ring.

Mat World News

(*Continued from page* 25)

men there at present are Kola Kwariani, the Russian Cossack; Jim Savage, Chicago heavy; Bert Assirati; and Atholl Oakeley. The last named two are the leading two Englishmen, and both claim the title. There is no ruling commission for wrestling here, so it's up to the public to think who's the best, because it is an impossibility to get both men to meet.

WITH THE BEHEMOTHS

Matros Kirilenko is a graduate of an engineering school in Russia . . . . Frank Speers was an All-American football player with Georgia Tech in 1928 . . . . Dr. Karl Sarpolis specializes in the flying scissors, a very dangerous hold . . . . Lou Plummer was disqualified in Houston for using brass knuckles concealed beneath bandages . . . . Chief Chewchki, although the wildest and roughest grappler while in the ring, is really a very meek individual when off the mat . . . . Milo Steinborn's real name is Henry Steinbach . . . . That limp of his is due to an accident suffered when he was performing strong man stunts on the stage.

Ohio fans have seen a new giant of the mat in Farmer O'Dell . . . . The "Farmer" is bewhiskered and carries 285 pounds on his six-foot-seven-inch frame . . . . George Zaharias, the Greek Demon from Pueblo, Colorado, although one of the roughest wrestlers, has the nickname of Cry-Baby, because he has been known to break down and bawl . . . . Jack Curley was tendered a dinner in honor of his forty years of service in sports . . . . Foreign countries are becoming more and more conscious of wrestling . . . . Argentina proved to be a lucrative field for Wladek Zbyszko, Carol Nowina Zbyszko, Einar Johansen, Herbie Freeman, Renato Gardini, Andres Castano, Martin Zikoff, and several other U. S. matmen . . . . In Hawaii, a crowd of 6,500 saw "Rubberman" Higami pin Herb Parks for the Canadian light-heavyweight championship, with Higami's favorite hold, the Japanese bar arm lock.

Strangler's Dad

(Continued from page 20)

Milwaukee, not far from the home town of the Friedrichs. At the conclusion of the match, Lewis, as winner, was asked to say a few words over the "mike." After the usual "I'm glad I won but I had to beat a good man tonight," etc., etc., Lewis wound up by saying quietly: "Hello, mother; hello, dad; how are you?"

The old man, listening comfortably in his easy chair 'way up in Nekoosa, leaped to his feet and waving his arms wildly, yelled: "Hello, Bop, hello, my Bop, how are you?"

One of the coal dealers of the little town had been missing some of his stuff from time to time and couldn't locate the thief despite all of his watching. So he complained to Sheriff Friedrich, who promised to get quick action. And he did.

Three nights later he hauled in a man who lived on the outskirts.

"Here's the feller what's been taking your coal," he said simply. The man admitted it.

"How did you do it?" asked the mystified coal man. But the sheriff would not say, simply passing it off by remarking that he was a good detective along with his other attainments.

The truth did not come out for a long time afterwards. Then it was found that the night before he caught the thief, it had snowed and the purloiner had left a plain track from the coal yard to his shack!

Baer, Throwback to Dempsey

(Continued from page 3)

ropes to get away from me,' said Levinsky.

"Somebody told Baer what Levinsky had said, or was supposed to have said. Max boiled over. 'So he'll make me jump out the ring, eh?' he snorted. 'Just for that I'll give him the worst beating of his life.'

"When the fight came off, Baer went to work on Levinsky right off the bat, and after three or four rounds, it looked like Levinsky was going to be flattened. But when they got into a clinch about the fifth round, Baer said to him: 'Don't worry, I'm not going to let you off so easy as to knock you out now. I'm going to make you stick around and then knock you out in the twentieth round.'

"So Max eased up and clowned around and then tried to finish Levinsky in the twentieth round. He couldn't do it, so Levinsky had the laugh on him at that. But I'm just telling you this to show you what kind of a guy Baer is. Nobody ever knows what he will do next. I don't think he knows himself."

* * *

I DON'T know how true Lenny's story may be. That is not the point. The thing is that Lenny's tale, whether it be authentic or not, is a pretty good side light on Baer. It is the sort of thing he would do, whether he really did it or not. He is that kind of a guy, always willing to gamble.

Remember Baer's fight with Schmeling? Remember how Baer walloped the Black Uhlan around in the first round? How he then eased up and for several rounds seemed to have lost interest in the proceedings and to be on the way to defeat, in spite of his great start? How he suddenly broke out in another terrific burst of slugging and kept going until he flattened Schmeling?

Baer loves the spectacular. Even before he was generally recognized as a coming fighter outside of California, he was a bizarre figure in Los Angeles, where bizarre figures are common. Max used to ride around in an expensive automobile with a chauffeur uniformed like a Russian general in the old days. Max never is at a loss for some way to attract attention to himself.

Baer's love affairs have filled many a newspaper column and probably will fill many another. Some one has referred to him as a tin-eared Casanova.

* * *

IN a way Baer's outstanding achievement has been his success as a movie actor. His work in *The Prize Fighter and the Lady* received the praise of all. For a time it seemed that he might desert the ring for a movie career, so great was the popular reaction to his screen work.

Since making that picture, Baer seems to have tried to live up to the rôle of wastrel he played in it. Even a tolerant man like Dempsey, who has been through the mill himself, has registered alarm at Max's way of living. But he, himself, is not worried about his fight with Carnera.

"I have plenty of time to get in shape to lick that big bozo," was his stock answer to all remonstrances. "I'm a real fighter, Carnera is just a big guy who was pushed into the heavyweight championship. I'll push him out and take a lot of satisfaction doing it.

"Don't worry about me. I'll be in shape. And when I come back to California, I'll come back as champion. I'll come back as champion or not at all."

Whether Baer wins the title or not, it is a safe bet there will be some spectacular doings when he goes to war with Ponderous Primo. Everybody will have some fun, but probably Baer will have more than any one else.

Life is one long laugh to the Livermore Larruper, win, lose or draw.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 34)

George Gardiner. But the Dixie Kid was under the welter limit of 145 pounds at the time he met Walcott. He scaled 138 pounds to 144½ by the champion.

The bout lasted the limit of twenty rounds and the decision against Walcott was rendered near the close of the last round, the disqualification being on the ground of continual hitting on the breakaway by the champion. The articles of agreement called for clean breaks, and Walcott had been warned frequently by the referee, a man named "Duck" Sullivan. Walcott evidently tried to land a foul blow on the break in the twentieth round, and Sullivan gave the decision to the Dixie Kid.

Shortly after that bout, the Dixie Kid came East and fought in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other eastern cities, but soon returned to the Coast and remained idle for three years. However, he resumed his career and "came back" without any trouble. Then he came to New York, and his performances stamped him as a pugilist of the first rank.

As showing the courage of the Kid, he twice tackled that formidable Queensberry battleship, Sam Langford, and twice took the count, once in five rounds and again in three.

But the Kid showed his class by fighting draws with middleweight boxers like Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Young Peter Jackson, and Larry Temple, and beating a lot of fellows much heavier than himself.

The Kid was born in Fulton, Mo., on December 23, 1883. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, fought at 140 to 145 pounds, and in general appearance looked much like Jack Blackburn.

The Dixie Kid's favorite punch was a short right uppercut to the chin delivered after a left hook or left swing had missed. Sam Langford and Jack Johnson also used the blow and knocked out many men with it. Other blows favored by the Dixie Kid were a left jab, a good left hook, and a right hook.

His favorite method was to stick out his head to invite a left hook or swing, and then, drawing back, let the blow graze his nose. When his opponent was for an instant off his balance, he would bring his right up about eight or ten inches in a powerful blow right under the chin.

With that blow the Kid knocked dozens of them down and a score of them out for ten seconds. When he won the title he had a record of sixty-eight battles with thirty-seven knock-outs. Like Walcott, Johnson, Gans, and Langford, he did his best fighting by countering, not leading.

Philanthropists

(Continued from page 14)

out his bankroll and holding it up to view.

"You're on," said Dick as he opened the door to the backroom and let the rats out of the bag.

When Tracey and his friends saw the swarm of rodents scampering all over the floor there was a panic. Tracey jumped on a table first roaring like a wild bull and finally leaped out of one of the windows as if the devil were after him.

Law laughed himself almost into apoplexy, as he handed Dick a hundred dollar bill. Law then ordered a basket of wine to celebrate the merry hullabaloo while Dick recaptured and bagged the rats again with his usual uncanny skill.

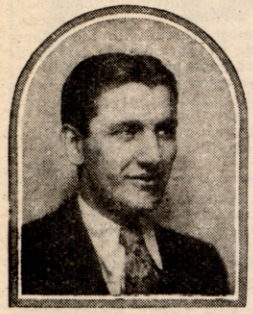
About two hours after, Tracey suddenly pushed in the front door of his saloon. His wicked eyes were wildly gleaming as he fired two shots at the rat catcher without uttering a word, and fortunately without hitting any one.

"What the h——l do you mean?" roared Law to the enraged man. "Put your gun away and come in and have a glass of wine with us. Can't you take a joke, Billy?"

Tracey quickly cooled down under Law's orders, but declared he couldn't see the joke, which might have ended in a tragedy if Law had not interfered so promptly.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



THOUGH action was limited in New York due to the Garden being occupied for other purposes, there was plenty of fighting activity around the country last month. Maxie Rosenbloom was a participant in several bouts. Maxey was beaten in an overweight match by Clyde Chastain in the West, and fought two other contests, while King Levinsky, another headliner, showed his mastery over Lee Ramage on the Pacific Coast. Barney Ross outpointed Bobby Pacho, and Young Jack Peterson kayoed one of the outstanding welterweights, Cerefina Garcia, in three rounds. Peculiarly, all of the above matches took place in the West. Marcel Thil, recognized middleweight champion, gained the European light-heavyweight title when he won from Martinez De Alfara on a foul in thirteen rounds.

In the heavyweight section, several important bouts were staged. Levinsky headed the list with his victory over Ramage. Red Barry scored over Les Kennedy and Freddy Fiducia. Charley Massare outpointed Eddie Simms and Yustin Sirutis. Simms kayoed Henry Gerken in four rounds. Patsy Perroni returned to action with a one-round knock-out over Big Boy Rawson. Rawson was also beaten by K. O. Christner, who kayoed George Gemas in three rounds. Jack Van Noy won over Hans Birkie. Abie Feldman whipped Vittorio Livan. Larry Gains disposed of Bert Casimir in one round and Harry Crossley in seven.

Natie Brown whipped Marty Gallagher and Al Stillman. Battling Bozo was whipped by George Pavlick and was tossed out of the ring with Tony Galento in one round. Buck Everett scored over Babe Hunt. Larry Johnson defeated Al Ettore. Dick Madden whipped Jack McCarthy. Tiger Jack Fox drew with Leon Chevalier. Salvatore Ruggirello kayoed Barney Baker in two rounds but was beaten by Eddie Mader. Jack Doyle kayoed Frank Borrington in the first round. Bob Tow scored over Tony Cancela. Jack Casey won on a foul from Charley Belanger in seven rounds. Frank Wotanski drew with Harry Fuller.

Besides losing to Chastain, Rosenbloom, leader in the light-heavyweight division, whipped Leroy Brown and Johnny Miler. Brown whipped Jackie Gibbs. Joe Knight drew with Buck Everett and won over Eddie Houghton. Bob Godwin defeated Johnny Risko and Don Conn and drew with Mickey Walker. Walker whipped Tom Patrick and kayoed Maxie Maxwell in five rounds. Len Harvey won on a foul from Jimmy Tarante in five rounds. Lou Brouillard won from Bob Olin. Ambrose Palmer whipped Marty Sampson. Buck Tracey defeated Al Rodriguez. Trader Horn whipped Harry Allen and was kayoed by Al Gainer in four rounds. Tait Littman stopped Kid Leonard in the tenth round. George Nichols won over Mickey Dugan. Harry English kayoed Gene Stanton in five rounds. Benny Miller disposed of Billy Donahue in the seventh session. Adolf Heuser scored over Czichos in Europe. Dave Maier disposed of Bob Putney in four rounds. Joe Jordan finished Joe Banovic in three rounds. Izzy Singer drew with Johnny Nelson, while Larry Udell won over Jack Payne.

Marcel Thil, king of the middleweights, won on a foul from Martinez De Alfara in thirteen rounds. Vince Dundee whipped Al McCoy and stopped Matt Rice in eight rounds. Teddy Yarosz, the outstanding American middleweight, whipped Ben Jeby and Tommy Rios. Ken Overlin scored over Rios and Billy Ketchell. Young Terry defeated Charley Hernandez. Kid Leonard kayoed Jackie Purvis in two rounds. Frank Battaglia disposed of Larry Udell in five rounds. Rene De Vos won from Rolando in Paris. Sammy Slaughter defeated Allen Matthews. Alabama Kid kayoed Roughhouse Glover in one round and Roscoe Manning in five, and whipped Billy Holt. Jack Rosenberg was beaten by Frank Fullam and Tony Brescia. Al Salbano kayoed Ralph Chong in one round. Anson Green disposed of Al Rossi in one round, while Mel Coleman finished Laurie Peppin in the tenth. Clem White won over Kid Brown, Chick Scruggs, and Tommy Payne.

Headliners in the welterweight division remained inactive. Harry Dublinsky led the active ones with a six-round kayo over Frankie Carlton and a victory over Ritchie Mack. Mack whipped Kid Azteca and Tracey Cox but was beaten by Ervin Berlier. Berlier was flattened in one round by Chino Alvarez. Baby Joe Gans won from Billy Neiheisel. Jackie Davis drew with Billy Bridges, defeated Buster Brown, and won on a foul from Werther Arcelli in eight rounds. Mickey Serrian defeated Steve Haliako. Meyer Grace won over Frankie Hughes but was stopped by Johnny Lucas in nine rounds. Tony Falco whipped Jimmy Brady, stopped Phil Rafferty in five rounds, and lost to Pete Nebo. Nebo was beaten by Lew Raymond, and Raymond lost to Jimmy Leto. Rafferty whipped Patsy Pasculli. Billy Tounsend won on a foul from Ralph Lenny in seven rounds.

Young Firpo whipped Frankie Petrolle and Toots Bashara. Tony Rock stopped Petey Gulotta in three rounds but lost to Tommy Romano. Pat Igo won over Bucky Jones but was beaten by Wildcat O'Connor. Billy McMahon scored over Joe Rossi. Lope Tenorio whipped Simon Nebolsky but lost to Ray Kiser. Sammy Mandell drew with Archie Kovich and stopped Chico Vasquez. Andy Di Vodi lost to Joey Speigal and Cocoa Kid. Cocoa Kid was whipped by Joey Ferrando. Johnny O'Keefe defeated Jimmy Evans. Teddy Loder scored over Frankie Cinque and Petey Gulotta.

Barney Ross, head of the lightweight class, defeated Bobby Pacho. Young Peter Jackson disposed of Cerefino Garcia in three rounds. Cleto Locatelli whipped Eddie Cool. Benny Bass kayoed Jimmy Leto in three rounds. Sammy Fuller won over Harry Carlton. Lew Ambers kayoed Eddie Dempsey in three rounds. Jimmy Kelso was beaten by Wesley Ramey and Joe Ghnouly in Australia. Kid Chocolate whipped Frankie Wallace. Johnny Jadick scored over Charley Bedami. Lew Feldman defeated Jimmy Vaughn. Frankie Marchese was beaten by Joey Costa and Bushy Graham. Al Cuillo defeated George Riley. Jimmy Walsh whipped Harry Mizler, England's lightweight champion. Tony Morgano scored over Eddie Shea. Eddie Zivic stopped Joey Ponce in eight rounds. Harry Serody kayoed Joe Glick in nine rounds. Paul Junior whipped Johnny Craven. Johnny Bonito scored over Danny London and Jack Di Santis.

Freddy Miller, the foremost featherweight of the world, the title-holder of the N. B. A., leads the featherweight group with victories over Moon Mullins and Jackie Sharkey. Miller is now the outstanding figure in the division. Sharkey scored over Sammy Levine. Georgie Hansford scored over Frankie Wallace. Mike Belloise drew with Petey Hayes. Mose Butch kayoed Joe Elrene in three rounds and Jimmy Gilligan in seven. Petey Sarron scored over Ray Schneider. Johnny Pena disposed of Benny Gallup in eight rounds. Bucky Burton defeated Johnny Farr. Herb Bishop whipped Varias Milling in Australia. Al Roth drew with Roger Bernard and disposed of Pete De Grasse in seven rounds. Frankie Covelli defeated Jack Rose and Charley Von Reeden. Orville Drouillard won from Ernie Mauer. Pinto De Sa kayoed Atilio Laffredo in South America. Harry Fierro whipped Bobby O'Dowd. Julie Katz won over Joe Giglio and Heinie Wolfe.

Al Brown, bantamweight champion, defeated Kid Francis and kayoed Dubois in two rounds. Francis won from Maurice Huguenin. Lew Farber defeated Gene Espinoza and scored a one-round knock-out over him. Young Tommy disposed of Cunning Nene in nine rounds. Star Frisco won over Ron Leonard. Darky Blandon, a great-looking prospect from Australia, whipped Speedy Dado and kayoed Dal Costa in seven rounds. Young Perez whipped Blazi. Petit Biquet defeated Domencio Bernasconi. Dick Corbett kayoed Jim Maharg in eleven rounds. Louis Salica won from Harry Bauman.

Among the flyweights, Valentin Anglemann won on a foul from George Batille in nine rounds. Ginger Foran kayoed Jimmy Knowles in twelve rounds. Mickey McGuire disposed of Jerry O'Neil in eleven sessions. Tommy Pardoe whipped Bert Kirby. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Rene Chalange in eight rounds. Percy Dexter defeated George Marsden. Ellis Ashurst scored over Charley Hazell. Herbie Hill won from Willie Smith.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Young Lemothe, Quebec, Canada.
Bantamweight—Antonio Santana, Cuba.
Featherweight—Leo Rodak, Chicago, Ill.
Lightweight—Al Traino, Rochester, N. Y.
Welterweight—Teddy Loder, New York City.
Middleweight—Harry Jacobs, Newark, N. J.
Light-heavyweight—Curley Klass, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Heavyweight—Fernand Laudrin, France.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

These are my ratings for the month ending April 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	Clyde Chastain	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Teddy Yarosz	Tony Herrera
3—Walter Neusel	Bob Godwin	Gorilla Jones	Eddie Kid Wolfe
4—Tommy Loughran	Len Harvey	Young Terry	Harry Dublinsky
5—King Levinsky	John Henry Lewis	Young Corbett	Baby Joe Gans
6—Art Lasky	Tony Shucco	Johnny Indrisano	Cerefino Garcia
7—Lee Ramage	Lou Brouillard	Fred Henneberry	Mickey Serrian
8—Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Frank Battaglia	Steve Haliako
9—Red Barry	Mickey Walker	Jimmy Smith	Jackie Davis
10—Charley Massare	Al Gainer	Ken Overlin	Werther Arcelli

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Frankie Klick	Seaman Watson	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
3—Young Peter Jackson	George Hansford	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
4—Cleto Locatelli	Baby Arizmendi	Young Tommy	Ginger Foran
5—Benny Bass	Jackie Wilson	Little Pancho	Mickey McGuire
6—Sammy Fuller	Frankie Wallace	Star Frisco	Tommy Pardoe
7—Lew Ambers	Petey Hayes	Darky Blandon	Maurice Huguenin
8—Jack Portney	Mike Belloise	Joe Tei Ken	Praxille Gyde
9—Wesley Ramey	Tommy Paul	Bobby Leitham	Percy Dexter
10—Eddie Cool	Mose Butch	Babe Triscaro	Ellis Ashurst

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

BEN ELDER got word from Al Camacho, who is in the Orient, of his recent activities. He lost to Kawata in his eastern debut on a foul. In his second fight, he lost to Natori. In his third appearance he won from Sato, knocking out the latter in the sixth round.

In the Camacho-Natori match, "Tiny" Tommy Muroda, also of the Island, lost via a technical knock-out in the second round.

Joe Velasco, Filipino lightweight, won the decision from Johnny Crismas, popular colored boy from the West Indies, in the main event of the monthly card offered by Promoter J. D. Duarte.

Lefty Lapinid beat Kayo Pagan . . . . Manuel Telles put away Perla in the third . . . . H. Tanaka won from Fighting Yangot.

The Hawaiian A. A. U. Boxing Committee sent six boys to the National Boxing Tournament in the United States. The following boys made the trip: Abe Konaaihele, flyweight; Raymond Maruko, bantamweight; Joe Oliveira and Ed Townsend, featherweights; William Alves, lightweight, and Joe Devore, welterweight.

Three alternates were also chosen: Gilbert Murakami, flyweight; Ed Yasui, bantamweight; and Melim Medeiros, welterweight.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ORVILLE DROUILLARD, Windsor featherweight, is the reigning sensation in this part of the country. The blond Canadian triumphed over Ernie Maurer, Detroit's pride, in the Arena Gardens ring, and in so doing made himself solid with Detroit fans. Drouillard's victory was clean and decisive, for at no time was little Ernie particularly dangerous.

Drouillard has shown wonderful improvement in the last year. He has developed from a crude swinger to a fighting machine with plenty of boxing skill. He is not an especially hard puncher, but is tireless in his fighting and if he is handled right, should develop into a topnotcher. Among the boys Drouillard has boxed in the past year are Frankie Wolfram, Pee Wee Gale, Wilbur Chevalier, Henry Gowatch, Georgie Van der Hayden, and Ken Offet.

Georgie Van der Hayden, Jimmy Brady's featherweight ace, returned to the wars in the semifinal, taking a hard-earned decision from U. S. Chocolate, the clever colored lad. Chocolate dropped Georgie in the fourth round.

Manuel Cantera, the Mexican featherweight who is cutting quite a figure nowadays, floored Jimmy Crawford, colored Detroiter, twice in the last round to take an easy decision. Cantera has boxed nothing but four- and six-round bouts thus far, but he has won all of his bouts, and will be boxing star bouts in a short time.

Two four-round lightweight bouts opened the show. Charley Bochio of Detroit whipped Frankie Pallo of Flint, and Tommy Meeking, Windsor, whipped his fellow townsman Harry Tyler.

The outstanding show of the month, so far as Frank Erne is concerned, was the return Thomas-Casson go at the Hazel Park Arena. These boys had met twice before, and this was the rubber match. Casson, the sorrel-topped Detroiter, showed good form in taking four of the six rounds from the state flyweight champion. A return bout between Thomas and Bobby Gignac is in order. Thomas beat Gignac the last time they met, but it was Bobby's first ten-rounder and only his fourth pro fight, and with the added experience he received in the last go, he figures to beat the Pontiac Negro when they meet again.

Harold Anthoney, Chuck Doris's middleweight, fought an uphill battle to earn a draw with Jack Avalon, veteran Detroiter in the semifinal. Many of those present thought Avalon won by a wide margin, but Anthoney took the last two rounds by wide margins, and in our opinion it was a good decision.

Cecil Lothery, Romeo, and Jimmy Crosby, Detroit, a pair of colored welters, furnished the fireworks in the main preliminary. Crosby dropped the Romeo mittster in the first round and had the better of the second also, but Lothery turned the tide in the third and flattened Jimmy in the fourth with a neat right hook.

Joe Bolenda, Wilbur Chevalier's Bay City featherweight, came from behind to wallop Jimmy Crawford, Detroit Negro, in another six-rounder. Crawford took the first three rounds, but what Joe didn't do to Crawford in the last three is nobody's business. He dropped Jimmy five times in the last round. Georgie Bond and Red Russell, a pair of Detroit feathers, slugged it out in the four-round opener.

There are quite a few good prospects in the featherweight class in Michigan at this writing. Manuel Cantera, Georgie Van der Hayden, and U. S. Chocolate are Detroiters who show plenty of promise. Joe Bolenda of Bay City is a nice fighter, and he is in good hands. He has had about five pro fights, and while he has not won them all, he will bear watching. Foster Young, Jack Rosenbaum's Lansing star, has beaten some good boys in his short career, and will be heard from before long. Ivan Harburn, Flint's former amateur star, has done well since joining the pro ranks, as has Georgie Quackenbush of Grand Rapids.

Kid Stevens continues to be the rage in Alpena. This promising welterweight youngster has topped the last five cards at the northern town. Stevens took the measure of Maxie Kadin of Toronto and Tommy Meeking of Windsor in the headline shows there during the month. Gerard Campbell is making the matches at Alpena, and they are drawing good houses. Panama Kid Cooley, another Alpena ace, whipped Frankie Pallo of Flint in the semifinal of the Kadin show. Ernie Dequoy, Alpena, beat Steve Morgan, Detroit, in the main preliminary. Joey Skibo drew with Jackie Pitts, and Bernie Roznowski beat Pep Neidbela in other bouts. Whitey Walchek and Greek Bouradage, a pair of eighty-pounders, thrilled the crowd with their exhibition, which was about even.

Andy Ness and Freddy Hoffman, proprietors of the Park American Gym in Kalamazoo, are doing the business of the following Kalamazoo fighters: Neil Kilbane, middleweight; Ade Lemmer and Johnny Hourt, welterweights; Chick Watson and Bud Getz, heavyweights; and Len Hendrickson and Dario Mareno, featherweights.

Speedy Johnson, flashy Pontiac featherweight, whipped "Shake" LePoirs, Port Huron's best bet, in one of the Marine City feature bouts. Cullen of Algonac has been running weekly shows there. George Kid Stevens trounced Tommy Meeking handily in an Alpena show. Larry Mansfield, Detroit 115-pounder, electrified Alpena fans with the way he polished off Jackie Pitts in a preliminary. Mansfield kayoed his opponent in forty seconds of the first round. Larry was a participant in the *Free Press* Golden Glove tourney in 1933 and one of his feats was to defeat the clever little Mickey Ryan.

Panama Kid Cooley flattened Johnny Adams of Cincinnati in the third round of another preliminary. Johnny McKay beat Leo Keller, and Putty Stoppa drew with George Lixie in other preliminaries. Joe Sherman, eighty, and Whitey Walchek, seventy-eight, two Alpena lads, went at it tooth and nail, Sherman having a shade.

Boxing has folded up in and around Lansing.

Willie Kittrell, a dashing featherweight, will be in Michigan for the outdoor season. This colored lad, who is piloted by Joe Swartz of Yonkers, has knocked out Johnny Fitzpatrick, Frankie Marchesse, Mauro Del Reyes, and Murry Fuchs, and beaten Steve Smith, Jimmy Batchelor, Joe Belair, Jack Terrenove, and Jackie Farrell. In all he has had twenty-five fights, winning all but one, being held to a draw by Georgie Riley of Detroit. Kid Chocolate refused $1,000 to box Willie. He challenges Johnny Mitchell, Tony Tassi, Georgie Riley, or any other featherweight in Michigan. Any matchmaker who wants to make these matches can get in touch with Swartz through the writer at Route 3, Deckerville, Mich.

In a Hazel Park wind-up, Harry Fine outlasted Maxie Kadin of Toronto and copped the decision. Speedy Johnson handed a terrific shellacking to Tommy Potento in the semifinal. Cecil Lothery whipped Arnold Douillard of Windsor in another sixer. Eddie Plant, Windsor lightweight, licked Otto Worth, Detroit, in the first six-round bout. Worth had beaten Plant in a previous bout, but Eddie was easily the better man this time.

I am still furnishing lists of boxing promoters in Michigan at twenty-five cents apiece. I also have lists of the wrestling promoters at the same price. These lists contain all the promoters in Michigan, and no manager, fighter, or wrestler should be without them. Address Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Deckerville, Mich.

Jimmy Rankin is getting to be quite a favorite at Mt. Clemens. He boxed the main go in two shows there last month. Rankin took the nod over Walt Pasiuk of Detroit in the first show. Sammy Chivas, Detroit lightweight, made an auspicious professional debut in beating Jackie Young in six frames. Sylvester Burgess, Richmond middleweight, took Frank Roberts in four rounds.

George Sutka, hard-working Wyandotte middleweight, kayoed Jack Avalon in the fourth heat at Hazel Park. Eddie Plant beat Billy Bryce, a Detroit lightweight, in six rounds, and Frank Wardick and Johnny Greb knocked out Johnny and Paul Kesak in other preliminaries.

Lou Hendler beat Cecil Lothery, and Speedy Johnson whipped Tommy Potento at Mt. Clemens.

Mickey Misko, the classy Saginaw middleweight, is still doing well around Milwaukee. Mickey lost a six-round decision to George Black, Saginaw. Sammy Chivas is nobody's ham-and-egger.

Sammy won by a T.K.O. over Ed Plant on the last card at Mt. Clemens. Sammy won a lot of titles in the amateurs and it looks like he will do likewise in the pro ranks. Jimmy Rankin stopped Red Russell; Toots Hornsby, Port Huron welter, stopped Red Lemanski; and Victor Kacker beat Jack Stack in other bouts on the card.

Johnny Miler, young Detroit light-heavyweight, made a great fight against Maxie Rosenbloom in New Orleans but lost the decision.

Bay City has not had any professional boxing for some time, but the amateur sport is more than filling the bill.

George Kid Stevens, the Alpena sensation, easily defeated Kid Burns of Windsor on the latest card at Alpena. Harold Anthoney of Detroit stopped Maxie Kadin, a good Toronto boy, in the fifth of a scheduled six-round bout. Tommy Meeking vanquished Kid Cooley; Joe Skiba drew with Jack Pitts; Norm McDonnel drew with Jack McKay, and George Lixie beat Bennie Roznowski.

Sammy Chivas, the former amateur star from Detroit, continued his winning way by stopping Billy Bryce in round four at Mt. Clemens. This Greek youngster will be heard from. Jack Avalon beat Cecil Lothery, and Toots Hornsby beat Buster Jackson in six-round bouts.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

BOXING in Texas was given a jolt that it won't soon get over when lightweight champion Barney Ross took a runout on Tony Herrera. Ross was scheduled to meet Herrera for the rather synthetic 140-pound title in Fort Worth on April 20. Local fistic followers have long felt that Tony was deserving of a championship shop and were all steamed up over the prospect of seeing him get that chance. Naturally that "bad ear" thing didn't go over so well with them, especially following the announcement that Ross was to meet McLarnin soon.

Dandy Dick Griffin, popular Fort Worth promoter, didn't stop taking 'em on the chin when he hung up his gloves. Dick fought valiantly for the passage of the present boxing bill, and every real fight fan in the state deeply resented seeing him left holding the bag. With about $10,000 in advance sales already in, the show figured to draw above $20,000, giving Griffin something to show for his efforts for the game. Needless to say, it's pretty tough to have to hand back that much money.

Ritchie Mack stepped out and showed the boys that he was really a new threat in the welter ranks, handing out plain and fancy beatings to Kid Azteca and Tracy Cox. However, he dropped a disputed decision to southpaw Irvin Berlier.

George Salvadore is proving quite convincingly that perpetual motion is not only possible but most successful in this business of winning fights and pleasing customers. He has yet to be defeated in a Texas ring. Pat Murphy, slugging little Mick from Indiana, has given him his stiffest opposition. In three meetings, Salvadore was winner once and the other two were draws. And what fights they were!

Midget Mexico looked good in trouncing Cowboy Eddie Anderson and Frankie Graham. Mexico is a hard boy to beat.

Al Salbano kayoed Ralph Chong in the first round, drew and won from Gus Campbell, and dropped one to Don LaRue. LaRue also beat Babe Kiser.

Tracy (the hammer) Cox, seems to be able to flatten any one he can hit. He made a big hit in San Antonio by scoring three sensational one-round knock-outs, Cecil Lozada, Jack Gagnon, and Manuel Zermanio being the victims.

Cullen Williams won the state lightweight title, taking a fifteen-round decision from Ray Calamira.

Duke Tramel, he of the old iron fist, is back in the harness after a long illness. Better than ever it seems, as he flattened Marlin Owens and Billy O'Brien in his first two starts.

In one of the most sensational fights seen in Houston in years, Bob Davey, Johnny Thompson's socking heavyweight, got a technical knock-out over Champ Clark, 1933 all-Navy champion, after seven rounds of bitter milling.

Lou Beard, dynamic Fort Worth lightweight, settled an argument that has been of long duration among Houston fans by beating his arch rival, Louis Arriola, in a great scrap. It was the Mexican's first defeat in over a year.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—George Salvadore beat Gus Campbell; Willard Brown won over Manuel Castro; Wilson Dunn trounced Ed Dunaway and stopped Bobby Brown; Jay Ward beat Abe Charvez; Howard Scott kayoed Woody Windham in six.

Wild Bill McDowell has been winning consistently in San Antonio rings, beating Dell Hawkins and Jack Kay and flattening Joe Murray in one. He dropped a close one to Bobby Battilia after having Bobby on the deck three times. Manuel Luna K. O.'ed Tom Hill in three; Chick Sanchez beat Jose Torres; Mike Woolsey won over Young Sena; Kid Pancho beat Jay Conlon and stopped Ray Garza in three; Johnny Lacialle, promising Galveston lightweight, beat Bobby Cohan, K. O.'ed Sammy Alfano, and decisioned Johnny Lindsay. Lindsay drew with Chato Gonzales and lost to Bobby Murray; Soldier Strong beat Joe Murray; Henry Hook won over Bobby Calmas.

Frankie Graham settled his feud with Carlos Garcia by stopping the Mexican in seven rounds; Paul Lee beat Kid Williams; Jimmie Lacoume flattened Benny Greenfield in one; Babe Kiser K. O.'ed Mickey O'Brien in three; Popeye Huber K. O.'ed Bobby Gregory in four; Jimmie Dundee beat Billy Williamson; Jodie Cason beat Chico Alvarez; Mickey Gibbons drew with Bobby Burns.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—We believe selection of a state champion in each weight would help the boxing game in Texas wonderfully . . . . At present there are only two officially recognized: lightweight, held by Cullen Williams; and junior welterweight, held by Tony Herrera . . . .

Send your fight results to the writer at the *Houston Press.*

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the Garden idle so far as boxing was concerned owing to the invasion of the House That Tex Built by the Barnum and Bailey Circus, there was little worth while in the fistic sport in New York. Action was confined to the smaller clubs. The St. Nicholas Rink, Ridgewood Grove, and the Broadway Arena staged shows regularly but the turnouts were far from encouraging.

Prior to the advent of the circus, the *Daily News* staged its Intercity Golden Gloves tournament which attracted a capacity gathering. The fans turned in a total of $40,000 for the privilege of watching the Simonpures in action in the Golden Gloves finals and the Intercity match between New York and Chicago. New York gained the edge in the latter by winning nine matches out of sixteen. Bob Pastor, New York heavyweight, turned in the most brilliant feat of the night by winning from Otis Thomas.

Now that the summer season is approaching, the fans have plenty to look forward to with the coming of the Carnera-Baer bout and the match between Jimmy McLarnin and Barney Ross. Criticism directed at Pop Foster for keeping Jimmy in idleness evidently had some effect on his sensitive disposition and he will go after Bep Van Klaveren, providing Jimmy comes through the winner over Ross. Tradition and condition are against McLarnin in this bout and we look for Ross to come through the new welterweight champion by decision.

McLarnin will find out before the bout is over that constant fighting is the best conditioner in the world, and his fifteen months' absence from the ring will be a great handicap to overcome. At the same time, we are publicly selecting Carnera to retain his crown against the onslaughts of Baer, who will have public sentiment riding with him to a great degree.

One of the greatest fights between featherweights seen in years was the meeting between Mike Belloise, the willowy spider from the Bronx, and Petey Hayes, the perpetual fighting machine from Brooklyn, which ended in a draw after ten of the most furious rounds seen in these parts. It was a fight that taxed the strength of both boys to the limit, and the crowd at the St. Nicks were given plenty of opportunity to exercise their vocal cords. Hayes fought a relentlessly aggressive and determined battle and carried the fight all the way.

Belloise, with his ringcraft and skill, landed the cleaner blows and his work was impressive. But, summing the entire situation, Hayes deserved the credit for his courage and forcing the fight. Phil Rafferty scored decisively over Patsy Pasculli in the eight-round semifinal. Louis Salica had no trouble against Harry Bauman, while Julie Katz outscored Henie Wolfe, kid brother of Eddie Kid Wolfe, in another stirring six-rounder. Charley Miller defeated Caspar La Rosa in the opening bout.

The Milk Fund has been declared in for ten per cent of the proceeds coming from the Carnera and Baer encounter and this investment will probably insure a good-sized profit for the Madison Square Garden Corporation. The power of the press will be shown to good advantage as the Hearst papers work unceasingly to put over any venture with which they are identified. The ten per cent is donated to a worthy charity, and the added publicity which the match will receive will also aid boxing considerably.

It's been so long since sport writers devoted any space to boxing that it is a foregone conclusion that they will tax their energy to the *nth* degree to put over this affair for Mrs. Hearst and her worthy cause. If Carnera ever gets loose from the entanglement of mismanagement of his affairs, he will be eliminated from a welcome headache. If ever a man butchered the career and prospects of a heavyweight champion, he could not have excelled the work that Louis Sereci executed with Carnera.

Billy McMahon, making one of his periodical comebacks, whipped Joe Rossi in a slashing ten-rounder at the St. Nicks. McMahon has laid off for nearly a year but has a good following and could better his prospects if he remained more active. Tony Brescia scored an upset when he trimmed Jack Rosenberg in the semifinal. This Brescia is a strong youngster and will most likely make himself felt in local middleweight circles this year.

Abe Wasserman was credited with a technical knock-out over Sylvestra Matacena in the fourth round of a scheduled six. Teddy Loder headed the card at the Broadway Arena and defeated Frankie Cinque in the final eight. Danny Levine won from Bobby Bruno, while Frankie Kid Bruno whipped Spagett De Caro. Al Cuillo, protege of Murray Waxman, turned in a good victory by whipping George Riley, scoring two knockdowns. Cuillo's only handicap is being a good southpaw and that is something to contend with.

Charley Von Reeden, one of the entrants to the local featherweight tournament which should be called "Tournament of the Outcasts," sends along clippings from Washington where he was deprived of the verdict in his bout with Frankie Covelli. The commission has handled this affair tactlessly and without the slightest semblance of thought. Instead of gathering together the most formidable featherweights in the country and pitting them with each other, it has brought together a group of preliminary fighters, or others who have bad styles and find it difficult to secure matches, and paired them in stupid fashion. Matches that ordinarily would not be used for prelims by any club are being used as star attractions as part of the tourney. The commission is making itself ridiculous as usual and there is really no necessity for it.

Phil Rafferty received a tough break when his bout with Tony Falco was halted in the fifth round at the St. Nicks because of a badly cut eye. Rafferty has been fighting in good form and a good showing against Falco would have put him over locally. He did not necessarily have to defeat Falco to maintain his prestige and the unfortunate injury to his eye will set him back for a while.

Harry Baron whipped Pedro Nieves; Leonard Del Genio disposed of Johnny Matuskos in two rounds, while Johnny Erickson made a successful comeback when he kayoed Fred Sulante in four rounds.

Louis Camps, who won the featherweight Golden Gloves title this year, was given a swell send-off by his manager, Harry Hodges. Harry did things in first-class style and staged a dinner at the Hollywood Restaurant celebrating Camps's entry in the professional ranks. Several hundred friends of Camps were invited and it is hoped that Camps lives up to the expectations of his friends who attended the festivities.

Kid Chocolate staged a successful return to the ring when he whipped Frankie Wallace in Frisco. Fighting as a lightweight, Chocolate hopes to show the form he was capable of in the featherweight division. Charley Massare got through with Yustin Sirutis at the Ridgewood Grove on a Saturday and went to Cleveland to meet Eddie Simms three days later. He won both fights but in the Simms encounter suffered a deep gash on his forehead in the first ten seconds of the bout. The blood covered his face and it was almost impossible for him to see, but he went through the ten rounds and proved too strong and rugged for Simms at the finish. The last round was sensationally fought and they exchanged blows for about fifteen seconds after the final bell sounded. The two judges disagreed, but Referee Johnny Kilbane's decision gave Massare the victory. Lew Feldman easily outpointed Jimmy Vaughn while George Nichols proved too smart for Mickey Dugan in other ten-rounders. Dugan looked very promising.

King Levinsky gave the Pacific Coast fans an opportunity of seeing him in action and in a ten-round bout showed that he was too good for Lee Ramage, a native son. Levinsky was given a guarantee and the house was a complete sell-out. Tom Gallery has been giving the Los Angeles patrons some high-class entertainment and has played to near capacity in his last five shows. If California can give the fans the bouts they like, what's the matter with the East?

Cleto Locatelli made another appearance in Philadelphia and proved his mastery over Eddie Cool. It was another all-star card arranged by Phil Glassman at the Arena, consisting of four ten-rounders, and though the card was good, the receipts were insufficient to cover expenses. Tom Chester, former amateur champion, now being handled by Bob Levy, looked impressive in winning from Jackie Aldare at the Ridgewood. Chester has had a few pro starts and seems destined to develop into a larger edition of Bruce Flowers.

Bob Olin failed to overcome the southpaw jinx of Lou Brouillard and ran second to him in their return go at New Haven. It was a disastrous trip for "Broadway" Sam Roth who expected to break the town betting on Olin. Gordon Fortenberry sends along a just complaint to a story that appeared in the southern notes of THE RING in a previous issue, stating that he was stopped by Corn Griffin. Fortenberry claims to have fought Griffin on two occasions, getting a draw in one and a victory in the other.

A quartet of fathers took along their sons to the Ridgewood Grove to watch their favorite, Julie Katz, in action. Marty Lehrer took along his boy, Arthur, while Nat Glazer brought his offspring, Bertram, Ben Feldman with youngster Marty, and Sam Klein with his two prides, Jerry and Lenny. It was a regular picnic for them and they enjoyed themselves with evident relish.

When Cleto Locatelli first came to this country, he was given a tough assignment in Tony Canzoneri. Without any preliminary engagements, he was given a stern test in being forced to meet the ranking lightweight contender. Although losing the decision, he proved himself a plucky, sturdy opponent and was far from disgraced. His second meeting was with Jackie Kid Berg and Cleto didn't show much in that bout. Berg was only a shadow of his former self that evening and if he had retained his former fighting skill, he would have found an easy assignment in Locatelli that night.

Locatelli won the verdict but it wasn't an impressive victory. In his third bout, he was pitted against Canzoneri again and though dropped twice in the early rounds, Cleto fought stubbornly and enjoyed the fancy of the crowd at the finish, while losing the official decision.

Finding that action was slowed around New York, Locatelli accepted an assignment with Benny Bass in Philadelphia. They called the bout a draw while the Philly papers indignantly stated that Locatelli was a clear winner and enthused about the fighting qualities of the invading Italian. He tore into the dangerous-punching Bass and proved a veritable tiger in attack.

This transformation is explained by his manager, Al Francis. "When Cleto first came here, he was not acclimated and did not understand American customs. They picked the toughest they could find in Canzoneri for him and Locatelli got plenty of valuable knowledge of fighting in those two bouts with Canzoneri. He is rapidly acquiring the customs of the American boxers and I think that within six months Cleto will have improved sufficiently to turn the tables on Canzoneri and also to stand a good chance with Barney Ross for the lightweight title. Just watch the improvement in Locatelli's future bouts."

When Jackie Kid Berg came to this country six years ago, he was unknown and unheard of, and only through the industrious efforts of Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs did he become one of the most publicized British fighters who came to this country. He was given the protection and attention befitting a world's champion, and his courageous performances against the outstanding contenders in this country attested to his ability.

Inevitably, the day of reckoning came. The endurance and stamina that characterized Berg's fighting diminished by degrees, and the many tough fights that he went through eventually took their toll. Against ordinary competition, Jackie could not seem to untrack himself, and it appeared as if he had seen his last days. He was beaten by Tony Falco and Cleto Locatelli and it was almost certain that he was through with the ring.

Some time ago, an English manager began negotiations with Jackie to meet Harry Mizler, present British lightweight champion, in a titular match. This was done in spite of the fact that Berg had two managers. Nothing of such a flagrant nature was ever perpetrated in this country, another manager boldly attempting to force himself into the picture in such crude fashion.

Berg continued the negotiations until he was ready to leave the United States and then notified his American managers of his intentions. It was quite a blow to their pride that after six years of pleasant associations, such a thing could happen, but they accepted the situation gracefully and are now waiting for Jackie's next move. It appears that gratitude is only another word found in the dictionary.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

TOPEKA, KANS.—Bus Breese, lightweight champion of Kansas, knocked out Buzz Smith in the sixth round. Breese is one of the busiest and most popular fighters in the state. Managed by C. K. (Shorty) Miller of Manhattan, Kans. He also has an exceptionally good amateur boxing team. Promotes fights and shows to packed houses.

Manhattan, Kans.—Johnny Hemphill defeated Dave Fraser. Kid Freeman beat Kid Perrigo. Ralph McAninch beat Ham Harris. Clint Cassell knocked out Everett Ogle in two. Cecil Hersh knocked out Cleat Ebaugh in two. Don Breese beat George Heidenreich. Tuffy Breese beat Tony Lazerri. Billy Dryden beat Earl Hancock. This amateur show promoted by Shorty Miller. A capacity house witnessed the contests.

Fort Scott, Kans.—Luther Ashford knocked out "Irish" Kid McGee in three rounds. Sonny Boy McGuire won a T.K.O. in two from Lefty Masters. Fred Reese and "Wild Sweet Potato" Rolatsek drew in six. Jackie Fell knocked out Elmer Beckley in two. Olin Loy knocked out Junior "Lefty" Berry in two. Oscar Driggs knocked out Charles Yeager in two rounds.

Manhattan, Kans.—Johnny Hemphill beat Jack Running. Charles Fletcher knocked out Tommy Wallace in two. Kid Freeman beat Charles Davis. Ralph McAninich knocked out Homer Combs in two. Cleat Ebaugh knocked out Johnny Urich in two. Don Breese beat Cecil Hersh. Johnny Shugart beat Harry Katty.

Chanute, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Dave Fraser beat Dick Roles. Tramp Seiger beat Everett Ogle. Billy Dryden beat Salt Wright. Curley Karnes knocked out Ham Harris in one. Ray Gossett beat George Jackson. Kid Chocolate beat Bulldog Gossett. Bud Jackson beat Jimmy Stipp.

El Dorado, Kans.—Spider Diffenbaugh and Billy Wixon fought four rounds to a draw. Billy Byfield beat Huck Reynolds in four. Bill Carpenter beat Tommy Milton in 4. Wayne Williams beat Harold Jones in six rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Milt Schogley beat Young Gideon in eight rounds. Snooks Patterson knocked out Speedy Lawson in five. Maxie Johnson beat Kid Baxter in eight. Cliff McCabe beat Bob Booth in four. Al Lindsey and Ray Landley fought four fast rounds to a draw.

Chanute, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Everett Ogle beat Unk Gillan. Tramp Seigler beat Melvin Bell. Tommy Coblentz knocked out Dave Nichols in three. George Jackson knocked out Herbie Karnes in three. Gypsy Bartholomew beat Whitey Rhodes. Vernon Dryden beat Billy LeRoy. Kid Childers beat Earl Stipp. Marion Showalter beat Bud Moniger. Bud Jackson beat Jimmy Stipp.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Chilocco Indian amateur boxing team won every bout from Kansas City Eagle team. Junior Munsell knocked out Joe Amayo. Jeffy Vann beat Spud Malone. Gideon Starr beat Johnnie Hilton. Ernie Tahquette beat Royal Coffman. Kenneth King beat Jack Leslie. Added bouts, not team members: Tyrus Smith, Chilocco, knocked out Arvin Dysort of Winfield. Earl Andrews beat Urban Anderson. Red Adams beat Jimmy Byinton.

Manhattan, Kans.—Kansas State College boxers win every boxing bout from University of Nebraska. Joe Zitnik beat Beano Funken. Cliff Scott beat Glen Jones. A. A. Boeka beat Carl Schwenk. R. M. Madison beat John Gilmore. Don Gomez beat Bennie Rimmerman. K. A. Pearson beat Al Pearl. W. J. Shearer knocked out Richard Betzer in three rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Winners in the National A. A. U. amateur boxing tournament: Heavyweight—Stanley Evans, Negro, Detroit, Mich.; Light-heavyweight—Joe Lewis, Negro, Detroit, Mich.; Middleweight—Fred Apostoli, San Francisco, Calif.; Welterweight—Danny Farar, Youngstown, Ohio; Lightweight—Norbert Meehan, San Francisco, Calif.; Featherweight—Edwin Waling, Highland Park, Mich.; Bantamweight—Armanda Sicilia, Springfield, Ill.; Flyweight—Thomas Barry, Springfield, Ill.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Joe Amayo beat Jack Curley. Royal Coffman beat Jack O'Connor. Johnnie Hilton beat Joe Campos. Eddie Hall beat Eddie Hovis. Jack Gingery beat Fred Beenaman. Charley Evans beat Tony Munak. Andy Bukaty beat Jimmy Munak. Don Kennedy beat Leo Fernandez.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Cap Harding beat Jack Curley. Nick Karpan beat Jimmy Garrison. Duke Burns beat Leon Shilcott. Eddie Vogel beat Glenn Ellicott, Les Boner knocked out Pat Hanlon in two.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Amaya beat Frank Wilson. Luthe Newell knocked out Ralph McAninich in two. Ray English beat Johnny Hemphill. Don Freeman beat Royal Coffman. Rio Sanstol beat Earl Hancock. Jimmy Rozich knocked out Chaney Johnson in two. Ed Hall beat Joe Novasol. Don Hovis beat Stanley Sherzer.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Winners of state amateur A. A. U. boxing championships: Heavyweight, Sergeant James Maxwell; light-heavyweight, Junior Munsell; middleweight, Otis Dedman; welterweight, Tommy Rollins; lightweight, Tommy Knight; featherweight, Marvin Lidell; bantamweight, George Hand; flyweight, Hiroshi Mashino.

Tulsa, Okla.—Chilli Villeareal beat Johnny Pancho in ten rounds. Harold Neiswinder beat Harold Potts in six. Claude Shadrick beat Heavy Taylor in six. Doyle Cannon knocked out Harvey Bradfield in one. Dave Emery beat Jack Douglas in four. Jack Ross beat Jack Wilkerson in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Tulsa amateur boxing team beats Muskogee. Amos Tiger beat Bill Wooster. Gordon Smythe beat Pete Smith. Max True beat Hal Smith. Charley Patrick beat Harry Dusenberry. Marion Cox beat Joe Singleterry. Clarence Levell beat Irvin Olsen. Steve McComas beat Clyde Ash. Sam Burney beat Walter Edwards. Clyde Marion Cox beat Jack Basham. Arnond Purser beat Nute Estes.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Amos Tiger knocked out Murray Smith in two. Amos Tiger beat Tommy Rollins. Max True knocked out Chester Smock in two. Herman Meredith knocked out Buddy Moore in one. Sam Burney beat Lee Patterson. Douglas Ferguson knocked out Ode Watson in one. Walter Edwards beat Clyde Ask. Marion Cox beat Jack Basham. Arnond Purser beat Bill Marooney.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Leo Selby scored a ten-round win over Tommy Jones. Ralph Uptegraf beat Kid Roberts in six. Doyle Cannon knocked out Dusty Rhodes in two. Ralph Wilkinson knocked out Dave Emery in three. Bud Creed knocked out K. O. Kelly in two rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Marion Bohn beat Tommy Rollins. Grady Sykes beat Irvin Anderson. Max True beat Bus Sears. John Egan beat Tom Benbrook. Herman Meredith knocked out Morgan LeClair in one. Clyde Greeson beat Edsel Avery. Sam Burney knocked out Young Woodhall in one. Clarence Lavelle beat Woody Wilson. Marion Cox beat Steve McComas.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Athel White knocked out Harry Potter in one. Dudley Evans beat Clyde Greeson. Herman Merdith knocked out Kid Campbell in two. Carl Wood beat Clarence Hunt. Chester Smock beat out Kid Campbell in two. Carl Wood beat Clarence Hunt. Chester Smock beat Ernie Walker. Clyde Ash knocked out Cecil Shell in two. Doug Ferguson beat Sonny Miller. Jack Basham knocked out Ken Wells in two rounds.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT WALSENBURG—Henry Rein, Denver welterweight, stopped Bobby White of La Veta in four heats. It was Rein's first appearance in a long time, he having been on the shelf with a broken hand.

At Delta—Pug Sutherland of Manassa journeyed over on the western slope and took a lacing at the hands of Dale Sparr, Olathe welterweight, in a torrid ten-rounder.

On the same card, Leroy Gibson, Salt Lake featherweight battler, won a six-round go from Henry Jackson of Fort Garland.

The "rasslers" are on display again. At Denver, Everette Marshall, the fair-haired boy from La Junta, tossed Dr. Karl Sarpolis of Cleveland in a one-fall affair lasting about thirty minutes. Marshall seems to be improving with every start.

At Pueblo — Everette Marshall of La Junta threw Herschel Eakins of Salt Lake in straight falls. The Mormon city grappler was completely outclassed by Marshall.

At the present time, Colorado hasn't an outstanding fighter. It makes one rather wistful, too, when we recall that such stars as "Young" Corbett, Jim Flynn, Jimmy Hanlon, Jack Dempsey, and a host of others were the products of this state.

At Colorado Springs—"Baby Joe" Gans, highly touted Denver welterweight, ran into a tartar in the person of Billy Neiheisel, tough Boulder battler. Gans got the decision but encountered some tough opposition in doing so.

Chuck Worth, Denver lightweight, won a decision over Tony La Rue of Colorado Springs.

Everette Marshall of La Junta defeated Charley Peterson, Missouri heavyweight wrestler, in a match at Denver. Marshall won the only fall in a little over an hour.

Otto Utt, 230-pound Pueblo baseball catcher, made his Denver debut in the grappling game by booting Jack Knocke of Texas out of the picture in less than ten minutes.

At Fort Morgan—Henry Rein of Denver outpointed Faye Clark, Nebraska middleweight champion, in ten fast rounds. Rein is welterweight title-holder of Colorado.

On the same card, Henry Bath scored a technical kayo over Deek Schantz in the fifth stanza. They are middleweights.

At Rifle—Hershey Wilson, Eagle, and Phil McQuillan, Denver Negro, fought a ten-round battle, Wilson getting the nod. Wilson, who is state lightweight champ, was hard-pressed to win, in fact McQuillan had him on the floor for a "seven" count in the second heat. Phil is a "kid" brother of the more famous "Showboat" McQuillan.

Johnny Gardino, Denver featherweight, journeyed down to Albuquerque, N. Mex., and took a lacing at the hands of Tony Chavez. Tony, incidentally, is one of the outstanding featherweights in the Southwest.

At Colorado Springs—Buddy Jackson, Denver welterweight, won a ten-round decision over Billy Neiheisel, the Boulder "iron man." Jackson, by the way, is quite a busy warrior these days, having fought Sammy Mandell, the ex-lightweight champion at Rock Springs, Wyo., a few days previous. Jackson dropped the decision to the veteran "Rockford Sheik" over the ten-round route.

At Denver — Henry Rein, Denver, outpointed Ken Disch, Cleveland, in eight fast rounds. The pair are welterweights.

On the same card, Don Maestro won from Pat Pasterious in a four-round affair, and Rex Reece kayoed Jimmy Gardino in one session.

Old Sammy Mandell continues to flail the daylights out of Rocky Mountain opposition. His latest victim was Chico Vasquez, a 142-pound El Paso Mexican. Mandell dropped him for the count in the second round of a scheduled ten-round affair.

Billy Celebron, a stablemate of Mandell's scored a technical kayo over Joe Aguilar of Denver in the opening stanza. The bouts were staged at Fort Warren, army post at Cheyenne, Wyo.

Remember the writer would like to have all fight results in this section of the country. Also photos of boxers for publication in THE RING, but be sure to have them in by the fifteenth of each month. Would also like to hear from any boys who would like to show in this territory, providing they have no managerial connections. The writer can be reached at P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

At San Luis—Henry Rein, state welterweight title-holder, had a close call in his ten-round clash with Joe Martinez, sterling little Monte Vista Mexican. Martinez rose to unexpected heights against the Denver battler. Only Rein's greater experience pulled the scales in his favor. At that, a draw would have done Rein no harm.

In the semifinal, Henry Jackson clearly demonstrated his superiority over Celestino Ruybal of Del Norte in a slashing six-round affair. Jackson weighed 124 and Ruybal 132. "Tiger" Flowers, Walsenburg Negro middleweight, made short work of Fred Lewis of Alamosa. The bell saved Lewis at the end of the first round, and he was unable to come out for the second.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

JOHNNY BRENNAN, Trenton featherweight, has returned from the West Coast to enter the featherweight tournament in the East. Brennan went to the Coast in company with Young Terry and Johnny O'Keefe. While out there, Brennan engaged in four bouts, winning two by decisions and two by knock-outs.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welterweight, is another boxer, who is on the West Coast. Walker is in Hollywood, but doesn't seem to be doing much. He has had one bout in three months. From reports received here in Trenton, Walker is now under the management of Jack Kearns.

Trenton and its fighters have suffered the worst season in the history of boxing in Trenton. Trenton had but one boxing show this past winter, with Terry and Jeby on top, and it was a flop.

Lakewood used quite a number of Trenton boys the past winter, but the purses were small—$7.50 for four rounds and $15 for six-round wind-ups.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

WHEN the world's heavyweight boxing champion meets a former world's heavyweight champion in the latter's cafe, it is the time for all present to have a drink on the house, all of which happened during the recent touch-and-go visit of Primo Carnera to Boston and his call on the Squire at his Ringside Tavern. It was a most auspicious occasion, a flow of soul and interchange of compliments, Carnera declaring that the hardest smash to the chin he ever received was from the gloved fist of Sharkey in their first fight, and the Squire admitting that the uppercut the champion handed him in their second encounter was perfect as to every detail. Of course a lot of nice things were also said—then Carnera, Billy DeFoe, and other members of his escort bid the Hub goodby and autoed away to Maine.

The foregoing all came about on April 7, when Carnera, clad in a green and black plaid lumberman's shirt and other settings of the big woods, came to town en route to Charley Miller's Moosehead Lake camp up near Greenville, Me., where Primo has been putting in seven weeks, hardening himself up for his encounter in June with Max Baer. Naturally, Primo took in the Hunting and Fishing Show, a feature at the Boston Garden, where he played with a tame bear, took in all the interesting sights and incidentally viewed with some awe the huge indoor lake with its 1,420 tons of water in the arena where he once lowered his colors to Jim Maloney. Then came the visit to Sharkey's place and the resumption of the "down east" trip.

Up at the Miller camp, the champion has really been working and at this writing is still at it. So many visitors flocked in on him at first that Carnera insisted that the bars be put up against such, all of which has given him more leisure to tackle the problems at hand. These latter have consisted of long runs and hikes in the woods, Charley Miller acting as guide, with plenty of exercise with the ax and crosscut saw and a bit of spring fishing thrown in. And Carnera has taken to it all like a duck to a pond and, when he returns early next month for the more serious work at Pompton Lake in Jersey, sport followers will see a new Carnera, that is as regards his physical being. His long sojourn in the big Maine woods has done him a lot of good—he is bound to have plenty of stamina and reserve for the big doings that are set to occur in June. "Tex" Austin arranged it for the world's heavyweight champion to train at Miller's camp.

As was pointed out in our notes in the May issue of THE RING, boxing in Boston has its fits and spasms. After the usual lapse and cooling-off process, the sport got going again the last week in March when Steve Halaiko of Buffalo collided with Werther Arcelli of Boston, at that time New England welter champion, in the ring of the Goodwin A. C. at the Arena. Halaiko was supposed to be about ready for the washers, but he upset all the "dope" by taking Arcelli for five rounds out of the ten fought. Three were about even, and the Italian was allotted two. It was a good scrap with plenty of clever work by both principals, Steve being out in front much of the distance.

Jimmy Leto, 143 pounds, booking out of Hartford, Conn., encountered Jackie Davis, 138, formerly of Cleveland, in the ten-round cofeature, and won the decision. It was a toe-to-toe affair Davis doing much of the forcing. He ran into plenty of left hands, however, mostly hooks, and was declared the loser, a correct decision. Leto "copped" about seven rounds but had to earn them.

According to Boston form, though the week was jammed with counter-attractions, the Sharkey A. A. came with a show two nights later in the Mechanics Building, pitting Vince Dundee, the world's middleweight champion, against Al McCoy of Maine in a ten-round non-titular fray. Dundee knew just a little too much for the Maine boy and received the decision, but was fair enough to admit when it was over that McCoy had him worried in spots. McCoy started off like a whirlwind and was the aggressor for the greater part of the route. Several times he had Dundee leaning backward far out over the ropes, a defensive posture, but made the mistake of trying to match left and right hooks against straight punches. A straight slam will beat a hook, all of which Al discovered. A big rally by McCoy in the eighth had Vince a bit uncertain on his feet, but the effort exhausted the Down Easter. Dundee took the two final heats by a big margin.

Crowding in on the foregoing and other events, the annual New England amateur championships were decided at the Arena on March 26, on which occasion about 3,500 fans turned out and saw some very good contests, the best here under similar circumstances for several years. The winners in the various classes were as follows: 112-pound class, Gerardo LaBella, East Boston; 118, Eddie Haas, Worcester; 126, Mike Pazienza, Providence, R. I.; 135, Tony Bent, Cambridge; 147, Sylvio Manzi, Lawrence; 160, Eddie Rossi, Everett; 175, Arthur Mignone, Providence, R. I.; heavyweight, Hildreth Erickson, Gardner, Mass.

With the exception of Manzi, who was unable to quit his employment, all these New England champions competed in the Nationals staged in St. Louis early in April. Though it seemed to many here that they had a chance of coming through, particularly LaBella, Bent, and Mignone, all were returned losers.

Despite financial reverses in the latter part of March, the two Boston clubs—the Goodwin A. C. and Sharkey A. A.—went to it again early in April. The Goodwin A. C. came with an all-star show at the Arena, April 9, featuring Abe Feldman, New York, vs. Vic Livan, Boston, in the wind-up. Feldman won the ten-round decision, but by no great margin. Livan had an awkward style that bothered Feldman considerably and consequently the latter's debut in a Hub ring was not particularly impressive.

In another scheduled ten, Patsy Perroni of Cleveland, but more recently of this city, made his first Boston appearance. He faced Big Boy Rawson of Dorchester, once quite a prospect, but he lasted but one minute ten seconds in front of Perroni. The best fight was a ten-rounder between Buck Tracey, 172, Everett, and Al Roderigues, 171, the chap who a short time ago held Tony Shucco to a draw. It was a fast, tough scrap all the way. A split decision went to Tracey. The latter formerly boxed under the time of Paul Bakanas. He is a game, hard hitter, and can take as well as give. The show attracted but 1,454 cash customers.

Not to be behind hand, the Sharkey A. A. got busy the night of April 16 with a feature between Dick Madden and Jack McCarthy, rival Roxbury Celtic heavyweights. Jack Sharkey coached the latter and the fray went the distance of ten rounds. It was a grudge fight with no fancy trimmings, Madden winning eight of the ten rounds and the unanimous decision. McCarthy did plenty of butting with his head, also heeling with his hands, and, long before the bout was over, the color was trickling over Madden's face from five distinct cuts. Despite the fact the referee gave but two warnings, the same having no effect. A day later thirty-one stitches were required to repair the damage done to Madden's face. In addition, the fight cost him two other encounters, also will keep him out of the game for fully a month.

Werther Arcelli of this city, who a while back acquired the New England welter title by defeating Andy Callahan of Lawrence, lost the decision and his crown to Harry Devine of Worcester in that city on April 6. Despite warnings, Arcelli hit low several times. Finally, in the eighth canto, he was disqualified, the award going to Devine. Next day the boxing commission awarded Arcelli an indefinite suspension.

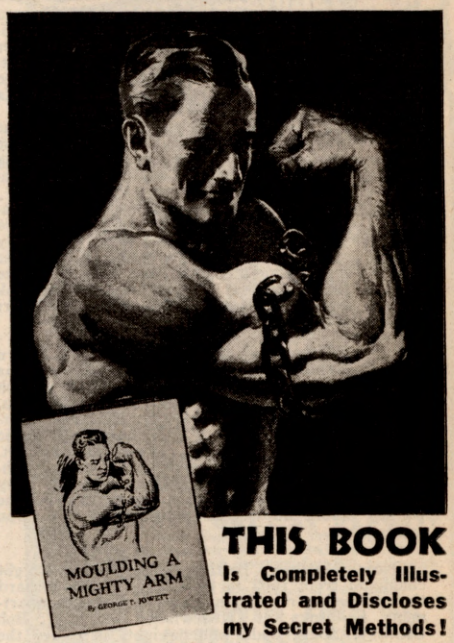
While the boxing men have been having their ups and downs, though mostly the latter with plenty of yards to go, all has been merry in the camps of the matmen. In this, the month of April, in a period of six days, the three rival Boston promoters have attracted a total gate of more than 30,000 paying fans, a larger outpouring than all the Greater Boston boxing promoters have drawn in three months, if not longer. The answer would seem to be that while the sport public may not like boxing less, it enjoys wrestling much more.

There is always something new breaking in wrestling—one of the reasons why it has proven such a magnet. The night of April 11, for instance, at the Arena, Nick Lutze, the Californian heavy, pulled something never before seen in Boston when he tied together the hands of Bob Russell, Newport, his opponent, and then upset him with a trip and pinned him to the floor for the win.

Lutze came to the mat with a bandage about his right wrist. Within a few minutes after Russell had put on a hammer lock from in front, he started to peel off the bandage for the purpose of further punishing Lutze. Bob had unrolled about a foot of the gauze when Lutze suddenly jerked the hand free. The next instant he was winding the bandage about Russell's wrists, lashing them securely together. The thus trussed Russell then proved soft picking, the bout ending in three minutes 33 seconds, Lutze the victor.

The night of April 6, Boston Garden, Champion Ed George and Henri DeGlane, the former owner of the crown and but recently returned from a long stay in France, attracted a record house for the season of about 18,000 at the Boston Garden. George took the first fall with an arm pull and shoulder heave in 19.22, while the second went to DeGlane in 32.38, the hold being an arm bar and wrist lock, with a body scissors follow-up. In the tussle for the third and deciding fall, DeGlane secured a hammer lock from in front and forced George to his knees. As the Frenchman, to put on more pressure, necessarily spread his legs, George suddenly lunged forward, got his head under the crotch and gave a mighty heave. DeGlane was shunted out between the ring ropes and clear of the platform. In the crash, he collided with a chair, getting such a tough dent in the ribs that he was unable to continue. The fall and match went to George in 8.28. The defeat was a big upset for the Frenchman, who had fully expected to regain the crown he lost to George last year.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

KING LEVINSKY, North Side heavyweight, has earned $131,000 in purses at the Chicago Stadium since he started his rise to prominence by winning a four-round decision over Mickey Furey on May 24, 1929, as Young Battling Levinsky . . . . He has engaged in eighteen Stadium bouts, scoring four knock-outs and six decisions, losing six, and fighting one draw . . . . He changed his name to King Levinsky when he defeated Jack Barry, January 31, 1930, because the former light-heavyweight champion, Battling Levinsky, squawked to the state athletic commission.

Charles Bidwill, president of the Chicago Stadium Operating Company, is proud of his Negro chauffeur, Frank, who has been with the family twenty-seven years . . . . Chairman Joe Triner of the Illinois Athletic Commission never seems to get his jet black hair mussed up . . . . Frank Sigilio, promising Cicero lightweight, got his start as a boxer in a fist fight with Dick Mastro.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, was born Mesto Bohunico in Hungary on December 18, 1902 . . . . Midget Wolgast's right name is Joseph Loscatzo . . . . Max Baer was born in Omaha, Nebr., February 11, 1909 . . . . He is of German-Jewish descent . . . . The Goodwin Athletic Club of Boston is at 283 Washington Street. . . . . Bud Taylor and Joey Sangor, intense featherweight rivals, are getting heavy since they have retired, but Sangor has to put on twenty-nine pounds before he weighs as much as Bud, who scales 171.

Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson, lightweight champion from 1908 to 1910, says he has a hard time collecting rent from tenants in his two apartment buildings at Hegewisch, Ill. . . . . Bob Crowley, South Side welterweight, is under the management of Frank Schultz, Sr., whose son, Junior, won the 1933 C. Y. O. flyweight title.

Jimmy Britt, lightweight champion from 1902 to 1905, is a member of the transient Camp Little at Nogales, Ariz. Britt now is fifty-five years old, but his ring exploits are still remembered by oldtimers. Jimmy, who was born of Irish-American parents at San Francisco, Calif., laid claim to the title when the weight was 133 instead of 135. He was dethroned by Battling Nelson at San Francisco September 9, 1905, when Bat scored a knock-out in the eighteenth round.

Packey McFarland of the state boxing commission makes use of the knowledge he obtained when a topnotch lightweight twenty-five years ago to hand down decisions with his coworkers, Joe Triner and George Getz, on matters which appear before the commission. At a commission meeting two boxers, whose bout had been declared no contest by the referee, were attempting to clear themselves of charges of not doing their best. The boxers couldn't do it to the satisfaction of McFarland so they were suspended for sixty days. Packey recalled an incident in his own career to disprove the plaint that their styles caused the poor contest.

"That is no excuse," Packey said. "I know what I'd do if the referee warned me that he'd throw me out if I didn't do better; I'd forget about styles and throw punches. Why, in a bout against Joe Galligan at Indianapolis I was favoring a sore hand and wasn't doing my best and the referee got wise. After the eighth round he warned me that if I didn't do better he'd call the match no contest. I knocked out Galligan in the next round."

George Getz, the noted Chicago sportsman, is the senior member on the Illinois Athletic Commission. He is approaching his seventieth birthday. But this doesn't stop him from reprimanding unruly boxers. One day he vehemently exclaimed to two fighters: "Why do you act like roommates when you're in the ring? After a battle don't hug and appear as if you're about to kiss each other. Look at your opponent as if you hate him!"

MEMORIES—Kid Howard Carr is going to a parochial school at Pittsburgh, Pa . . . . Old Bill O'Connell's gymnasium on Clark between Monroe and Adams streets . . . . Harry Forbes aiding in the establishment of the Arcade Gymnasium in 1912 . . . . Railroad ticket scalping, which was a flourishing business up to 1908 . . . . John I. Day, sports editor of the old *Inter Ocean* . . . . William Battye, the printer, who was one of the most promising boxers in Chicago twenty-five years ago.

The new headquarters of the Polish Youth organization are at 4637 South Ashland Avenue. . . . . Bob La Monte, 1933 Catholic Youth organization welterweight title-holder, expects to sign a management contract with Robert Capocy.

The New York and California Athletic commissions have no provision in their rules and regulations on when a wind-up wrestler must be in town for a bout . . . . Illinois has a three-day rule which is waived on frequent occasions . . . . George Getz of the state athletic commission has informed inspectors that they must see to it that rules and regulations are not violated at wrestling shows . . . . The Chicago Fire Department is attempting to enforce the no smoking ban at shows.

Edward Lawson's article on "The Singular Senegalese," Battling Siki, in the April issue of THE RING created much favorable comment here.

Frank Sigilio, Cicero lightweight, is one of the most promising lightweights in the country. Sigilio, who is managed by Willie Capitano, has won fifteen triumphs in as many appearances as a professional. He turned pro a year ago and scored ten victories before receiving proper recognition. Frank then made a success of his Chicago Stadium debut by decisively whipping Danny Neenan, November 17. He followed that conquest with knock-outs over Frank Keevil, Harry Booker, Young Terry, and Midget Mike O'Dowd. Probably his best accomplishment was the four-round knock-out of Terry, although he has been impressive in all of his battles.

The Cicero fighter, whose right name is Sagilio, is a *Chicago Tribune* Golden Gloves graduate.

Chick Rice, former fight manager, is managing a roadhouse, the Acasia Gardens at Thornton, Ill. . . . . Paul Beeler, timekeeper at the second Tunney-Dempsey heavyweight title battle, is working for a mining company at Sacramento, Calif. . . . Jimmy Gardner, Jr., son of the former welterweight champion, has returned from Boston after five years to resume his professional career under the management of Eddie Siegal . . . . Young Gardner lost a six-round decision to King Levinsky in his only pro appearance here in 1928.

George (Jabber) Young, former middleweight, serves as boxing instructor for Verne Buck, orchestra leader . . . . Arthur Driscoll, attorney for the late Tex Rickard, is serving Jack Dempsey and Max Baer in the same capacity . . . . Alderman John Toman is sponsoring the Bohemian Organized Youth, 3950 West 26th Street. Dave Mearns is serving as director of the B. O. Y. Vincent Chisesi, former boxer, was a candidate for municipal court judge on the Republican ticket.

Grand Hotel, Butte, Mont.—How much did Gene Tunney receive for the second fight with Jack Dempsey at Chicago?—J. Harry Copelin, Jr.

Ans.—Tunney received $990,445, exclusive of an allowance for picture rights.

Wichita, Kans.—Would like to get in touch with one or two leading promoters in Michigan.—Baxter Calmes.

Ans.—Scotty Montieth promotes at Detroit, and E. W. Dickerson at Grand Rapids.

Boxing observers contend that there are only a few fighters in this country who are popular and as a result good drawing cards. They include Max Baer, Livermore, Calif., and Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J., both heavyweights; Barney Ross, lightweight and junior-welterweight champion; Mickey Walker, light-heavyweight; Jimmy McLarnin, welterweight title-holder; and Tony Canzoneri, 135-pounder.

615 South May Street, Chicago.—Kindly let me know where I can get in touch with your brother, Earl Maestro.—Jim Lococo.

Ans.—Earl is employed at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

TWIN CITY TIPS
By MILT HOFFMAN

GEORGE "JERK" DORAN, new match-maker for Frank McCormick's Minneapolis Boxing Club, has evidently hit upon the right idea in presenting weekly cards at popular prices. Since boxing has come into its own here, he has been getting bigger gates every week. The last show, which featured feather champion Freddie Miller and Jackie Sharkey, in which Miller won the verdict, drew in excess of $4,000, by far the largest draw in the last five years.

Frankie Battaglia, of the upper crust middleweights, will be matched with one of several considered opponents for the second week in June, when a hundred thousand Shriners will be here for their annual convention. Promoter Doran will move the show to the Minneapolis Ball Park, which can seat fifteen thousand fans. Ben Jeby, Angel Clivelle, and Kid Leonard of East Moline, Ill., are the three who are being given most consideration, with the last named favored of the trio because of his recent win over Battaglia.

Abe Kashey, the big Syrian wrestler, from New York, is considered the best mat attraction in these parts.

Charley Retzlaff, the Duluth heavyweight, who has been in retirement the past year, will come back next month, this time under the guidance of Johnny Salvatore, St. Paul's promoter.

My Sullivan, a sparkling boxer in the days before he retired, returned to the ring with a one-round knock-out over Walter Cobb, Negro welter, in Duluth.

Dick Daniels, the Mill City heavyweight, whose popularity rests on his conquests over Art Lasky, is coming back again. He made his first appearance in Potts's gym recently. This time, Dick says, he will train, and train hard. Daniels will try his mettle in some South Dakota prairie punch emporium before coming to the larger centers.

Minnesota club fighters are busier than ever because of the new statewide boxing law. The American Legion gets a ten per cent cut under the new bill. Austin, Bemidji, Mankato and Albert Lea have put on a series of successful shows of late.

Phil Terk, Duluth promoter, received the first 1934 franchise in Minnesota.

Boxing's rebirth in Minneapolis has resulted in the appointment of a coach for high school leather-pushers. The local board of education has hired a former amateur, Red Eddleston, to teach the rudiments in the schools, and a city league is in prospect for next fall. It is my suggestion that the school obtain copies of Nat Fleischer's "How to Box," "Training for Boxers," and his "Universal Boxing Course" as an aid to the students.

Frankie Knauer, Eagle River, Wis., middleweight, chalked up his eleventh straight win at Duluth, outpointing Izzy Levine by a comfortable margin. Other results: Wen Lambert defeated Jimmy Thompson; Jock Moore defeated Harry Howard; Ralph Leslie and Terry McGovern drew; Young Lahti K.O.'ed Jim Manning.

Fargo-Max Kalbrener outpointed Al Curtis; Eddie Gillespie K.O.'ed Elroy Bushaw; Wild Bill Hasselstrom K.O.'ed Kid Miller; Howard Shiek defeated Julius Awes.

HOOKS AND CROSSES—Mike Collins, former Minneapolis boxing club boss, is the owner of Ring Casino, night club . . . . Johnny Tillman and Jack Josephs, lightweight rivals a decade back, are instructor at Minneapolis Athletic Club and proprietor of a fruit market, respectively . . . . Joey Thomas, popular feather a couple of years back, is now showing kids how to box at the Pillsbury Settlement House . . . . Billy Light, lightweight, ditto at St. Paul A. C. . . . . My Sullivan is a nephew of Tommy and Mike Gibbons. . . . . Mike is now interested in politics . . . . Jock Malone is nursing a kid named Lee Savoldi, who has a punch like a mule's hind leg . . . .

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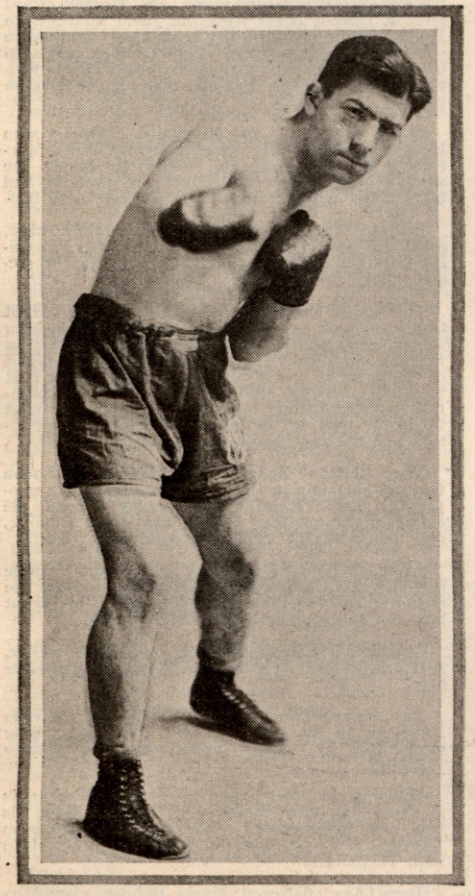
NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

HARRY CARLTON dropped a ten-round decision to Sammy Fuller in Philadelphia. Frankie Carlton lost by a T. K. O. in the sixth round of another ten on the same bill to Harry Dublinsky.

The winners and new champions of the 1934 Diamond Belt tourney sponsored by the Jersey Observer A. A., Inc., are as follows:

112-pound class, Mat Marsala, Jewish Dem. Club.
118-pound class, Joe Dixon, J. C. C. A. C.
126-pound class, Sam Pizutto, Anchor A. C.
135-pound class, Louis Pean, Anchor A. C.
147-pound class, Bill McDonald, Bayonne Y. M. C. A.
160-pound class, Joe Clarino, Bobby Brady Assn.
175-pound class, Pete Melera, J. J. Thurer Assn.
Heavyweight class, Joe Nagheri, J. J. Thurer Assn.



Mose Butch, fast stepping Pittsburgh bantamweight

The tournament was a big success as every show was reeled off before a packed house. The finals were fought at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City and the place was packed to the doors.

The best prospect of the tourney turned out to be little Bobby Egloff, a 126-pound piece of fighting machinery from Guttenberg. James J. Thurer got two finalists in Pete Melera and Joe Nagheri, light-heavy and heavyweight, respectively. Bobby Brady got a good-looking prospect in Joe Clarino, the 160-pound winner. Bobby Burns is heartbroken because he didn't produce any winners. The Anchor A. C. got two winners out of about seventy-five starters.

Joey Ferrando outroughed Cocoa Kid in ten rounds at the Oakland A. A. The semifinal for six rounds between Allie Tarantino and Connie Holmes was declared a draw by Referee Phil Ehrhardt. Richie Thurer, a cousin to J. J., scored a knock-out over Joey Ryan in the second round; Young Bucky drew with Tommy Burke in a four; Johnny Scibelli beat Mario Carbone, while Jerry Massa lost to Marvin Hart in the opener.

Paddy Creedon was appointed a special cop in Union City. Creedon looks very handsome in a uniform.

Allie Rowan beat Jackie Corcoran in a six-round main go held in Newark. Joe Ardito stopped Johnnie Riccardulli in the first round; Marvin Hart beat Robbie Britton in six; Frankie Orlando lost to Nick Sacco in five; Clem White beat Tom Payne in four, while Battling ———— did likewise to Paul Samenco in the opening four-rounder.

Ray Newman and Johnny Drummie, both fistic idols of North Hudson fight fans, are now working as stevedores at the Dollar Line piers in Jersey City.

Charlie Seiger, the iron man, is working with one of the C. W. A. gangs in Hoboken. Young Rector is a motorcycle cop on the Hudson Boulevard.

Irish "Chuck" Connors and Tommy O'Leary of Wilkes-Barre will both be seen here this summer.

Tom Gustaferro and J. J. Carter will promote boxing in Englewood during the open-air season.

Dermot "Tiger" Kelly, a good Irish welterweight from New Brunswick, Canada, would like to see some action around these parts. Any promoter wishing to give Kelly a trial can do so by getting in touch with the writer at 330 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JUAN MORALES is the new flyweight king of Cuba. He won it by a ten-round knock-out over Rafael Valdes, who wore the crown for two years. The result was the biggest upset in years. Morales then scored a ten-round decision over Marino Diaz, the plucky little bantamweight, at Cristal Stadium.

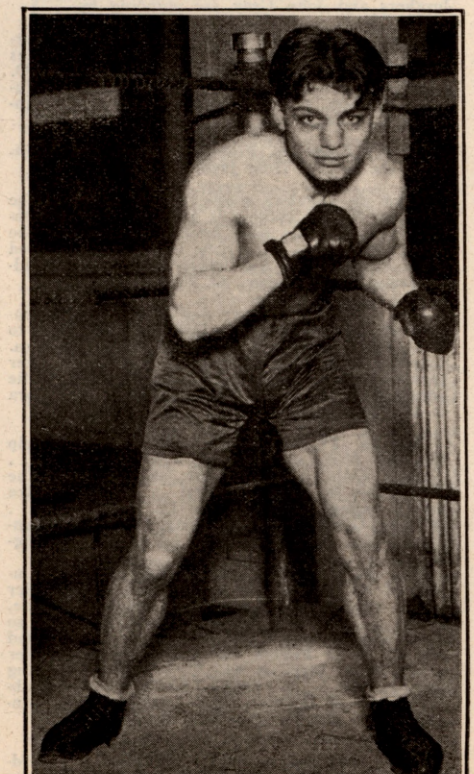
Sixtico Morales, lightweight, outpointed Kid Sila in the ten-round semifinal. Sixtico is signed to meet Johnny Govantes.

Joe Coego, sterling welterweight, pounded out a ten-round victory over Baby La Paz. Prudencio Arce, in a return bout, defeated Joaquin Jorge, tough featherweight from Cerro. Johnny Govantes beat Mario Hernandez, and Jesus Lopez bested Lazaro Diaz. Garcia Jesus won over Juan Arango, and Enrique Alibutini knocked out Young Rodriguez in three rounds.

Mario Kid Sanchez, Cuban bantamweight champion, is training hard for a series of bouts. He will meet Rafael Valdes, and then Juan Morales, the new flyweight king.

William Baeza, Cuba's promising flyweight, beat Joe Romano at Miramar Gardens in six rounds. Baeza has the makings of a topnotcher, and his unbeaten record makes him an outstanding contender for the title.

Kid Chocolate's victory over Frank Wallace in California was good news to his friends in Cuba.



Sammy Fuller, Boston's great lightweight

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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.55

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32x6	7.95	2.75
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IN NEW ENGLAND

The Irish American A. A., the compact amateur boxing organization which has done much toward keeping that end of the game going, staged its annual Diamond Belt tourney in the Arena on April 12. There were seventeen bouts, the majority very good performances. The winners of the trophy in each class follow: 112, Ray Mandello, East Boston; 118, Sammy Garcia, Quincy; 126, Bobby Hanson, Charlestown; 135, Jimmy McCarron, Somerville; 147, James Garrett, Boston; 160, Sam Shumway, Webster, Mass.; 175, Arthur Mignone, Providence, R. I.; heavyweight, Jack Seifred, Billerica, Mass.

Johnny McGann, a veteran boxing man, and in former days prominent in the affairs of the old Armory A. A., is seriously ill in a Boston Hospital.

At Swampscott, a suburb a few miles out from Boston, they have not only a very efficient police chief in Walter L. Reeves, but in addition a skilled matman, pistol shot, and all-around athlete. Reeves wrestles in the 175-pound class, competes in various charity tourneys, and, as an expert jiu-jitsu man, acts as a police instructor in that branch of grappling.

Lou Brouillard of Worcester, the former champion, though the victor over Bob Olin in New Haven, continues to nurse a damaged right eye as the result of that encounter. Lou was to have met George Nichols of Buffalo in Chicago, April 13, but was forced to call the bout off, also several others, because of the injury.

Up at Bath, Me., they have a welter in Kayo Castillo, an importation from Mexico, who is receiving considerable attention. With the exception of one fight which he lost in Boston about six months ago, he has been a fairly consistent winner against all comers. His last essay was a ten-round win over Victor Lotti of Marlboro, Mass., in a Portland, Me., ring on April 6.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Canada has a great boxing prospect in Al Foreman, who began his career as Bert Harris . . . The Tommy Loughran-Jimmy Braddock light-heavyweight championship bout at Yankee Stadium drew gate receipts of $147,000 . . . . During the same month Al Singer and Andre Routis attracted an attendance at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, which paid $54,000 . . . . Both shows were for charity and each made a substantial profit . . . . Dave Shade beat Rene De Vos in a middleweight bout at New York after De Vos had twice whipped Shade previously . . . . Izzy Grove scored an upset by handing a trimming to Harry Ebbets of Freeport. . . . . Jack (Kid) Berg won the junior-welterweight title by beating Mushy Callahan.

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PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

YOUNG TOMMY became bantamweight champion of the Orient when he stopped Cunning Nene in the ninth of a twelve-rounder. Tommy body-punched his way to victory, and never gave his younger and inexperienced opponent any quarter during the melee.

Incidentally, the Tommy-Nene encounter was the last to be staged at the Olympic Stadium, scene of many famous battles and the hothouse of two world champions, and a score of fistic luminaries. The Olympic Stadium, built by Frank Churchill and Stewart Eddie Tait, had its fistic christening about sixteen years ago, with the great Dencio Cabanela and Llew Edwards, then British Empire featherweight title-holder, heading the card. Pancho Villa and Mike Ballerino, flyweight and junior-lightweight champions respectively. Pete Sarmiento, Clever Sencio, Speedy Dado, Young Tommy, Johnny Hill, Elino Flores, Ceferino Garcia, Young Gildo, Pablo Dano, Johnny Datto, Ignacio Fernandez, Kid Johnson, Frisco Concepcion, Varias Milling, Clever Sison, Kid Nacionalista, Star Frisco, Little Pancho, Cris Pineda, Lope Tenorio, and Jimmy Hill were some of the graduates of this Mansion of Maul. The club will be demolished by its owner, Tomas Mapua, to give way to a modern college building.

The demolishment did not mean curtains for the local fistiana, as two weeks later, Bebeng Gutierrez with a group of fight enthusiasts, opened the La Loma Stadium, while Paquito Limjengco, former promoter of the Olympic Stadium, was actively trying to get the Zorilla Theater, to house his activities.

With Manila fightless for a week, after the closure of the Olympic, the racket continued to be good in the provinces like Cavite, Rizel, Iloilo, and Zamboanga.

Harry Fierro, U. S. A., journeyed to Cavite and battled Joe Grande to a draw, although the American had a slight advantage at the end of the bout.

Ernie Hood hit another snag when he lost, via the T.K.O., to Tony Sacramento, hard-hitting bantam, in the sixth round.

At the Dreamland Stadium, Young Santos, flyweight king-pin, was held to a draw by Speed Cabanela, leader of the contenders for that crown. This is their third meeting, the first resulting in a win for the former, and the last two being even.

Japan is sending a boxing team, composed of five, to the invitation tournament of the Far Eastern Olympiad which will be held this May. The Philippines are busy rounding up some good prospects in Solly Adornado, D. Lapena, F. Gabuco, F. Nunag, while the old vanguard like the Padilla brothers and John Grey are standing by.

Baby Johnson cops the palm as the most outstanding performer of the month. His victories over Ventura Marquez, Vic Armado, and K. O. Caballero have set the boys talking about his future. Johnson, a featherweight, is an American-Filipino by parentage.

Dommy Francisco, Fighting Nelson, and Fighting Yaba arrived from Japan.

Ralph de Mendoza, former sports editor of the *Sporting Bee*, is making it hard for fight promoters in Iloilo. His fiery articles condemning the way business was being done in the south, caused the cancellation of his tickets and plenty of advertising for his paper, *El Tiempo*.

Luis Logan, light-heavy and heavyweight champion of the Orient, has sailed for New York to join Leon See, former mentor of Primo Carnera. Logan arrived from Europe, a year ago, after barnstorming successfully. He knocked out Eddie Jorge, Tiger Al Friend, and decisioned Tony Gora in his three bouts here.

FISTIC TIDBITS—Doc Anido couldn't help Cunning Nene in his fight with Tommy . . . . Joaquin Quintos, Jr., is now an interne at the San Juan de Dios Hospital . . . . Vic Castro was a former fighter in the U. S. Navy . . . . Damaso Gomez finds sleuthing for the Government a far more interesting job than mitt-slinging.

"Honest Bob" McIlvain, ex-middleweight champion of the Orient, has a promising 155-pounder in his son, Bobby. Young Bob smacked Remkie, of the U. S. Army, with all sorts of blows, to stow him away in the third . . . . City Dad Manolo de la Fuente was a popular beak-buster a few years back, so was Tirso Garcia, banking commissioner . . . . Jaime (JAV) Vergara, publicity man of Paquito Villa's stable, is now connected with the Estrella del Norte.

Those who wish to obtain information regarding fistic conditions in the Philippines can write me at this address: 1262 Tuberias, Manila, Philippines.

BOXING IN ARGENTINA

By ROBERT J. BELLAMY

AFTER a three-year depression, which curiously enough followed the downfall of Justo Suarez, the fight game down here is again on the up grade, and good programs have drawn big houses all the summer.

Victorio Campolo, the giant who made an unsuccessful bid for the world's title, is attempting a comeback. After kayoing Epifanio Islas and "Jack" Bergomas, he was awarded the verdict in a bout with Arturo Godoy. The latter is a twenty-one-year-old Chilean lad who shows great promise; giving away sixty pounds and several inches in height and reach, he continually had Campolo in difficulties and floored him for a one count in the ninth. Many critics considered him the winner.

Albert Lowell, the Negro Argentinian who won the heavyweight title at Los Angeles in 1932, made a disastrous entry into the professional field. After leading his opponent easily for four rounds, he walked into a haymaker.

Thirty-eight thousand fans, the largest crowd seen in Buenos Aires since the Justo Suarez-Stan Loayza battle, thronged the Luna Park Stadium to see the meeting between Raul Landini and Antonio Fernandez, the Argentine and Chilean welterweight champions. Landini won a close fight on points.

Many American and European fighters who have come down here agree that if Landini carried a heavier punch, he would be among the world's best. His defensive skill is masterly and his counter hitting amazingly accurate and fast.

Joaquin Torregrosa, Cuba's lightweight king, made his appearance in Argentine rings, knocking out Dan Schink, a tough German, in the second round.

Torregrosa was then defeated in an overweight twelve-rounder by Enrique Bolognini, a slashing welter, who, weaving and bobbing in disconcerting fashion, tears into his opponents from the sound of the gong. It was a very tough fight and at first the Cuban had the local man's measure with accurate counter hitting, but later he could not stand up to the pace set by his opponent's incessant attack and the fight finished with him in distress.

The Chilean lightweight title-holder, Simon Guerra, bids fair to emulate the deeds of his compatriots, Lou Vicentini and Stanley Loayza. He carries a devastating punch, has great stamina, and improves his ringcraft with every fight.

After a series of victories by the K. O. route in Chile, Guerra has crossed the Andes to meet the cream of the Argentine lightweights. In his debut here, he easily outpointed Victor Peralta.

Charol, II (Cuba) held the Argentine welter, Angel Schiavone, to a draw in his first appearance here.

Jup Besselmann (Germany) stopped Alfredo Buscaglia in the second round, afterwards being outpointed by Angel Schiavone and Jacinto Invierno.

Invierno, in whom many see another Suarez, is a clever and hard-hitting 146-pounder. After his bout with Besselmann, he thrashed Ponce de Leon (Spain). His next fight will be against the Chilean idol, Fernandez.

Jorge Azar flattened Mario Dobrez, ex-middleweight champion of Italy, in the sixth round. Azar then outpointed Atilio Sabatino (Porto Rico), who recently lost a close one to the Spanish king, Ignacio Ara.

Pepe Lectoure, promoter, who has done more than anyone to restore boxing to its former popularity here, announces the visit of Mickey Walker, who would meet Jose Caratoli, the local cruiser champion.

Eduardo Vargas, lightweight who represented Argentina at Los Angeles, has joined the pro ranks, with mixed success, but appears to like high life too much to go far.

A lad for whom a great future seems imminent is Juan Carlos Alaniz, 135-pounder, who so far has won all ten of his professional fights, eight by the K. O. route.

Suarez Franco's aggressiveness gained him the decision in a twelve-round encounter with Dan Schink (Germany).

Nicolas Sileo (126 lbs.) forced Domingo Schiarrafia, title-holder, to a draw over ten rounds.

Pancho Magnelli, bantamweight who had a successful stay in the States, is now battling among the featherweights.

Francisco Favale, promising feather, beat P. Martinez (Cuba) on points.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

HEAVYWEIGHT boxing may prove a popular attraction in Montreal this summer, and if so, a hitherto unknown, Eddie Mader, can be thanked for it. This twenty-one-year-old prospect, scaling 182¾ pounds and standing six feet two inches in his socks, proved that all is not gold that glitters when he upset the build-up campaign for Salvatore Ruggirello, Italian behemoth, by giving "Ruggy" a severe lacing in the ten-round semifinal of Jules Racicot's second offering at the Mount Royal Arena.

Mader was regarded as just another set-up for Ruggirello to push over but he proved to be an exceptionally flashy performer and about the most colorful heavyweight seen in the Canadian metropolis. Though not a walloper of the dynamic Maxie Baer type, the New York lad impressed as a solid clouter, brilliant boxer, and smart ring general. He is apparently as fast and nimble on his feet as a bantam.

Al Roth, New York featherweight, is another new favorite here as a result of his showings on Racicot's two cards. Roth provided something of an upset in his first appearance when he stopped Pete DeGrasse in the eighth stanza. Taking the lead from the start, Roth pounded away methodically to wear the redskin flash down. Referee Ernie Boucher intervened to halt proceedings.

In the preliminaries, Sal Ruggirello pushed over one Barney Baker, New York, in two heats of the scheduled ten-round semifinal; Henri Auger, ex-amateur middleweight champ, made a successful debut by responding to the cheers of his schoolmates to outscore Joe Marro, New York, in a six-rounder; Charlie Leonardo, another ex-amateur middle champ, also clicked in his debut by dynamiting Ernie Kay, New York, in one round; and Phil Latouf battered out a victory over his local rival, Eddie Martin, in the four-round opener.

Roth battled Roger Bernard in the ten-round main bout of Racicot's second card, but, though a slight favorite to win, was fortunate to get a draw verdict from the judges. Bernard was in one of his good moods and outpunched the Swiss-American lad, scoring with hard right hooks, one of which floored Roth in the first round. It was a close fight. Referee Mickey McGowan voted for the veteran while the judges both called a draw.

Two substitute bouts were included in the prelims. Phil Latouf, chunky local featherweight, stopped the poorly conditioned Paul Mecteau in the initial session; Wilf Carufel, local lightie, outscored Henri Legros in a six-rounder; and Joe Lemieux banged out a close six-round win over Jackie Dubois, Sherbrooke welterweight. Earnest action featured these battles.

Al Foreman is all set for a big season. The British Empire and Canadian lightweight champion has been training for some time and is prepared to take on Roger Bernard, Al Roth, or anyone else the promoters can produce.

Gibbs went to New York and Providence, R. I., to consult the N. Y. Commission and N. B. A. solons in regard to the title supposed to be vacated by the suspension of Panama Al Brown, king of the world's bantams. Sammy is willing to pit Bobby Leitham against Baby Casanova or any outstanding contender for the title, even if Leitham has to oppose Casanova in the latter's home town, Mexico City.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's colorful young lightweight star, added Joe Marciente to his list of victims when he outclassed him in a six-round special boxing feature of a wrestling show staged in the Bytown's auditorium.

Yours truly has got bitten by the "moving day" bug again so all future mail to your correspondent should be addressed to Lawson Bampton, 4832 Park Avenue, Montreal.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

AFTER a long lay-off, Promoter Charlie Murray has again turned to boxing. He used Big Boy Brackey, former heavyweight amateur, and Bill Fogarty as the headliners.

Brackey raised havoc among the Simon-pures until he fought Red Conway of Niagara Falls, New York state champion, who beat the big fellow. Previous to that, Brackey had had easy sailing, encountering only one stiff fight against Earl Potter of Depew, who quit in the third round, claiming an injured hand. Potter put Brackey down for two long counts and was on the floor himself for a pair of knockdowns.

Joe Doctor, Buffalo's heavyweight champion, is willing to meet Brackey, Potter, or Conway whenever these newcomers demand action. Doctor will probably never be a championship contender, but he can certainly clean up the local situation any time he pleases.

Losing to Mickey Serrian at Syracuse was a back step for Steve Halaiko, but Steve and Manager Vince Plunkett do not agree with the decision that was rendered against the former national amateur champion. Plunkett says his man was rightfully entitled to the verdict.

Boxers and wrestlers of all weights who are not under contract will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

GOSSIP AROUND TOWN—Jack Singer has a new gym all rigged out in the latest style. . . . . Sam Bruce was beaten at Albany but was not in good shape . . . . Lou Scozza is keeping fit but has had few fights this season . . . . A new open-air arena may spring up here soon . . . . And a new fight club is being considered . . . . The promoters will need a bank roll . . . . Ed Delivuk of the Buffalo Sporting Club, who has been ill with a heart ailment, is on the mend . . . . Charlie Murray will stage another six-day bike race in December . . . . Red Carr is piloting a good-looking middleweight in Dick Hartnett . . . .

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

"BIG MARK" LILLICH is wearing a broad smile these days. His brother, who fights under the nom de plume of Joe Jordan, made a great hit in Scranton recently although losing a hair-line decision to Frankie Cawley.

The most active fighters in Rochester are Joe Jordan and Al Traino.

Rochester's monthly ratings: Joe Jordan, heavyweight; Bill Fogarty, heavyweight; George Quamina, light-heavy; Pat Singer, middleweight; Johnny Baker, welterweight; Jimmy Downs, welterweight; Al Traino, lightweight; Johnny Burba, lightweight; Vince Giambrone, featherweight.

Rochester fans are planning to charter a special bus to attend the Carnera-Baer bout in June. Anyone interested should get in touch with Mark Lillich.

Jim Browning and Henri DeGlane attracted the first sell-out crowd in several years when they met on the Convention Hall mat a few weeks ago. Each gained a fall.

It is rumored that out-of-town interests plan to erect a new sports arena here next year.

Anyone interested in booking local fighters should write, wire, or phone Sam Porcelli, 121 North Union Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JOHNNIE JADICK lost another close bout at Holyoke against Lou Ambers. The best Jadick seems to be able to get is a draw here. In a semifinal, Frankie Britt of Boston K. Oed Frankie Mange with a left hook to the jaw in a fifth round. Eddie Mays of Hartford, Conn., won a six-round bout from Ralph Morgan. Johnnie Bangs of Boston and Johnny Ladao fought a slam-bang fight which ended in a draw. Young Conoyer of Danielson, Conn., beat Nick Motika in a four-rounder. Jimmy Leto out-pointed Jackie Davis of Cleveland, at Boston.

Jimmy Leto outpointed Lew Raymond of Baltimore, at Holyoke Valley Arena, and Billy Bridges fought a draw with Jackie Davis of Cleveland. Johnnie Bellus of New Haven won over Jackie La Salle of Hartford. David Duval of Springfield won from Tom Grady. Walter Murphy of Ludlow beat Gene Moriarty of Holyoke. Jackie Davis of Cleveland won over Buster Brown of Baltimore, in ten rounds.

Honey Mellody won over Irish Jimmie Brady of Newark, in ten. Charles Eagle of Waterbury beat Nick Fusaro of Boston in six. Carlo Daponde of Springfield, lightweight, won over Tom Grady. Armand Renault of Springfield won a decision over Sammy Athas.

Homer Rainault closed his Valley Arena fight palace on a regular fight night to go to Philadelphia to see his pride and joy, Jimmy Leto, whom he spent two years in building up, knocked almost into his lap, in the second round by Benny Bass, the Philadelphia plugger. It was quite a shock for Homer who had set for a shot at Barney Ross this summer. Bass spoiled Rainault's night and also his future plans.

Primo Carnera will beat Max Baer in their coming bout.

Roy "Ace" Clark, who had Primo Carnera on a verge of a knock-out, is now under my management. He is willing to meet any heavyweight in the world.

At Pittsfield, Vernon Cormier of Worcester won over Phil Baker of Connecticut and Eddie Gates of Pittsfield won over his local rival.

Billy O'Brien, featherweight boxer of Springfield, has taken a job in the sporting department of the *Springfield Union*.

Doc Graves is doing well with his gymnasium on Main Street, in Springfild, opposite the Paramount.

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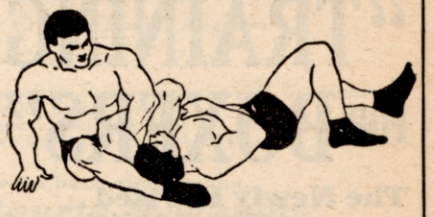

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

LARRY ATKINS, and his angel took it on the chin for plenty at the Public Auditorium, when only a handful of fans turned out to see Charley Massare, and Eddie Simms, local heavyweight, fight. Massare, weighing 183 to Simm's 197½, won the decision of Herb Williams, the referee, and one judge, Johnny Kilbane, ex-featherweight champion. Judge Al Porter cast his vote for Simms. Benny Leonard, who sat in the press row with Franklin Lewis of the *Press*, thought that Simms had a shade, so did Lewis. James Doyle, sport editor of the P. D., also gave Simms a shade, while Dan Taylor of the *News*, gave Simms only four rounds and six to Massare. Massare copped three of the final four frames.

Massare was badly handicapped by a bad cut right up over his nose, caused by a left hook or a butt as they were fighting in close. However, the ex-Pittsburgher, now fighting out of New York, came in to stage a rally in the last round that carried Simms right off his pins. Charley never stopped leathering him. The crowd gave Massare a rousing cheer after the final bell.

Jimmy Vaughn got a boxing lesson from Lew Feldman of New York in the semifinal ten-rounder. It was Feldman's second victory over Jimmy, as he beat him in the same manner on the last News Fund show. Mickey Dugan lost the other ten-rounder to George Nichols. Joey Spiegel knocked out Ray Collins in the fourth round, George Baratko knocked out Billy Fisk in the second round of the opener.

Benny Leonard got a great hand from the fans last night. He said he wouldn't go back in the ring for $100,000, but he still loves to see the boys go.

Chuck Sotax has teamed up with Porter Root.

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, lost another fight to Kid Chocolate out on the Pacific Coast. It is the first fight he has lost since going out there.

Babe Triscaro, Gorilla Jones, and company are still working as extras around the studios at Los Angeles. Babe is fighting on the side. Jones has been suffering with a touch of malaria. Gorilla and Babe are planning a trip back home very shortly and will probably go right on to New York.

Rosy Rosales is working out in the gym. He is anxious to box any of the light-heavies.

Jerry Sachs has quit promoting pro shows and now puts on amateurs at his Coliseum on Euclid Avenue.

Walter Taylor is still going every week at the Equestrium with wrestling and boxing.

Joe Tuma has a good lightweight in Lee Sheppard. He has been trying for the last six months to get a shot at Jimmy Vaughn at the Equestrium. Sheppard is also after any of the good lightweights around the Middle West. He has a good record.

Buck Everett, who has scared all the local heavyweights around Cleveland, won three fights at Miami. He beat Cancella and Wright and knocked out Edgren. Then he moved up to Springfield, Mo., where he gave Babe Hunt a great shellacking.

Everett is very anxious to box Massare, Natey Brown, Tommy Loughran or any of the heavyweights. Get in touch with the writer if you want to use Everett. He worked with Carnera for the big fight and will probably go to New York shortly.

The fight game around the state has been very quiet although Canton and Akron have been going right along.

Bryan Downey has opened a gym on Prospect Avenue.

Johnny Papke is running Manny Robins' gym on Lexington and East 55th.

Mike Getz is still running his gym in Lakewood. He is keeping the amateurs quite busy.

Met Eddie Meade upon his return from Florida —looking like a millionaire and walking like a Johnny Oliver. He certainly has stuck to his diet. Said he was considering an offer for Johnny Farr to go to Australia and also has offers for Farr to go to England and France.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

MICKEY SERRIAN, Scranton's powerful little iron man, punched out a decision over Steve Halaiko of Auburn in eight fast rounds. Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, local Negro, won in eight rounds from Stanley Loayza of Chile.

Not much doing in boxing around Syracuse. Postponements, injuries, and one thing or another seem to make it an almost impossible task for the promoters to stage weekly shows.

John Contos, former Baltimore wrestling promoter, has invaded Syracuse. The likable Greek impresario runs his wrestling shows on Wednesday nights and they are well attended. Amateur wrestling, under A. A. U. supervision, is also going big on Tuesdays.

Utica has been running weekly boxing shows and has drawn several good crowds. Bob Moody, Boston colored heavyweight, outpointed Frankie Wotanski of Utica in six thrilling rounds at Convention Hall. Eddie (Babe) Risko of Syracuse whipped Steve Wolanin of Utica.

Irish Eddie Dolan of Waterbury, Conn., knocked out Tommy Bland of Toronto, Canadian lightweight champion, in the sixth round, at Albany. Dolan's victory created quite a stir here as Bland had given Steve Halaiko two hard battles.

At the American Legion charity show held at Herkimer, N. Y., Lew Ambers, Al Weill's coming lightweight, knocked out Eddie Dempsey of this city in the third round. This was unexpected since Dempsey beat Lew Feldman at Utica.

Johnny Nelson, local colored light-heavyweight, and Izzy Singer of New York fought six rounds to a draw at Utica. Frankie Stevens of Ogdensburg lost to Lou Alpert of Utica, and Babe Risko won over Jackie Flowers, Clinton colored middleweight.

Utica—Red Herring will run his shows weekly at Convention Hall under the sponsorship of the Mid-State A. C., Inc.

Binghamton—J. F. McIntyre, owner of the Hotel Martine and prominent in sporting circles, is in the market for a pro boxing license. McIntyre would stage his cards at Kalurah Temple. Marty Postal of Brooklyn at present holds a Binghamton license, but has steadfastly refused to sell it. Marty has not staged a card here in five months and Bingo fans are hungry for the leather-pushers.

SHORT SHOTS — Eduardo Duarry of Williamsport, Pa., who beat Tony Herrera, is living here . . . . Al Salbano knocked out Ralph Chong of New Orleans at Houston, Texas, in one round, and followed up with a win over Gus Campbell, the Miami, Fla., slugger at Waco, Texas. . . . . He is handled by Jack Laken, former Philadelphia manager . . . . Jackie Brady's gym in South Warren Street is a busy place these days . . . . Every pug in this section works there, and the railbirds are plentiful . . . . The writer is removing some excess poundage, and after several years of easy living believe me "it is tough." . . . . Fans are wondering if little Mike Belloise, the "Italian Ike Weir," will some day win the world's featherweight crown . . . . Bushy Graham, the Utica dancing master, battered out a one-sided win over Frankie Marchese, battle-scarred New York veteran . . . . Rumor there is to be a wholesale shake-up at the Arena fight club . . . . Ray Kahl is making good matches for his Auburn club.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOPSKI

FOR the second time this season, Lou Brouillard succeeded in triumphing over Bob Olin, light-heavyweight, of New York, in a bloody ten-rounder at the New Haven Arena.

Steve Carr of Meriden was awarded a token when the referee gave him the decision over Johnny Pilo of New York in eight rounds. The fans booed the decision.

Jack Renault, New Haven, knocked out Harry Parker of Elizabeth in the second round. Johnny Battick, New Haven, and Ralph Bargnesi of Norwich, drew in four rounds.

Jimmy Hicks of New Haven was rocked to sleep in the first stanza by Mathan Mann of Hamden, N. J.

Irish Eddie Dolan, a portsider, kayoed Tommy Bland of Toronto, Canada, in two rounds.

Charley Eagle outboxed Nick Fusaro in six semesters.

Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven Negro, dropped Trader Horn of New York City for the full count in the fourth round at the Elks Hall in Stamford.

Johnny Bellus, New Haven, belted out a clean-cut victory over Joe Vignali in six rounds.

Steve Fasti, Bridgeport, lost to Young Eddy of Stamford. Joey King, New Haven, and Pin Boy Jumbo, Stamford, drew. Pinky Morris, Bridgeport, also drew with Tin Can Romanelli.

Al Weill, New York promoter, has set plans for the summer in staging boxing bouts at the White City and also in Hartford.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

IT was a weary Richie Mack who dropped a ten-round decision to Harry Dublinsky, Chicago speedster, at the Coliseum in New Orleans. Dublinsky's many punches merely aggravated the Dallas, Texas, welterweight's evident lassitude, brought about by thirteen bouts in twelve weeks' time. Mack requires a long rest away from all ring action, but with a copy of THE RING to keep him up to date.

Joe Fryou, young Gretna southpaw bantamweight, had little opposition from Jimmy Harrell, Baltimore, Md., stopping him in the third round of their semifinal match. Other good performers on the card were Paul Puartararo, New Orleans lightweight, who drew with George Clausen, Mobile; Nick Camarata, featherweight, winner over Merlin Springer; and George Murla, Spanish bantamweight, who gained his second victory over Vincent Serio.

Three weeks before meeting Dublinsky, Mack soundly whipped Billy Hogan, Piermont, N. Y., in ten rounds. The Irish youngster's limited experience could not cope with Mack's cunning shiftiness.

Chino Alvarez, sensational punching Cuban lightweight from Tampa, Fla., prophesied the end of big time events in the career of Ervin Berlier, New Orleans southpaw. Alvarez tossed one right hand in the first stanza and Berlier was tolled out.

In the semifinal, K. O. Grogan, Cairo, Ill., also wound up his semifinal go in a horizontal position in the first round. Al Jerome, New Orleans featherweight, was the victor. Henry Deubler kayoed George McGinnis, Baton Rouge welterweight; Irving Shaffer, Mobile, Ala., lightweight, defeated Al Morales, New Orleans; and George Holmes, 126, beat Adam Cook.

Tony Cangiamilla, stablemate of Liuzza's, fared poorly, too, losing the decision to Joe Saille, New Orleans bantam, in the six-round semifinal. Santos Hugo, Filipino bantam, drew with Angelo Musso, and Irvin Shaffer, Mobile, gave Mike Cusimano, New Orleans lightweight, a bad battering in four rounds.

That title-holders are seldom held in reverence by New Orleans fight fans was evident in Champion Maxie Rosenbloom's first appearance in a Crescent City ring. Without doubt, Maxie beat Johnny Miler, Detroit light-heavyweight, in their ten-round set-to, but the spectators voiced long and loud their disapproval of the official decision. Miler, in the pink of form, carried through a well-planned offensive which thoroughly extended and also surprised the grossly overweight champion.

In the semifinal, Jimmy Camarata and Moon Couns, local light-heavyweights, huffed, puffed, and clowned, with the former getting the nod. Tommy Burke, Brooklyn welterweight, lost a questionable decision to Jimmy Beeson, New Orleans. Henry Duebler trounced Snooks Kiser, Tulsa, Okla., in four rounds.

From Mobile, Ala., came the following results of the month: Dewey Cannon, Mobile bantamweight, knocked out Johnny Art, Jacksonville, Fla., in two rounds; Battling Shaw, Laredo, Texas, welterweight, decisioned Gene Tillman, Mobile, and kayoed Sammy Lucas, Miami, Fla.; Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans lightweight, shellacked George Clausen, Mobile, and beat Roy Boree, Jacksonville, Fla.; Frankie Schottgen, Mobile, decisioned Boomer Brooker, Fargo, N. D., lightweight; Johnny Blalak outpointed Leslie Rush, Mobile middleweight; Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, shaded Billie Hood, Jacksonville, Fla., middleweight; Battling Burough, Pascagoula, Miss., welterweight, beat Ira Bassett, Mobile; and Wilford Hultz, Bear Fork, Ala., middleweight, stopped Gus Smith, Mobile.

Charlie Bruscato, boxing impresario at Monroe, La., started off his reorganized fight club in an impressive manner. Wildman Wilson Dunn, Choctaw Indian light-heavyweight from Ponca City, Okla., headlined two cards, kayoing his opponents Phil Thompson, Atlanta, Ga., in three rounds, and Tony Falletta, Monroe, in six rounds.

In other matches, Gyp Zarro, Pittsburgh, Pa., was stopped in six rounds by Tony Falletta. Johnny Wallace, 130, Monroe, drew in ten rounds with Phil Latona, Denison, Texas.

OUTCROPPINGS — The New Orleans Elks Club has Battling Shaw for a boxing instructor. . . . . Mike McNulty, veteran manager, works every angle to gain publicity for his boys . . . . Johnny Miler's right name is John Miletich . . . . Good matches have revived boxing enthusiasm in New Orleans . . . . Billy Haack will promote at Greenwood and Greenville, Miss. . . . . Emile Bruneau, handler of fighters, has added "P. G." Carson, Negro middleweight, to his stable . . . . Adam Cook, New Orleans, lost to Tommy DiGiovanni, Baton Rouge lightweight, at Lake Charles, La. . . . . Jack Dempsey refereed the match. . . . If you desire a list of promoters or boxing clubs in Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, send twenty cents to the writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

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FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA
By HAL DAVIS

WRESTLING seems to be on a rising tide of popularity in this part of the country. For some time Atlanta and Lake Worth have been good drawing spots for the grunt and groan artists, but now Jacksonville, Miami, Tallahassee, St. Petersburg, and Savannah wrestling promoters are making a serious bid to regain the fickle fans favor. With such stars as Londos, Zaharias, Shikat, Daviscourt and Speers touring the South, as well as a fine crop of rough young collegians, fans in this part of the world are due to witness some fine rough and tumble shows. So fohgive me, boxing fans, if this column includes, in the future, more than the usual amount of wrestling news.

The Savannah Athletic Club, long sponsor of high-class boxing entertainment, has read the handwriting on the wall, and is staging a fight one week and a wrestling match the next Thursday night. The turnout at the first show, and the way that the card was received by the fans, led one official of the club to predict that the rough-housing and histrionics of the wrestlers would soon be outdrawing the less showy boxing cards. At one time, Savannah was *the* leading wrestling center of the South, when such stars as Strangler Lewis, the elder Zbyszko, Dr. Roller, and Charlie Cutler made this city their headquarters.

Among the boxers, Joe Knight has been the busiest of the southern stars. His draw with the Gary heavy, Buck Everett, and his four-round K. O. of the Texas giant, Tex Lavelle, were his most recent bouts as this went to press. Joe leaves within a few days to fight Lou Brouillard, in the former champ's own bailiwick.

Jacksonville seems to be more sport conscious. Not only are the new wrestling promoters, Harry Sawtelle and Bob Moore, packing them in, but Jeff Clark and Polly Huau are drawing even greater crowds to the fights at the Armory. The two Jax favorites, Ray Schneider and Eddie Burl, drew capacity houses twice during the past month. The first bout, we believe, was called a draw, but in the return match Schneider received the unanimous decision at the end of twelve rounds. Other Jax bouts resulted in Eddie Burl decisioning Russell Gonzales, Lope Tenorio (who seems to have a new lease on life) beating Horace Burkell, and Ray Boree outpointing Clever Moro.

Tonorio journeyed to Macon and won the decision over the fingerless veteran, Ray Kisser, while Honey Boy Snipes won from Ellis Monahan in the semi.

Carl Knowles and Jackie Gibbs furnished the Savannah fans plenty of thrills in their two bitter battles during the past month. Gibbs won the first meeting, but Knowles was given the duke in the return bout. Ole Olsen and Jack Taylor, in partnership with the writer, have established a training camp for wrestlers and boxers, which they call Dot Camp, incorporating the first letters of their last names into a word for the name. It is on the outskirts of Savannah.

A FEW MORE RESULTS—Billy Hood drew with Ernie Sagues in Macon and was beaten by Eddie Flynn, the Olympic welterweight champ. Bobby Vogel drew with Bulldog Downs in ten and beat Joe Berroy at Savannah. Berroy K. O.'ed Patsey Haley in one. At Miami, Johnny Lucas beat Joey Kauffman, but two weeks later Frankie Hughes stopped Lucas. Chino Alvarez stopped Ervin Berlier in one. Russell Gonzales beat Eddie Burl, Savannah. Petey Sarron won from Buckey Burton, Miami. Rip Tetherton beat Whit Webb, Valdosta. Bobby Godwin drew with Mickey Walker and Johnny Risko, West Palm Beach and Daytona. Clever Moro beat Kid Gillion, Augusta. Wilbur Stokes stopped Jake Denning in five, Augusta.

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FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE South has the distinction of having some of the best pugilists in the country, but those who shine forth are the light-heavy and heavyweights. Quite a few are rated mighty high by the boxing critics, and the light-heavyweights in question are Joe Knight, Bob Godwin, Jackie Gibbs, Clyde Chastain, Jack Denning, Bob Davey, LeRoy Brown, Gordon Fortenberry, Eric Lawson, Ed "Hardrock" Harden, Joe Lipps, and Carl Knowles.

There are two light-heavies that bear watching and both are from the state of North Carolina, Jack Denning and Ed "Hardrock" Harden. Denning is the better known, but it won't be long before Harden gets up on the heights of fistiana. While in the United States Navy, Denning held four titles including the all-service championship which includes the navy, marines, army and the home guards, and though Denning claims the Carolinas' titles, Harden likewise is laying claim to them. Here are two boys that should be matched by some promoter and a belt be given to the winner.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—Bob Godwin defeated Johnny Risko at Daytona Beach . . . . Carl Knowles defeated Jackie Gibbs at Savannah . . . . Bulldog Downs held Bobby Vogel to a draw in the semiwind-up . . . . At Augusta, Jack Denning K. O.'ed Chick Hill in four . . . . At Macon, Maxie Rosenbloom scored over Walker Cyclone Smith . . . . At New Orleans, Chino Alvarez stopped Ervin Berlier (1) . . . . At Macon, Ray Kiser lost to Lope Tenorio . . . . Honey Boy Snipes K. O.'ed Jimmy Murphy . . . . A boy worth watching is Lefty Allen of Macon . . . . At Miami, Joe Knight and Buck Everett fought a draw . . . . At West Palm Beach, Joe Knight won over Eddie Houghton . . . . At Beaumont, Gus Campbell and Al Salbano drew . . . . Leroy Brown lost a decision to Maxie Rosenbloom at Charleston . . . . Chick Hill knocked out Horace Helms at Augusta, while in the semifinal Vernon Seeley scored over Fighting Bob Swinger.

It is said that Steve Hamas is the only college fighter to reach the heights of being called a contender, but down at the University of North Carolina there is a kid, still in his teens, who has won all his bouts by knock-outs. This youngster has all the earmarks of some day becoming a champion and so much so that while Pa Stribling was in the game he wanted to take this hard puncher to Australia.

The lad in question is Norment "Baby" Quarles, who tips the scales at 135 pounds. In three years of competition, Norment has won all his bouts via the knock-out route. He is a hard puncher and tears into his opponent from the sound of the gong. His most damaging punch is a left hook.

In conclusion, your scribe is in the market for good fighters that have no strings tied to them. In first letters, enclose news clippings, photos, etc. . . . Address your letter to 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Georgia . . . . and until next month . . . . *Adios.*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

MICKEY "BABY FACE" SLATER, local featherweight youngster with a record of twenty-six wins out of twenty-eight professional fights, edged into the fistic limelight during the past month when he fought six rounds to a thrilling draw with Kid Swezey. Slater is a hard-working youngster, always in shape, loves the fight game, and in short, he should reach the top.

A new gymnasium has been opened at 415½ Pearl Street, under the management of Scotty Sullivan, well-known trainer, wrestler, and boxing manager. All the leading boxers in this section are working out there daily, and all out-of-town boxers coming this way for the summer months are invited to do their training here. Scotty will be glad to post your sheets and publicity matter if you send same.

In the only pro fight card of the month staged at the Abu-Bekr Shrine Temple, with Harry Jones doing the matchmaking, Sammy Musco, tough Omaha feather, punched out a victory over Vale Falegano, Des Moines Filipino, in six rounds. Speedy Clayton, local lightweight, and Billie Love of Omaha drew in six; Eddie Burke, a good-looking prospect from Peoria, Ill., and Mickey "Baby Face" Slater fought four very close rounds, with Burke having an edge, if any; Roy "Kid" Newman of Merrill, Iowa, and Don Phillips, Council Bluffs lightweight, drew in their four.

Nevada, Iowa — Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightweight, defeated Wayne Hammer of Scranton, Iowa, in six fast rounds.

Boxers and managers—don't forget to send in your news by the sixteenth of each month.

Manchester, Iowa—In one of the best cards of the month, Babe Shaffer of West Union, Iowa, gained the nod over George Davidsaver, Dubuque, Iowa, middleweight, in ten rounds. Young Van Sickle took the nod over Pete Nakos by a hair line. Nakos was on the offensive most of the time, but the advantage in reach of Young Van Sickle was too much. The preliminary battles resulted as follows: Ken Shaffer shaded Johnny Waitman in four. Kid Wheat won over Bat Johnson in four; Larry Mortenson and Kid "Popeye" drew; Young Lyons won by a knock-out over Kid DeKeyser in two rounds.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—Cappy Wooten scored a T.K.O. over Hymie Spiegel in four rounds; Norman Rosenthal and Kid Miller battled to a draw in four; Les Stanford earned a decision over Red Dixon in four; Frankie Redman and Kayoe Rudy fought to a draw, as did Don Pace and Ben Shaft.

Davenport, Iowa—Henry Rothier beat Young Terry in eight rounds; Johnny Phagan beat Eddie Gray by a knockout in three; Louis Visconti knocked out Kid Fulton in two rounds; Tommy Jordan stopped Mickey O'Dea in four.

Sanborn, Iowa—Mickey Slater and Kid Swezey fought six good rounds to a draw; Buddy Short, middleweight champion of Iowa, boxed a two-round exhibition with Kid Redimare; Albert Block and Kid Cyerl fought a five-round draw; Kid Postma beat Newt Glenn in four; Kid Heasley lost to Battling Crippen in five rounds; Battling Kranamie won over Kid Bewers in five rounds; Jack Brevhart won over Pete Farrell in five rounds.

Fargo, N. D.—Mel Coleman of Duluth, Minn., outpointed Laurie Peppin of Winnipeg, Canada, in twelve fast rounds.

A packed house turned out to watch the Trinity College intramural bouts staged at the local Kaysee Gym. The program consisted of ten three-round bouts, with plenty of action. The results were as follows: Paul O'Connor won over Leo Lariviere; Vernon Castel beat Don Higgins; Larry Wean beat Clyde Martin; Noel McKenna beat Fred Dreves; Buddy Betz and Robert Morley fought a draw; Robert Kelly beat Leo Zimmer; Young Jack Cody and James Boyle fought a draw; Sylvester O'Connor and Dale Finnegan also drew; Sylvester Uhl won over Emmett Barrett; Wallie Dreyfoos officiated as third man, and ringside judges were Harry Jones and Frankie Pasha.

Burlington, Iowa—Billy Patty won a judges' decision from Chuck Wilhelmy in the main event of an amatenur boxing card; Carey Brown knocked out Tarzar Norris in two rounds; Bobby Glisan knocked out Kid Statler in three; Dick Durant won over Eddie Tierney; Gene Hicks won an unpopular decision over Kid Conklin; Johnny Aliota beat Benny Nemo. Ted Carter took a nod over Jimmy Worrell.

Loup City, Nebr.—One of the largest crowds in years turned out to see the American Legion amateur boxing show staged here. The results were as follows: Ray Sandber won over Melvin Wagner by a K. O. in two; Stack Biwkowski won from Billy Albers by a K. O. in three; Arnie Peters won over Elwin Aubel; John Kuta won over Harry Wendell; Lloyd Perry, winner in his class at the Grand Island and Omaha American Athletic Union elimination tournaments, was knocked out by Russell Hancock in two rounds.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Sherald Kennard outpointed Johnny Martin in ten rounds; Johnny Stanton knocked out Billy Love in six; Young Rightmeier won over Sammy Musco in six; Jimmy Riley outpointed Al Pahl in six rounds.

Huron, S. D.—Larry Udell, the Sioux City-Aberdeen express won a ten-round bout with Tiger Jack Payne, Omaha light-heavyweight.

Fargo, N. D. — Sherald Kennard outpointed Battling Nelson in six rounds; Al Pahl and Indian Chief "Red Feather" of Oneida, S. D., fought six rounds to a good draw.

Grand Forks, N. D.—George Feist of Grand Forks won a six-round decision over Ollie Bartlett of Minneapolis.

My boxing promoters list—No. 3—is going fast. There are only a few left, hence if you want same, you'd better get busy, as the next list will not be ready until fall. The cover charge is a dime, which just covers the cost of getting same out and into your hands. Address—2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

YOUR QUESTIONS—J. S. S., of Fargo, N. D.: No. 1. Write Nat Fleischer. No. 2. His course is O. K. No. 3. No, Rightmeier is only a comer. I doubt very much if he will ever be champion, or rated in the first ten, but he has the makings of a good boy, and time will tell. L. S. B., Sioux Falls, S. D.: Pictures of the fighters you name can be had from THE RING. M. I., St. Paul, Minn.: No. 1. Of course. Jack Perry beat Bermondsley Wells in ten rounds at Minneapolis, September 20, 1922. (This from THE RING magazine of December, 1922.) P. C. S., Davenport, Iowa: No. 1. Try it. No. 2. Get yourself a manager, and get a few of the books from the RING bookshop. T. P., Mason City, Iowa: No. 1. Yes. No. 2. Yes, I buy old fight magazines if the price is right.

Omaha, Nebr.—Tommy Corbett won an eight-round decision over Henry Falegano of Des Moines, Iowa; Freddy Penn and Hymie Spiegel fought a draw in six; Don "Kid" Phillips won a decision over Billy Love in six; Young Kid Chocolate knocked out Gregg O'Neill in the first round. Jimmy Simones won over Jack Sampson in four.

Fargo, N. D.—Floyd Marshall of Phoenix, Ariz., and Andy Moen of Fergus Falls, Minn., wrestled to a draw.

Bob Wagner is matchmaker for the American Legion wrestling shows at Des Moines, Iowa. . . . . Wrestling is still going strong out here, but boxing is coming to the front again in jumps and bounds. . . . . Some very good wrestling shows have been staged during the past month.

Denison, Ia.—Rough-house Nelson won two falls out of three from Jack Spurgin; Sailor Lamaster won over Francis Stull by one fall; Curly Smith and Albert Christofferson tangled in the curtain lifter with Smith getting the one fall.

Mason City, Iowa—Pat O'Shocker threw Andy Moen; Earl Wampler and Bruce Noland wrestled to a draw; Tag Tagerson threw Otto Matulka; and Lee Jones and Verts Stoltenberg went to a draw.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Close to 5,000 fans turned out to watch Ed Don George win over Rudy La Ditzi. It was the largest crowd in the history of wrestling here. Art Von Saxon tossed Eddie Wirth; Baron Ginsberg and Tiny Roebuck went to a draw.

Des Moines, Iowa—Ed Don George won over Al Sparks; Baron Ginsberg and Hans Schultz went to a draw; Jack Wagner threw Young Gotch; Homer Wright threw Ed Wirth.

Mason City, Iowa—Bronko Nagurski won over Jack Hader; Frankie French and Earl Wampler went a draw, as did Babe Carnera and Tag Tagerson.

Council Bluffs, Iowa—Don George won over Pat McGill. Baron Ginsberg won over Mike Markoff. Jack Wagner and Homer Wright drew, as did Rough-house Nelson and Hans Schultze.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Joe De Vito won over Homer Wright in straight falls; Buck Olson beat Young Gotch; Pete Spaedt and Jake Wyant wrestled to a draw.

Sioux City, Iowa—Rudy Laditzi won over Hans Schultz; Homer Wright drew with Joe De Vito; Jack Wagner won over Rough-house Nelson; Ed Wirth tossed Young Gotch.

Shenandoah, Iowa — Dale Parrish won over Glenn House. The proceedings became so rough and bloody that spectators went into a near riot and had to be quelled by the police. Jack Claiborne lost to Sailor Gotch; Mickey Novak won over Curley Smith.

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George Godfrey

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

TEDDY YAROSZ kept in fine condition for a possible championship fight with Vince Dundee here this summer by easily defeating Ben Jeby, former title-holder, in twelve rounds at Duquesne Garden. Fast as greased lightning, cagey, and alert, Yarosz had little to fear of Jeby. Teddy dominated the situation throughout, tying up his aggressive adversary time after time. Yarosz is undoubtedly the world's best middleweight. His performances during the past ten months have been phenomenal. Teddy deserves a chance to fight Dundee for the American crown.

The big surprise of the evening occurred in the semifinal. Anson Green, two-fisted colored lad of Homestead, knocked out Al Rossi, eastern middleweight flash. Green required less than two heats to accomplish the feat.

Mike Barto, Bunny Buntach's promising battler, and Marty Gornick, Whitaker 145-pounder, provided a sensational contest. Although Gornick was in the lead going into the final session, Barto unleashed a spirited attack in the last frame, dropping Gornick no less than three times to win the verdict. Max Elling scored over General Burrows.

Mose Butch lost to Freddie Miller at Motor Square Garden, but not until he slung dynamic wallops on the champ's mug. Butch really had Miller in a dazed condition but failed to follow up his advantage.

The Dom Mancini-Battling Gizzy semifinal terminated in the seventh chapter when Gizzy won on a foul after being hit low. Mancini was way ahead prior to the mishap, however.

Joey Bazzone, 150-pounder of McKeesport, banged out a clear-cut decision over Billy Holt, Homewood colored lad.

In the headliner at McKeesport, Tiger Joe Randall won the verdict over Joey Bazzone. Nine knockdowns were scored, seven in the first round. Randall's six knockdowns in the first stanza counted heavily against Bazzone despite a timely, sensational rally by the latter.

Mose Butch knocked out one Joe Elrene in the third round at Youngstown, Ohio.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

DONALD RED BARRY scored an impressive win over Freddie Feducia of Newark, N. J., in eight rounds at Alexandria, Va. Barry was far too fast and clever for the hard-punching Feducia, who had previously shown to advantage at the Portner Arena. Buck Taylor beat Eddie Marks in the six-round semifinal, and Jimmy Tramberia and Joey Zoda boxed a six-round draw.

Bep Van Klaveren won handily over Frankie Petrolle at Baltimore, Md. Van Klaveren hit the rugged Petrolle almost at will the entire ten rounds, but Frankie was still walking in when the final bell sounded. Al Parks knocked out Tommy Dunn in round five of the semifinal.

Leroy Dougan and Billy Landers staged a rough-and-ready battle at Portner's Arena in Alexandria with Landers taking the duke. Dougan gave Landers plenty of trouble but lost whatever chance he had to win with his foul tactics, but nevertheless the fans seemed to like Dougan playing the part of villain and a return affair is in the making. Carey Wright knocked out Al Parks in round six after having Parks down for a couple of nine counts. Morris Gross took a technical knock-out victory over Bill Bulluck when he cut the latter's eye in round one. Benny Victor beat Harry Groves in six heats and Al Ditaman won over Nick Trasparente in the four-round curtain raiser.

Lew Raymond beat Pete Nebo in ten rounds at Baltimore. Lew was on top of Pete the entire distance and finished with plenty to spare. Jimmy Jones pasted Toney Scarpati in six rounds, and Jimmy Tramberia beat Angelo in six heats. In the fours, Manny Tillman knocked out Harry Groves in one round and Lawrence Gunn halted Bobby Carson in two.

Charlie Von Reedon lost a close one to Frankie Covelli in ten rounds at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va. Charlie put Covelli down for a long nine count in the first round and just how Frankie gamely weathered the storm is still a mystery. Pete Galiano and Young Nicco fought a thriller in the six-round semifinal with Galiano the winner. Pete had Nicco down for a couple of nine counts only to have Nicco finish with a rush. Roddy Davis easily beat Mike Gross in a special six-rounder.

Ernie Ratner was just too busy for Charlie Gomer in an eight-rounder at Baltimore and took the duke thereby. Gomer failed to land his knockout punch on the ever-moving Ratner. Eddie Marks flattened Mike Sipio in seven heats just at a time when Mike looked like a winner. Jimmy Jones belted Johnny Mays a-plenty for eight heats, and Harry Jeffra showed considerable promise in winning over Leroy Dougan. Jeffra had Dougan down for a nine count in round three.

Billy Landers decisioned Freddie Lartazio in eight rounds at Norfolk, Va. Landers looked very impressive in soundly trouncing the tough Brooklynite.

Natie Brown and Marty Gallagher fought ten rounds before a capacity house at Portner's Arena. Brown was an easy winner. Baby Charles lost to Joe Green in six rounds, and Pete Bevans scored over Al Parks.

PICKUPS — The boys who know say Tom Haines and Jack Tulluck will be placed on the boxing commission for Virginia. Both men are well known in their localities. Tulluck is a newspaperman in Alexandria, Va., and Haines holds a similar position at Norfolk, Va. Both men know the fight game and look like wise selections . . . . Pete Galiano, Baltimore youngster, was given a chance to show his wares on a recent card at the Portner Arena to see whether he was good enough to box Joe Green, a Washington favorite. Galiano's showing was so good it looks like Green will steer clear of him. Another Baltimore youngster who wants to show before the Washington fans but is held out because he is too good for the local opposition, is Jimmy Jones. Jones has yet to lose a professional fight and is dying for a shot at Carey Wright at the Portner Arena . . . . Donald Red Barry's recent win over Charlie Massare at Pittsburgh, Pa., should put Red up among the first ten . . . . Natie Brown is sure on the comeback path. After being hopelessly outclassed by Red Barry in Baltimore, Natie went on to New York to hold Walter Neusel even, then scored wins over Hans Birkie, Al Stillman, and Marty Gallagher. . . . . The House of Representatives has passed the professional boxing bill for the District of Columbia, and if the Senate will take similar action, it is a sure bet the President will sign the bill whereby Washington fans will get their first chance to see pro boxing without traveling anywhere from ten to forty miles. The passage of the bill will also be a death blow to the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va., since they depend on Washington patronage for their support. The same goes for the Twin City Arena at Laurel, Md., which gives Washington fans their summer shows. C. E. "Fats" Cornell promoter and matchmaker at the Twin City has already got his irons in the fire if boxing is legalized in the Nation's Capital. In the event of passage of the bill the writer hopes to again enter the boxing business after a two-year layoff on account of illness.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

MOON MULLINS, pride of Vincennes, Ind., proved nothing more than a workout for Freddie Miller, in the former's home town. Mullins had been going like a house afire previous to the Miller go.

The fight was promoted by Sam Gelb and the attendance was near the 2,000 limit. Charlie Gordon of Vincennes, Ind., edged out Leo Flowers of Cincinnati in the ten-round semifinal.

Herman Katz is priming Johnny Alba, the little Filipino, for a big shot here. Alba is undefeated. In his last start, he beat Artie Schultz. A few days later, Jessie Calhoun did the repeat act on Schultz in a more convincing manner.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS — Dewey Fragetta hopes to have his star welterweight, Andy DiVodi, on a Katz show here . . . . Charlie Amann, the writer's brother, has returned to his home in Los Angeles after six months' business in Cincinnati, Peoria, Ill., and Chicago. . . . Charlie believes Baer has a chance against Carnera . . . . Bob Capocy, Chicago manager, is anxious to show his four stars, Otto Fischle, Bob LaMonti, Dan Villareal, and Richard Marquia, in bouts around southern Ohio . . . . Joe Muchrowski, Bob Bonner's punching Polish light-heavyweight, is recuperating from a long illness at his home in Newport, Ky. . . . . Nelson's Katland, an act on the RKO vaudeville circuit, has two Persian cats that box . . . . Lee Cox has laid off the ring game . . . . A few weeks ago Red Roberts, ex-pug, mixed it with Art Sills, wrestler, with Roberts being returned the winner by a slight shade, but Sailor Parker, wrestler, lately made things even by taking the score on Earl Baker, ex-pug. . . . we would call them both the good old slugging, minus any purses.

Smokey Maggard, Covington middleweight, is rapidly rounding into shape and will soon be ready for the best in his division. Smokey has been wrestling with fair success of late, but plans an extensive ring campaign which he hopes will bring him back among the first ten in Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana ratings. Danny Davis is his manager.

Information of this locality can be had by sending self-stamped envelope to the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

JIMMY TARANTE, the American Negro, was disqualified in his fight against Len Harvey, which was held in London under the auspices of Jeff Dickson, at the Royal Albert Hall. It was a mystery how Tarante, who has been fighting at the small Central Sporting Club of Paris, ever managed to connect for a headliner at the big club of London.

At the above entertainment, Georges Carpentier, who by the way is not trying a comeback stunt as advertised, gave an exhibition which won for him unstinted applause. In his corner was Ted Broadribb (Young Snowball), the only Englishman who ever defeated Carpentier, and that was when George was just sweet sixteen years of age. Ben Foord, the South African whom "Pa" Stribling brought from South Africa to Europe, defeated Eddie Philips of England in the eighth and last session by a knock-out, in the supporting bout of the evening.

Henri Revaud, French welterweight of Paris, met another Parisian battler in a ten-round bout held at Le Mans. The bout was hotly contested and the judges' verdict was a draw.

Valentin Angelmann, French flyweight champion, successfully retained his title when George Batille was disqualified in the ninth round. The match, which was fought in Paris, was fast. The challenger found the going too tough for him and he held up his hand as a token of defeat in the ninth.

The Italian middleweight, Rinaldi Meroni, suffered a sound beating in a bout he had in Hamburg, Germany, against the German champion, Eder. The Italian who had never previously been knocked down, was sent to the canvas in the second and twelfth sessions. The contest was over twelve "threes."

Al Brown, the bantamweight world champion, knocked out Dubois, the champion of Sweden, in a couple of rounds in a bout which was held in Geneva. Brown is in fine form at the present time.

Adolph Heuser, former light-heavyweight champion of Europe, in his first appearance since returning from America, scored a convincing victory over Czichos in a ten-round bout which was held in Berlin.

Flyweight Maurice Huguenin defeated Rene Chalange in the eighth, at the Paris Ring Club.

The middleweight championship of Holland was contested between holder Van Vliet and challenger Len Sanders. The verdict went to Sanders on points.

Frantz Machtens, the featherweight champion of Belgium, defeated Benny Sharkey of Scotland in a ten-round contest.

The boxing promoter in Mexico City, who was under the impression that he had the world's champion bantamweight boxer, Al Brown, signed up for a bout to be promoted by him, claims to have forwarded the sum of $6,000 to some person in Paris who was supposed to be the manager of Al Brown. The Mexico City promoter cabled to a friend in Paris that he thought he had been double-crossed on the deal and he requested information as to the best methods to employ in an endeavor to get his wad back. He was advised to place the matter in the hands of the Paris police.

Maurice Griselle, former heavyweight champion of France, defeated Meurant of Belgium on points at Troyes. Georges Carpentier, the former champion, was second to Griselle, and he also refereed several bouts.

Boxing keeps going along quite well in Europe notwithstanding the lateness of the season. Lou Burston, who is in the employ of Jeff Dickson, took half a dozen boxers to Geneva for an entertainment which was a complete sell-out. Al Brown and champion Debois of Switzerland were the headliners.

The injury to Max Schmeling's hand which caused the postponement of his fight against Paulino of Spain, upset the plans of many who had intended making the trip to witness the fight. Special trains from different parts of Europe had big reservations at prices which included the traveling to and from Barcelona, and hotel accommodations with meals while in Spain.

Ramis, the French welterweight, defeated the Italian, Paotitti, in a six-round bout held at the Palais des Sports, Paris. The Italian retired in the last round.

Rinaldi, the Italian middleweight champion, was held to a draw against Marcel Thil's stablemate, Carmelo Candel. The Frenchman appeared to have had the best of the milling.

Merlo Preciso, the Italian light-heavyweight champion, had an eight-round bout against Dellean of France. The Italian won on points, but his exhibition was a poor one for a champion to show.

A three-class novice wrestling tournament was started by promoter Jeff Dickson at the Salle Wagram arena of Paris. Over two hundred entries were received for same. The competitions will run through for three weeks. Wrestling is quite a fad now in Paris.

Dickson has taken a long lease on the Roland-Garros Arena, which was built for the holding of the Davis Cup matches. It is his intention to run outdoor boxing matches throughout the summer months and ice sports in the winter months.

The arena, which seats 15,000, is situated close to the center of Paris. Subway stations are within three minutes' walk of the place, which has a delightful setting in the Bois. In case of rain on any of the days or nights when boxing or other entertainments are scheduled, he will transfer same to his Palais des Sports, which is only a short distance away, and the seats in each will be arranged and numbered alike, so in case a shift has to be made the customers will receive a like location in the palais.

Kid Nitram, a former champion at the middleweight poundage, is on a comeback campaign. His last opponent was Alvaro Rusticali of Italy, whom he defeated on points in a bout held in Paris at the Central Sporting Club.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS

By HERB McHUGH

WESLEY RAMEY climbed over his first Australian hurdle at the expense of Jimmy Kelso. . . . . He won the fight in a canter, but one could hardly say that his debut was impressive. . . . The "killer" complex which so intrigues Australian fight followers was absent in Ramey's work and unless he gets in and mixes things a little more at his next start, he is hardly likely to enjoy the popularity of Tod Morgan and Billy Townsend.

It is doubtful if Kelso has ever been seen to worse advantage. . . . . The Australian champion lacked his usual snap and pep, which, of course, might have been entirely due to Ramey's sagacity . . . . However, perhaps Ramey was a little fortunate in getting Kelso at the end of a string of hard fights against Morgan and Townsend.

The American's left hand proved most disconcerting to Kelso. Ramey jabbed, hooked, and ripped his sinister wallop, collecting the major issue of points in the majority of rounds. But his penchant for clinching got the crowd of 11,000 a little sour with his methods.

The gate receipts amounted to a little over £1200.

Varias Milling was outslugged in his first fight by Herb Bishop. The latter is a far better fighter than he is given credit for. Only a youngster, he may possibly step into Kelso's shoes as the premier Australian lightweight. The contest took place in Melbourne . . . . There is no question that Syndey is the Mecca for all fighters . . . . The game is booming and is likely to keep on.

On the subject of lightweights, a promising youngster in Jim Purcell is just breaking the headlines . . . . Some consider him even a better prospect than Bishop . . . . This remains to be seen.

Much interest has been focused upon Ambrose Palmer lately . . . . The Australian light-heavy was all bound for England, but left the boat at Freemantle and decided to remain in Australia, it is alleged, for a guarantee of £900 for three fights . . . . Roy Williams is likely to be his first opponent, to be followed by Marty Sampson . . . . The latter, by the way, seems certain to get his first start against Fred Henneberry, middleweight champ.

Joe Ghnouly in his debut beat Jimmy Kelso here. In his gym workouts Joe gave the impression that he will become a big hit here, and in his fight with Kelso, he did make a hit. He is popular with the crowd. He should do all right for himself here.

Star Frisco had no trouble in taking a points' decision over Ron Leonard . . . . The young Filipino could not show too well, as his opponent proved a wily customer to nail in one spot . . . . As it was, Frisco scored three knockdowns.

Charlie Lucas is back in his old job as matchmaker-in-chief at Sydney Stadium . . . . The appointment proved very popular with the press lads and the public.

One would have thought that the Prince of Wales had arrived at the Stadium when Tod Morgan, accompanied by Claude Varner, made his bow on his return from the States . . . . Take it from me, Morgan is the one big fellow over here and if Varner follows in his footsteps there is plenty of kudos waiting around the corner.

Folks in California will get a shock at the defeat of "Speedy" Dado in his initial start in Australia . . . . But there is no room for alarm as the Filipino fought in his usual tornadic fashion against Australia's bantam champion. "Darkie" Blandon, but he was outslugged in one of the best fistic epics to hit Sydney Stadium.

Perhaps battling through fifteen rounds found Dado out . . . . He made one grand effort in the seventh round and had Blandon nonplussed and worried with a whirlwind offensive, but from the next stanza onward, the home fighter took charge, and, never letting up, gathered the major issue of points to come out a clear-cut winner.

Blandon's leap to fame reads like some fairy story . . . . Two years ago he was unheard of in the metropolis . . . . In the small township of Inverell he had become the local idol and a few second-rate pugs from Sydney had regretted their indiscretion in pulling on the leather with him.

With hat in hand he eventually, sought fame in Sydney and strangely it was again a Filipino bantam who placed him on the road to affluence . . . . He was selected by the matchmaker at Leichhardt to go in with Young Gildo, who was the "big shot" at this club at the time . . . . He came out of the trial with flying colors and he never looked back.

Later he took the bantam title from Pat Craig, stopping the title-holder . . . . In a return smack he repeated the dose . . . . These fights took place at Leichhardt, as his services were not in demand at headquarters . . . . However, with the arrival of Dado and Frisco, he automatically took his place to be considered for big matches at Sydney Stadium.

Really the Dado-Blandon match showed the Australian as strange to his surroundings as the Filipino, as he also was making his debut as a "big time" fighter.

The gate receipts were 800 pounds.

Light-heavy and heavyweight champion, Ambrose Palmer, has signed for three fights with the N.B.C. . . . Marty Sampson has been selected by Charlie Lucas to first accommodate Palmer . . . . The American may have to concede the Australian champ a few pounds . . . . However, he is assured of some good money, as Palmer is a magnet at the box office.

Wesley Ramey checked in on his second success since arriving in Australia by outsmarting Bobby Delaney over 15 rounds . . . . Ramey's style quite non-plussed the Australian ex-lightweight title holder, who failed to get going.

Ramey was more inclined to mix things than he was against Kelso and came out of the fight an established favorite . . . . Australians demand plenty of action and unless a fighter can supply it, he has not much hope of getting by out here.

The "gate" receipts amounted to approximately £800 . . . . This was the first Saturday night fight at Sydney Stadium for some considerable time, consequently the "gate" exceeded expectations . . . . Joe Ghnouley, another American, beat Jimmy Kelso on April 9.

Roy Williams fought a gallant, uphill battle against Ambrose Palmer, and, although well behind on points at the finish of 15 rounds, he made many friends by his stoicism . . . . Palmer had not been seen to better advantage for months . . . . Generally admitted to be mostly a left handed hitter, Palmer surprised every one with the viciousness he put behind his dexter delivery.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

THE future seems highly promising for those who are interested in boxing here, and the revival gives great pleasure to those who have participated in the uplift, knowing they have contributed their quota for the benefit of so noble a sport. During the month the New York Park Stadium was opened.

Among those who have helped the sport here are our dynamic promoter, Mr. G. DeSouza, and the Jamaica Boxing Board of Control of which Mr. N. W. Manley, K. C., is president.

Smiling Kid, our heavyweight and light-heavyweight boxer, started on a comeback trail after many months of inactivity and thoroughly trounced Jack Hawthorne, the light-heavyweight champion, in a ten-round non-titular.

Bill Tate, our hard-hitting middleweight champion, scored a T.K.O. over Toro Del Sur in the second round. Kid Standford, welterweight, kayoed Dick Robinson in two rounds. St. Andrew Pupp got the decision over Steve Livermore in six. Baby Silver earned a decision over Al Brown in four.

Joe Wolcott got a hair-line decision over Baturritto, hardy little Cuban lightweight. Kid Ergus, hard-hitting southpaw, scored a T.K.O. over Tiburon in one round. Pancho Valdez scored a T.K.O. over Boy Petrolle in four rounds. Jamaica Canera earned the decision over Seaman Davis in four rounds. Bolton won on a decision over Rover Wright in four rounds.

Bill Tate, middleweight champ, got the decision over Charley Perez, champ of San Domingo. Kid Bill outslugged Dick Cyclone in eight. Young Schmeling won on a foul from Young Perez. Ben Leonard won a decision over Kingston Boy in six. Chico Hernandez stopped Young Morrace in two.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JEFF DICKSON'S Albert Hall venture, which marked the return of Jack Doyle to the ring since his inglorious showing against Jack Petersen last summer, was another financial flop. Doyle, who several days prior to his return won his court battle against the British Control Board for fifteen thousand dollars, does not appear to be so popular with fight fans as he was before he was disqualified against Petersen. Doyle fought a big chunk of flesh named Frank Borrington. The latter managed to last just over eighty seconds.

A dusky light-heavyweight named Jimmy Tarante, whom you may know better as John D. Rogers, put up the best fight on the program. He outpointed Teddy Phillips, former Canadian amateur champion, in a whale of a scrap.

Dave Finn, the young Stepney featherweight, gave a very good show against Louis Botes (South Africa) in another eight-rounder.

Billy Bird (Chelsea) scored an impressive win over George "Panther" Purchase (South Africa) in eight. Bird boxed very cleverly and showed all his old tricks of the trade.

Moe Moss was severely punished by Len Tiger Smith in their fifteen-round elimination contest for the welterweight championship of Great Britain. It was a meritorious performance as Smith weighed in below the welter limit and Moss was six pounds heavier than Len. Smith won the contest in the twelfth when the referee stopped the bout to save Moss after he was down twice.

Charley Belanger, the battle-scarred Canadian warrior, made a disappointing debut in this country against Eddie Phillips of Bow at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, last month.

Belanger was awarded a draw after twelve rounds. Phillips is the gent from whom Len Harvey won his British cruiser title. He employed orthodox methods to cope with the furious onslaughts of his Colonial rival. Belanger failed to live up to the form expected of him, but he forced the fight throughout and earned a draw.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, displayed championship form when he scored a clean-cut K. O. over Eddie McGuire (South African middle champion) in the second, at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Alf Newbiggin (Gravesend) stopped the aggressive seaman, Harry Shreeve (Chatham) in the eighth round. The sailor retired with a badly swollen ear.

Stoker Reynolds (Portsmouth) was very unlucky not to have received the decision in his bout with Johnny Quill (Stepney) at the Stadium Club, London.

Charlie Jordan (Kingston) and Billy Reynolds (Newcastle) mixed it for twelve rounds before Jordan was declared the winner.

Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park) boxed a draw with Fred Turpin (Canning Town) over twelve hectic rounds which had the crowd on their toes. George Dower (Ilford) showed great promise when he met Dick Knellor (Poplar) in a return bout and stopped Knellor in the fifth.

Jack Grant, the young Mayfair heavyweight, scored an easy win over Tommy Allen (Leicester) who took the full count in the second round at the Paddington Baths.

Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) punched too hard for Dick Burke (Liverpool) at Newcastle-on-Tyne and stopped his man in the eighth.

Francois Machtens (Belgium) scored another win at the expense of Albert Heaseman (Brighton) in twelve hard rounds at Coventry.

Charlie Baxter (Birmingham) took four rounds to dispose of Tiger Ennis (Halifax), who was the recipient of heavy punishment, and retired a wiser man. On the same card, Harry Brown (Burnley) proved no match for Boyo Rees (Aberdare) and was forced to retire at the end of the second.

Tommy Pardoe (Birmingham) wrested the southern area flyweight championship from Bert Kirby, also of Birmingham, at Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

Jim Winters (Glasgow) defeated Ernie Simmons (Dublin) on points over twelve rounds at the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow. Winters was too fast for the Irish cruiserweight.

Steve McCall (Aberdeen) had an easy task when he met Tommy Allen (Leicester), and the referee stopped the bout in the sixth, with Allen helplessly beaten.

Len Beynon (Swansea) boxed brilliantly to outpoint Battling Croft (Sheffield) over fifteen rounds at Merthyr.

Tommy Dowlais (Tredegar) scored an impressive win over the former Welsh featherweight champion, Ginger (Bryn) Jones, at Bargoed.

Exciting bouts took place at the Winter Gardens, Margate. Bob Goldring (Portsmouth), who substituted for his brother, Steve, beat Billy Barr (Woolwich), and Arthur Unwin (Stepney) beat Jack Vinall (Gillingham).

Fred Webster (Kentish Town) defeated Fred Cook (West Bromwich) at Grimsby, over twelve rounds.

Archie Norman, George Cook's protege, won the belt that was presented by Victor McLaglen for a heavyweight competition at Watford. His opponent was Bill Barry (Marylebone), who was down and out in the third round.

Harry Mason (St. George's) scored a points win over George Willis (Newcastle) at Newcastle in a twelve round bout.

Herbie Hill (the Welsh flyweight champion) and Sandy McEwan (Scotland) put up a good bout for eight rounds. Hill was just a little too good for the Scot.

Harry Mason, the clever Stepney welterweight, won over George "Panther" Purchase (South Africa) at The Ring over twelve rounds on points.

Freddie Mitchell (Dartmouth) was very unlucky to lose when the referee, Johnny Summers, pointed to his opponent, Johnny Rust (South Africa) as the winner at the end of the twelfth round. Mitchell, although behind in the first three rounds, came along hand over fist and outboxed and outslugged the South African.

Fred Bartlett (Hanley), who formerly boxed in the name of Young Fred Dyer, came in as a substitute, to meet Billy Barr (Woolwich) over twelve rounds at Plumstead Baths and won from Barr on a foul.

Norman Baines, the Catford heavyweight, made short work of Sid Flux of Portsmouth at the Palace Theater, Westcliffe. The bout went three rounds, when Flux was counted out.

Percy Dexter (Sheffield) won the northern area flyweight championship when he defeated George Marsden (Nottingham) at Nottingham.

Douglas Kestrell (Cardiff) and Harry Edwards (Smethwick) fought a sparkling twelve-round contest at Smethwick and the referee gave his decision of a draw.

Frank Borrington (Derby) failed again, when he met Alf Robinson (Manchester) at Derby.

Tommy Moore (Royston) outpointed Charlie McDonald (Sunderland) over twelve rounds at Newcastle.

Glen Moody, middleweight champion of Wales, scored over Battling Charlie Parkin (Mansfield) in twelve rounds at Grimsby.

Fred Blocksidge, the hard-hitting Canadian cruiserweight, fought an uphill battle against Charlie Bundy (Wales) at Weston. Bundy was given the nod.

It took Jimmy Stewart, the Liverpool lightweight, exactly seventy-one seconds in his comeback to account for Tony Spiers, Scotland's lightweight champion, at Liverpool.

Nipper Hampson (Batley) knocked out Jackie Quinn, the Irish bantamweight champion, at the N. S. C., Middlesbrough, in the first. He has scored two K. O.'s over three champions, the other two being Billy Jones, the Welsh champion, in five rounds, and Jim O'Neil, the Scottish champion, in eleven rounds. "Some feat for this youngster."

Larry Gains, the former British Empire heavyweight champion, gained an easy victory over Harry Crossley (Mexborough) by a sparkling K. O. in the fifth round at Gramby Halls, Leicester. Crossley went eleven rounds with Jack Petersen recently and lost after a hard bout. But in the hands of Gains he was made to look small. The finishing punch was a beauty.

Ellis Ashurst (Conisborough) put up a good show to outpoint Charlie Hazzel (Wales) over twelve rounds on points at Smethwick.

Jack Casey, the Sunderland Assassin, grimlike and tough, met heavyweight Reggie Meen (Leicester) in a twelve-round contest at Newcastle. In the fourth, Meen was cautioned for holding and had to be forcibly parted by the referee, and when he again transgressed the rules in the fifth, he was disqualified.

One of the best cruiserweight contests it has been my pleasure to witness was that at Ilford Skating Ring when Laurie Raiteri (Stratford) met Roy Graham (Plymouth). Graham was stopped in the tenth.

Graham, who is still in the Navy and has just returned from the China station, where he defeated Red Walsh, United States marine champion, put up a great mill. His real name is Puddaphet, and I can say this, *look out* for a real live, coming champion in Graham or Puddaphet or whatever name he boxes in.

Bill McCarthy (Stepney) is one of the hardest-hitting welters in England. He recently knocked out Ted Kendall (Kilburn) in the ninth round.

Dick Corbett, the British Empire bantam champion, took a trip to Glasgow and stopped Jim Maharg (Glasgow), at the Adelphi Sports Club, in the eleventh.

A record crowd gathered at the Tower Circus, Blackpool, to see the finale of the lightweight competition in which Ted McGuire (Manchester) and Len Wickwar (Leicester) were to meet over fifteen rounds. In the tenth round McGuire crossed a right that caught Wickwar's chin, and he went down for the count.

Steve Goldring (Portsmouth) and Jack Delaney (Greenwich) fought a keen draw at Benmount Hall, London.

Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green) gave George Brown, the London ex-policeman, a boxing lesson and a punching lesson when they met at the Ilford Skating Rink, London, before a record crowd.

At the Corn Hall, Norwich, before a packed house, the local champion, Jack Forster, had his colors lowered by the Battersea southpaw, Jack Ellis, on points.

Jack O'Brien (Belfast), with a seven-pound weight advantage, defeated George Willis (Newcastle) on points over twelve rounds.

Tommy Hyams (Euston) won easily over Joe Gans (Glasgow) in a twelve-round bout at Chalton Ring.

Harry Corbett, ex-featherweight champion of Great Britain, will never rise to first-class company again, but he is always a little too smart for the second and third raters in the lightweight class, and goes on from victory to victory. He scored a good K. O. over Sol Severns (Chesterfield) at the Osborne Club, London, in eight rounds. The following night he stopped Kid Brooks in the eleventh, and two nights later lost a close one to Jim Leoroyd of Leeds. That's going some for a veteran.

Tommy Farr, Welsh cruiserweight champion, won his bout against Jim Winters, Scottish champion, at Cardiff.

Jim Gordon (Darlington) outpointed Jimmy Lindsay (Fulham) over twelve rounds, at Darlington.

If there is a harder puncher in the lightweight class at the present time than Norman Snow, the southern area champion, then lead me to him. Snow knocked out Jack Garland (Belfast) at The Ring, London, in the first round.

At the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, before a crowd of 10,000, the local champion, Johnny McMillan, lost to the British champion, Tommy Watson, on points, in fifteen rounds, for the latter's title.

On the same card, Eddie Pierce, the South African cruiserweight champion, was given a draw with Jim Winters, Scottish cruiserweight champion. And Johnny McGrory received his first defeat in his home town by the Dundee ex-amateur champion, Gilbert Johnstone, on points.

Liverpool Stadium lived up to its name of Graveyard for Champions when the English lightweight champion, Harry Mizler, met Jimmy Walsh (Chester) in an overweight match and was outpointed. Walsh boxed in great form and made the champion miss often with his well-known left hand.

Mizler, who thus lost his first professional fight, was not dismayed, as the following week at The Ring, London, he defeated Eduard Jamsin, a tough Belgian, over the ten-round course.

Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green) scored easily on points over Glen Moody, Welsh middles champion, in twelve rounds at Bedford before a packed house.

Freddy Mitchell (Dartmouth) scored a good victory over the hard-hitting Billy Mack (Old Ford) at Exmouth.

Dick Burke (Liverpool) seems to have started on the toboggan at an early age. In his latest bout he was stopped by the Belgian, Albert Roothoft, in the ninth round.

Harry Brooks (St. George's) gave one of the best displays of his whole career when he forced the referee to stop his contest with Douglas Parker (Sunderland) in the third.

On the same card, Dave Finn (Stepney) was very unlucky to have the decision go against him after ten terrific rounds with Joe Horridge (Liverpool).

Johnny Peters (Battersea) stopped Johnny Croxon (Fulham) in the ninth round at the Chalton Ring. Croxon had no chance against the clever and hard-hitting Peters.

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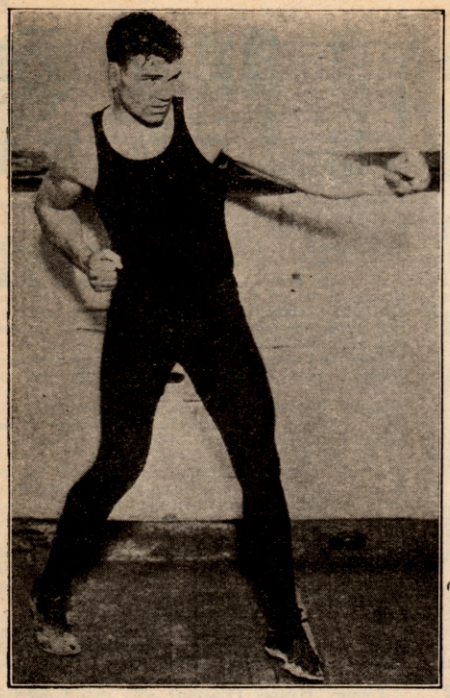

Jack Dempsey

Message to YOU

from Nat Fleischer

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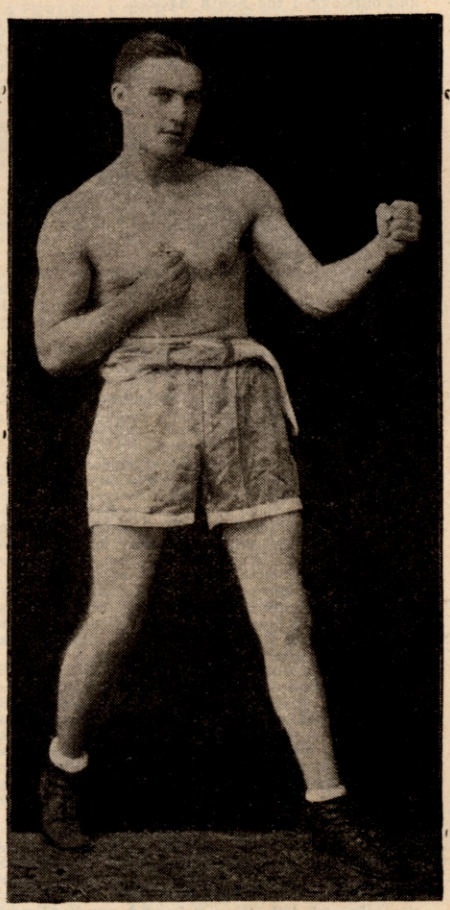

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